JUNE 25¢ THIS PRINTING: OVER 2,500,000 COPIES

# Coronet

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
LIBRARY, ONEONTA, N. Y.

BIRTH CONTROL
S NOT ENOUGH!

eople Are Great
by
BOB HOPE

# A buck well spent on a Springmaid Sheet

This buck may look more like 47¢—which is what *most* bucks are worth these days. But not *this* "dearslayer." Any buck spent on a *SUMTER* SPRINGMAID® sheet gets you value of *100 cents* on the dollar—as any two smart squaws know.

Because they stand up so well to wear and washings and yet are soft and beautiful, any number of bucks couldn't get you a better sheet value. We sent them to an independent testing laboratory and, honest Injun, what happened to them would make Custer's Last Stand look like a Vassar Daisy Chain. First, they were washed 400 times—abraded 100 times warpwise 100 times fillingwise. That was equal to a w generation of constant use! And those s came out looking like—you guessed it—a lion bucks, with a lot more wear left in them

But don't take our word for it! See for yo their luster and even yarns. And compar "washability" of *SUMTER* SPRINGMAID s and pillowcases with any other sheet o market. We're betting plenty of wampum time that you'll put your buck on a SPRING sheet—*and it'll be a buck well spent!*

SUMTER

SPRINGMAID

## SPRINGS MILLS

200 Church Street • New York 13, New York
Atlanta Chicago Dallas Los Angeles St. Louis

For a set of SPRINGMAID ads suitable for framing, send 25 cents to Springs Mills, Dept. CT-18, at the above address.

SPRINGM
FABRIC

*Many people will remember the stories of* ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS *which appeared in* "LIBERTY," "RED BOOK" "COSMOPOLITAN." *Later they were published in book form but the plates were destroyed in the London blitz, and the no longer available. He has taken twenty-one of the best stories and published them in* "CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN," *to with a new chapter on how to lose friends and antagonize people, how to write advertisements, and how to build mills. If your local store cannot supply you, send a dollar to us and we will send you a copy.*

*He has also designed a sport shirt with 16* SPRINGMAID *girls printed in 6 colors on* SPRINGMAID *broadcloth. made small, medium, large, and extra large. Send us $3.00, and we will mail you one postpaid in the United States. dren's age sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 are available for $1.25 each.*

©1950, The Springs Cotton

# How we retired with $200 a month

HERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with a check for $200 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $200, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going to a show. While she dressed I leafed through a magazine. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of $200 a month starting at 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it,* I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way to the theatre.

Twenty years slide by fast. The crash . . . the depression . . . the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1946 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired*. We sold the house and drove West. We're living a new kind of life out here—with $200 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

**Send for Free Booklet.** This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $200 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

**PHOENIX MUTUAL**

*Retirement Income Plan*

**GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE**

**PLAN FOR MEN**

**PLAN FOR WOMEN**

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
808 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name______________________________

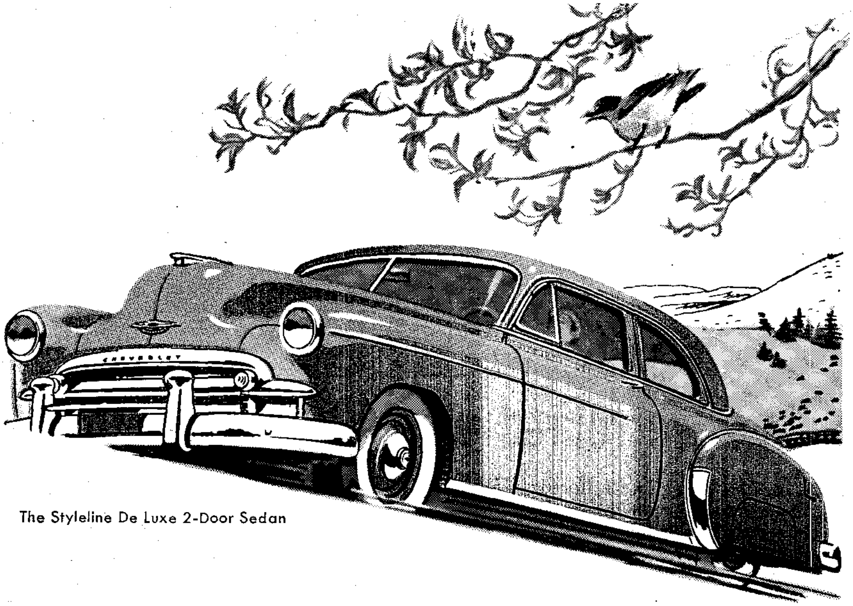
Date of Birth__________________________

Business Address_______________________

______________________________________

Home Address__________________________

Copyright 1950, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company



The Styleline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan

*FIRST . . . and Finest . . .*
*at Lowest Cost . . .*

with feature after feature found elsewhere only in costlier cars . . .

NEW STYLE-STAR BODIES BY FISHER ● NEW TWO-TONE FISHER INTERIORS ● CENTER-POINT STEERING AND UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION RIDE ● CURVED WINDSHIELD WITH PANORAMIC VISIBILITY ● LONGEST, HEAVIEST LOW-PRICED CAR WITH WIDEST TREAD EXTRA-ECONOMICAL TO OWN, OPERATE AND MAINTAIN.

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

# Coronet

## Contents for June, 1950

VOL. 28, No. 2, WHOLE No. 164

### Articles

A Magic Piano for the Northland ELIZABETH LOVEGROVE 21
"People Are Great!" ........................ BOB HOPE 25
Aspirin: King of Drugs ................ J. D. RATCLIFF 30
Lord of the Jungle ..................... CARL AKELEY 34
The Water Shortage Menaces America NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE 38
Dorothy Kilgallen: Star Reporter ...... CAROL HUGHES 53
Meet a Billionaire! ................ CHARLES VAN COTT 58
The Coroner Racket: A National Scandal . . T. C. DESMOND 60
The Show Goes On—Sometimes . . . . AMASA B. WINDHAM 65
Flower of Faith .................. DAVID GUY POWERS 73
The Ghost That Won a Trial! . . . . RALPH H. MAJOR, JR. 74
The Death House Plot That Failed . . . . W. T. BRANNON 93
The Power to Heal ................ JAMES T. MANGAN 103
The Girl Behind Benedict Arnold . . . . . E. IRVINE HAINES 104
Labor's Newest Weapon: Can It Destroy Industry? JOHN SCHNEIDER 110
Fortune Smiles on "Friendly Town" ....... ANN FIELDS 113
The South's New Magic Carpet ........ ALLEN RANKIN 135
Louis Johnson: Bulldog of U. S. Defense . . . . TRIS COFFIN 140
That Pirate Gold on Cocos Island . . . EDMUND ANTROBUS 146
They Landed on Mars ............... RAY BRADBURY 150
The Children of Time ..... HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON 159
An Immigrant's Credo: Faith in America . EUGENE DAVIS 164

### Pictorial Features

Coronet Recommends ................................ 6
Telltale Hats ................................ 8
Lyrical Islands ................................ 10
Portrait of Anything ................................ 12
Coronet's Family Shopper ................................ 14
Great Lovers in Opera ................................ 45
Kings of the Outdoors ................................ 77
Land of Change ................................ 117

### Departments

Detective of Fate .................. LOWELL THOMAS 33
Grin and Share It ................................ 43
3's a Crowd .................. A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 97
Word Mistifiers. ............... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 139
Old Shoes and Spice ................................ 149
Unfurled from the Show World ................................ 160

### Book Features

Birth Control Is Not Enough JOHN ROCK, M.D., AND DAVID LOTH 67
When the Navy Held a "Schmootzle" COMMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER, USN 98

### Cover

Foot-loose and Fancy Free ............... GEOFFREY BIGGS

*Publisher:*
DAVID A. SMART

*Editor:*
GORDON CARROLL

*Editorial Director:*
FRITZ BAMBERGER

*Associate Editors:*
JOHN BARKHAM
OLGA DAVIDSON
LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
JAMES FOLINSBEE
BERNARD L. GLASER
CAROL HUGHES
BEN KARTMAN
R. B. LUNDAHL
RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.
LYNN MOEHLENBROCK
BEN NELSON
CHARLES ROBBINS
TOM STANTON

*Production Director:*
GUS BERKES

*Art Director:*
GEORGE SAMERJAN

*Advertising Manager:*
ROBERT F. BUGGELN

David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Cir. Dir.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. of Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. and Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Publication, Circulation & General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Advertising Offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

**Copyright:** Coronet is copyrighted 1950 by Esquire, Inc., under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.

**Change of Address:** Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both *old* and new addresses must be given.

**Coronet** is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. All undeliverable copies should be returned to above address. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

# Coronet *Recommends...*

## "NO SAD SONGS FOR ME"

BECAUSE Columbia Pictures, recognizing a grave universal problem, has created a deeply sincere motion picture. Margaret Sullavan returns to the screen as a young wife and mother who learns that she is a victim of cancer with only a few months to live. Her valiant efforts to fill those last days with happiness for her husband and daughter is a reaffirmation of the truth that it is not life's length but life's way that really matters.

## "CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR"

BECAUSE when Ronald Colman works his way up to $20,000,000 on a quiz show, this United Artists' parody on radio-television quizzes reaches a high point in super-colossal comedy. Vincent Price is the soap tycoon who stands to lose his empire. Celeste Holm is the vamp he hires to find Colman's weakness but who, instead, falls in love with him. Even Einstein is represented: he affirms Colman's explanation of relativity.

## "THE OUTRIDERS"

BECAUSE pure adventure gets top billing in this Technicolor tale of three former Civil War prisoners who join a wagon train as outriders, planning to lead it into a bandit ambush. On board are a beautiful widow, a sick priest—and $1,000,000 in gold. When one of the trio (*Joel McCrea*) decides to save the train and fight it out with the bushwhackers, this M-G-M version of an *Esquire* story reaches a high peak of six-gun excitement.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLOCKS ARE:

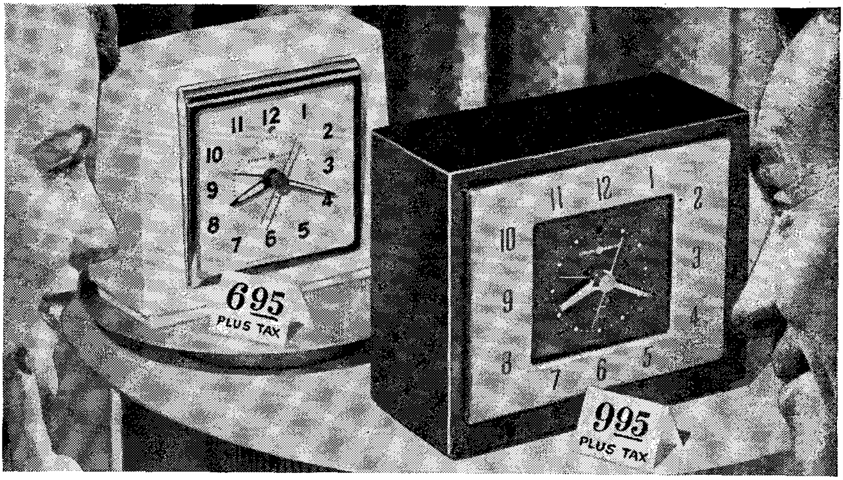
# Right to the minute

## IN ACCURACY, STYLING AND PRICE!

**Electric time** is a wonderful gift! Treat yourself to one of these beautiful G-E Clocks!

Why bother looking at old-fashioned wind-ups when General Electric Clocks are so inexpensive! Consider *all* these superior qualities: 1. *Self-starting*... no winding. 2. *Quiet*... no disturbing ticktock. 3. *Dependable*... wakes you on time, every time. 4. *Accuracy* is maintained by your electric utility company. G-E Clocks are on time all the time. 5. *Handsome styling*... lends beauty to your home.

**Dollar for dollar, G-E Clocks are your best value!**

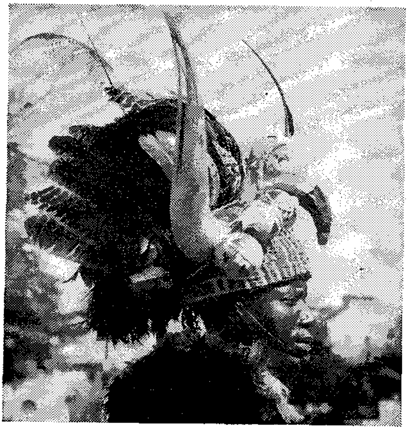


**G-E Informer** (at left) is a beautifully styled alarm clock. Face is framed in gleaming brass. Hands and hour dots are luminous at night.

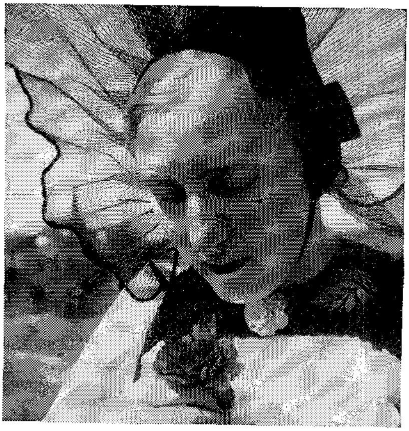
**G-E Warbler** (right) serves equally well as an alarm or occasional clock. Brown mahogany case. Easy-to-read numerals. Gold-colored hands. See these G-E Clocks today. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

**Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!**

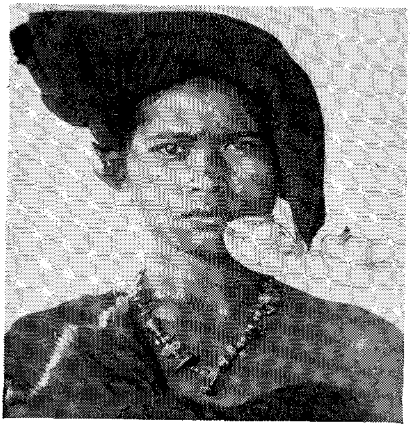
**GENERAL ELECTRIC**



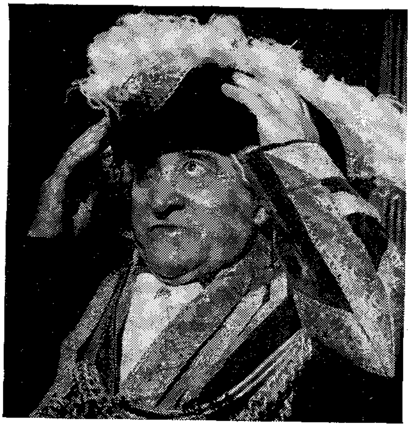
The long horns on the Zulu hat symbolize strength; the feathers, swiftness.



Starched stiffly, the net that adorns a Swiss hat is a common sight at weddings.



This Karo Batak girl can carry a fair load on her head. Her hat is cushioned.



The hat of the Lord Mayor of London's coachmen goes back to the 18th century.

# TELLTALE HATS

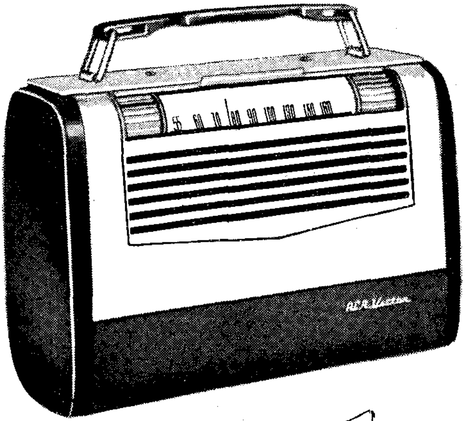
NEXT TIME YOU THREATEN to "eat your hat" it might be wise to reflect on the long history of the hat and the many things it has meant to many men.

An Elizabethan journalist wrote: "For he is of no account among men if he have not a taffatie hatte." Among the Romans, a freed slave's cap proclaimed his liberty.

Even today, hats tell a story in Brittany. The length and position of a peasant's hat-ribbon is a self-contained biography—it tells whether he is single or married, tenant or landowner.

# The pick of the Portables

**RCA VICTOR**



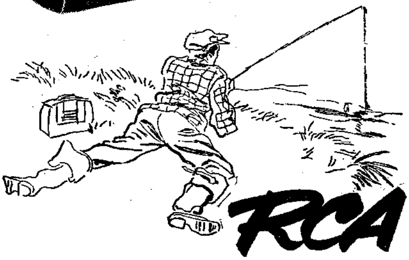
**Here's the famous "Globe Trotter"** handsomer than ever in lightweight *weatherized* aluminum and sturdy plastic. It plays wherever *you* do—on AC or DC circuits or on its battery. Its tubes have passed so many tests they practically have college diplomas! Has exceptional range and power, beautiful tone—the exclusive "Golden Throat."

RCA Victor BX6. $49.95

*Less battery*

Price shown is suggested list price and is subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in the far West and South.

**LONG-LIFE RCA BATTERIES are radio-engineered for extra listening hours.**



**RCA VICTOR**

Division of Radio Corporation of America

**WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION**

The traditional ukulele and lei remain charming bits of the Hawaiian scene.

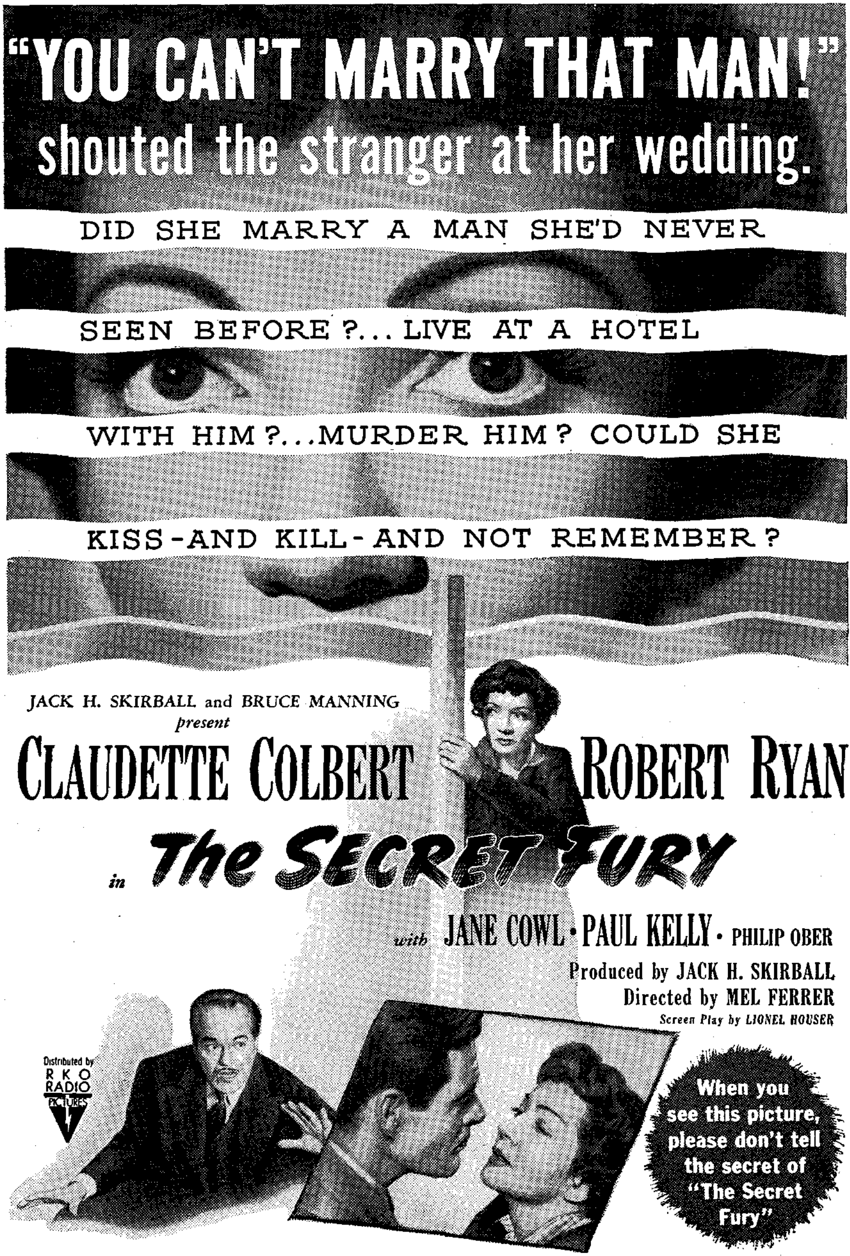
Even *kamaainas* (old-timers) feel the enchantment of tranquil island life.

Nearly every nationality in the world has been united in Hawaiian marriages.

Polynesian beauty shines through even after two centuries of intermarriage.

# Lyrical Islands

WHEN CAPT. JAMES COOK dropped anchor in a Hawaiian lagoon in 1778, he found a languid land of grace and charm. Today, the stamp of modernity is visible on all the major islands, but the beauty of rolling surf and nodding palms remains. Nor has the influx of Japanese, Filipinos, Chinese and Portuguese altered the Hawaiians' innate simplicity. The one unifying strain in the mingling characteristics of five continents is Polynesian.



# "YOU CAN'T MARRY THAT MAN!" shouted the stranger at her wedding.

DID SHE MARRY A MAN SHE'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE?... LIVE AT A HOTEL WITH HIM?...MURDER HIM? COULD SHE KISS-AND KILL-AND NOT REMEMBER?

JACK H. SKIRBALL and BRUCE MANNING
*present*

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT** **ROBERT RYAN**

*in* **The SECRET FURY**

*with* **JANE COWL • PAUL KELLY** • PHILIP OBER

Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL
Directed by MEL FERRER
Screen Play by LIONEL HOUSER

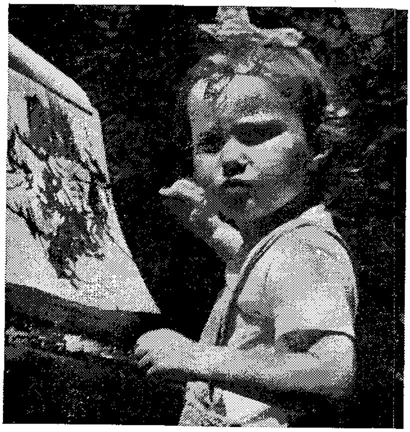
Distributed by
RKO RADIO PICTURES

When you see this picture, please don't tell the secret of "The Secret Fury"

Almost as soon as they can stand up to an easel, children are ready to paint.

At four, a simple design is full of mystery, choice of color a big problem.

Once begun, it changes shape with the rapidly changing idea of the artist.



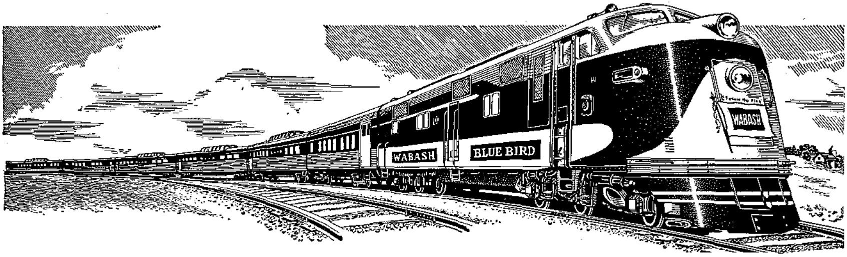
In the finished portrait, every dab of color, every crooked line, has meaning.

# PORTRAIT OF ANYTHING

A CHILD'S PAINTINGS reveal thoughts otherwise inexpressible. A bright seven-year-old was shown that her painting of a sheep had only three legs, and promptly pointed out, "He was born that way;" settling the issue by adding, "besides, he's my sheep."

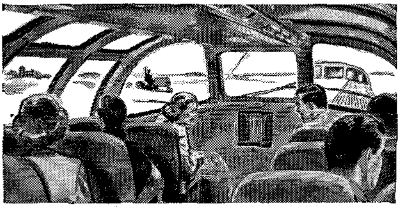
To a child, nothing is impossible. One lad drew an elephant standing in the air, the boy perched on the trunk. Told that an elephant couldn't hold him that way, he tartly replied, "I own this circus and I 'specially bought an elephant who could do that trick."

# MOST MODERN TRAIN IN AMERICA!

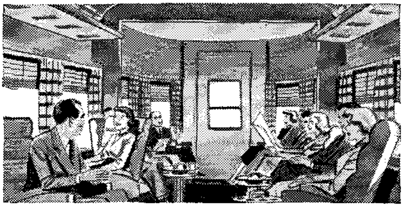


## New Streamliner WABASH *Blue Bird*

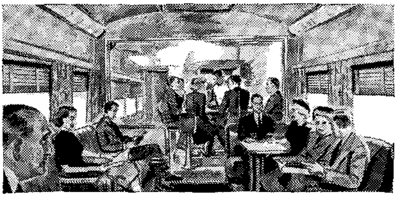
### BETWEEN CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS



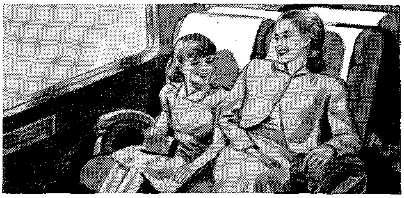
**Modern DOMES,** on all Blue Bird coaches and the Observation Parlor Car, give you a new and better view of historic Wabashland.



**Modern OBSERVATION PARLOR** of the Blue Bird offers you a choice of luxurious Pullman accommodations.



**Modern COFFEE-SHOP-CLUB** of the Blue Bird brings club-car comfort to coach passengers at *no extra cost.*



**Modern "SLEEPY HOLLOW" SEATS,** on the main floors of all Blue Bird coaches, give you *superb comfort at lowest fares.*

"Follow the Flag"
WABASH

***Modern Service in the Heart of America***

**FREE LITERATURE**

TOM M. HAYES, Passenger Traffic Manager
Wabash Railroad, St. Louis 1, Mo.

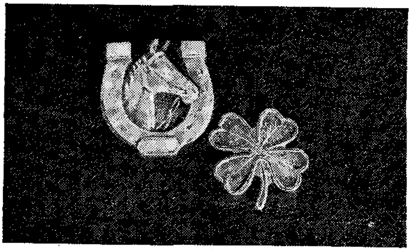
Please send items checked: ☐ FREE literature describing the new Blue Bird; ☐ FREE timetable.

*Name*______________________________

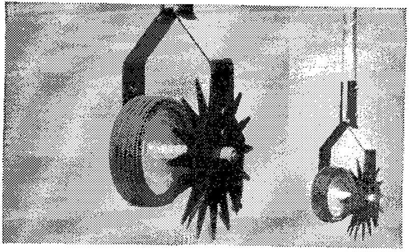
*Street*______________________________

*City*________________*Zone*____*State*______

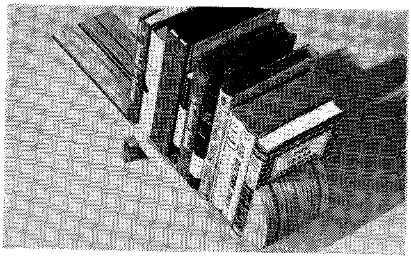
# Coronet's Family Shopper



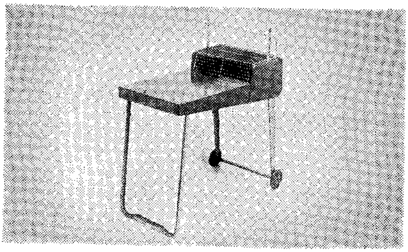
**For father's day**, give Dad something you know he doesn't have—tie stays. These gold or silver emblems pin a tie in place harmlessly, and fasten easily with a screw-on knob (item 55).



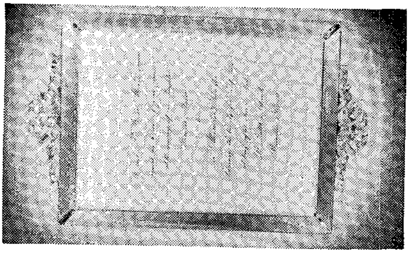
**This lawn** and garden edger trims hard-to-reach places, saves wear on knees. The driving wheel is away from the cutting wheel, so trims even where lawn is not sidewalk-level (item 57).



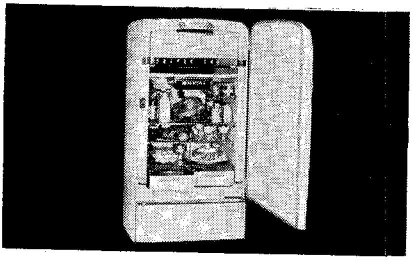
**A book rack** of laminated plywood holds more than a dozen volumes neatly. Useful and unique, it will look good on Dad's desk or in the living room of your favorite newlyweds (item 59).



**Back-yard chefs** have been waiting for a grill as smartly designed and inexpensive as this. Slide the top rack back to add charcoal, and heat buns on the convenient warming area (item 56).



**Preserve your** wedding invitation in this 24-karat gold-plated frame-tray. As a sentimental reminder, the 4½ by 6-inch tray will keep the important date and day forever in mind (item 58).



**No drip, no defrost** with this refrigerator-freezer. It defrosts itself automatically after 60 door openings, and does this so fast that frozen foods and ice cubes don't thaw (item 60).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

# Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

FILM dulls your smile
FILM spoils your breath
FILM speeds tooth decay!

# Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. *Don't let decay start in your mouth!* Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

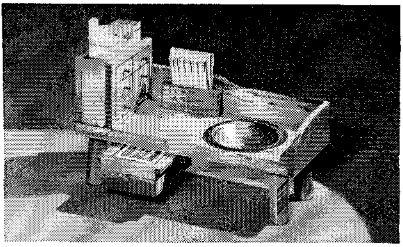
YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

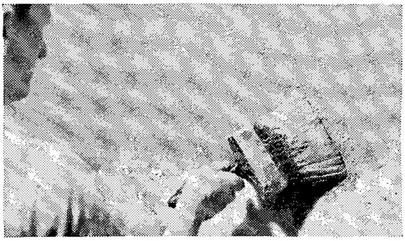
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE • CONTAINS IRIUM
CONTAINS IRIUM

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

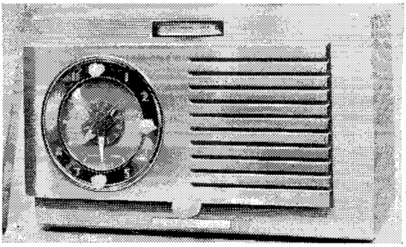
# Coronet's Family Shopper



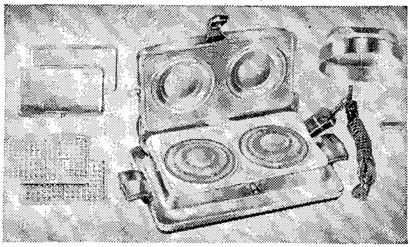
CIGARETTES, matches, and a copper ashtray fit into this replica of an Early American cobbler's bench. For pipe smokers there's a miniature drawer to hold safety matches (item 61).



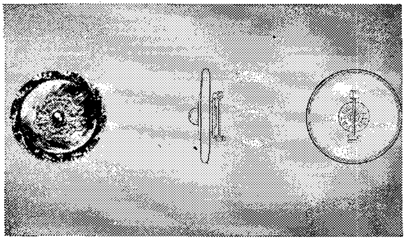
KEEP MOTHS out of clothes with this cedar-derived preparation. Any amateur can brush the long-lasting coating on closet walls. Cedar odor is renewed with a special oil (item 63).



DISGUISED AS a clock radio, this servant puts you to sleep and awakens you to music, then keeps buzzing till you react. It also turns electrical appliances on and off automatically (item 65).



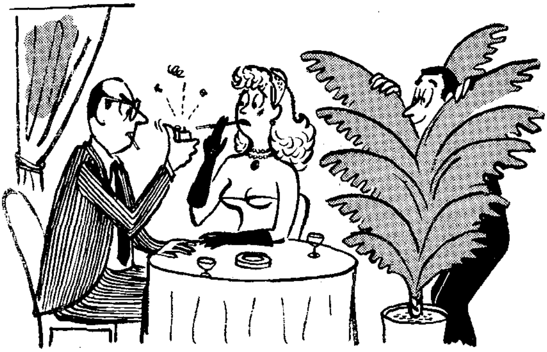
SEALED SANDWICHES, meat and fruit pies can be made electrically in this toaster. Removable grids produce waffles, grilled foods. Brand-new, for bride or experienced homemaker (item 62).



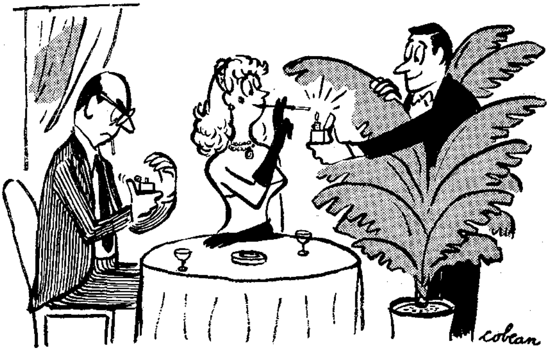
BUTTONS THAT PIN ON can be used for several garments and easily removed for washing or cleaning. Strain on fabric is minimized by a patented swivel fastened to the back (item 64).

USED AS SANDBOX or wading pool, this versatile combination will please the kids and the pocketbook. Its one-piece steel body has no seams for leakage, an adjustable canopy (item 66).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

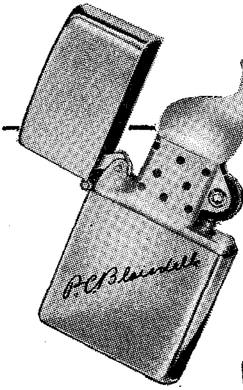


# Why ZIP, ZIP, ZIP,

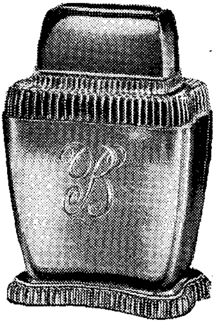


# when ONE-ZIP does it!

# Get a ZIPPO



***Above*** Brush finish chrome, $3. Engraving $1 extra. *Right*—new "Lady Bradford" table lighter, plated with tarnish-proof Rhodium. $10, no federal tax. Engraving, $1 extra. *Ask your dealer or write Zippo for FREE brochure showing many other models, with prices.*



**the one-Zip Windproof Lighter!**

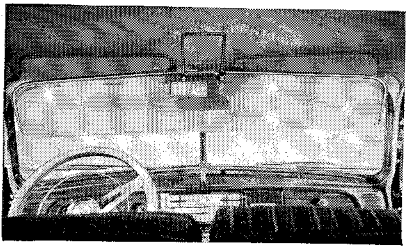
One zip lights it every time—even in wind or rain. See beautiful Zippo Lighters at better stores everywhere . . . $3 to $175.*

*Plus tax on sterling silver and solid gold models only. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

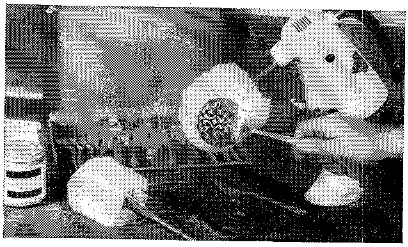
**UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED!**

**© 1950, ZIPPO MFG. CO., Bradford, Pa.**
Zippo Mfg. Co. Canada, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

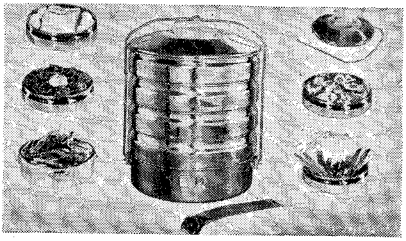
# Coronet's Family Shopper



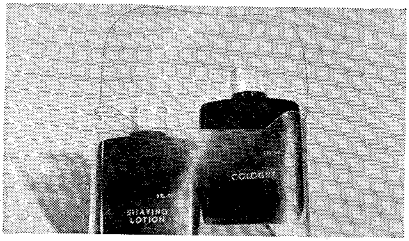
AN INTERIOR VISOR for your car can be pushed up out of the way when not in use, and adjusts to filter out haze, headlight glare and sun. Easy to install, with its own mirror (item 67).



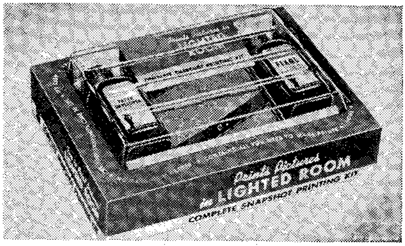
A LAMBS-WOOL BONNET slips over the beater of your electric mixer and polishes silver and jewelry. To wax and polish shoes, furniture and cars, carry the mixer head with you (item 68).



PLANNING A PICNIC? Pack sandwiches, hot foods, dessert, silverware and napkins in five fit-together aluminum pans. The bottom one, with cover and handle, is used for heating (item 69).

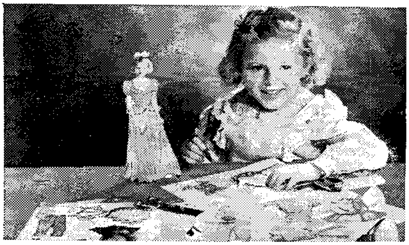


RUGGED, MASCULINE cologne and after-shave lotion are now packaged in flexible, unbreakable plastic bottles. They make packing for travel by train or plane easy and spill-less (item 70).



Prints Pictures in a LIGHTED ROOM
COMPLETE SNAPSHOT PRINTING KIT

PRINT SNAPSHOTS in a lighted room with this complete kit. Elimination of a darkroom is made possible by sensitized paper which doesn't react to ordinary light intensities (item 71).



ANY LITTLE GIRL will be pleased by a paper doll that looks like her. The doll's face is reproduced from a front-view snapshot you send, and a wardrobe comes ready for cutting (item 72).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

ral . . . exquisite in cabi

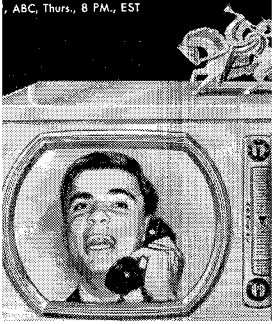
neered to outperform any set,

time . . . ***TRIPLE PLAY PHONOGRAPH*** that

***ADIO.*** 12½, 16, 19 inch picture tubes

.00 . . . the greatest values in televisio

", NBC, Mon., 9 PM, EST
", ABC, Thurs., 8 PM., EST



Too good to miss—
Swift's Premium Bacon with that
sweet Smoke taste!
IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE
BACON! HOW LONG SINCE
YOU'VE TRIED IT?
Swift
Swift's Premium BACON
Swift's
Premium
Bacon

Vol. 28, No. 2 Coronet June, 1950
Endless Variety in Articles and Pictures

# A Magic Piano for the Northland

### by ELIZABETH LOVEGROVE

**Last August, CORONET published the heart-warming story of a magic piano that was transported into the dark jungles of Honduras—the gift of a missionary, Amado Espinal, to his people in the remote village of Goascorán. That article inspired Miss Lovegrove to send CORONET this story of another piano that brought its own strange magic to a family in the Northern wilderness. Exact localities and names have been altered at the author's request. —THE EDITORS**

NO ONE WHO HAS ever traveled in the "near" Northland can forget the immensity and vast loneliness of that watery wasteland.

My husband and I first encountered it in 1927. It was early November, and the last geese were streaking southward across the icy blue sky. We were guests of a friend of my husband's, who had built one of the first hunting lodges in that unspoiled back-of-beyond.

Our guide was a huge, ruddy-faced young man named Pete. In reality, he was a fisherman, newly settled on the shores of a vast Northern lake. But he already knew the sprawling country well, and in off-fishing season he acted as a guide.

In those days, his native Polish was entangled with English in a hopeless *patois*, but he had a bottomless sense of humor, and we soon became fast friends.

Pete's house was a two-room log cabin hewn out of native timber. His wife was a frail, quiet woman who obviously adored her bearlike husband. There were three children: a girl, blonde and shy, about seven, and two younger boys, miniatures of their father.

In the second week of our visit to the North, I made my poignant discovery. The men had been out after deer since early morning. Feeling lonely and depressed, I gave in to the wish to walk along the shore of the lake. Pete's cabin was about three miles away, and on impulse I decided to visit with another woman.

The trees were bleak and bare, the sky leaden. It was a still, cold day with frost gripping a light fall of snow, and I arrived thoroughly chilled. Just as I raised my hand to knock at the cabin door, I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Pete—as we called her—and the little girl, Maria, through the window.

The child was sitting at a homemade table, and she seemed to be playing some game on a board in front of her. Her mother was beside her, moving her hand in rhythm. Their faces were deadly serious as they concentrated on the board and the sheet of paper propped up in front of it.

I was puzzled. Then, suddenly, realization came. *The child was unmistakably going through the motions of playing a piano!*

At first, I could not believe it. However, radios were still rare in that country, and the nearest village—and the nearest piano—was more than 40 miles away.

I peered on tiptoe. The board was plainly marked with white keys and raised, painted ridges to simulate the black.

Had I been less cold, I might have turned and crept away. As it was, I tapped gently on the door.

Mrs. Pete welcomed me, and over huge cups of coffee she shyly told me the story of the piano board. Maria had been only a baby when they had come from the Old Country. As yet, there was no schoolhouse in the district, so she was teaching the children at home. English, of course, was difficult. But other things, like music, could be learned a little.

Maria played her mute piano quite well, and soon they hoped to be able to afford a real instrument. But, of course, such things took time in a new country.

I glanced around the sparsely furnished cabin. It would, indeed, take time. I looked down at the bravely marked piano board, and tried to muster a smile. I could think of nothing to say.

Sensing my distress, Mrs. Pete smilingly asked if I would like to see Maria "play." I nodded mutely.

Her blonde head bowed solemnly, Maria moved her tiny hands dexterously over the wooden keys. Never again shall I hear a silence more heartbreaking. Somehow, that afternoon, I understood for the first time what it must be like to live in a world untouched by the miraculous beauty of sound.

THAT NIGHT, LYING in my bunk, I could not sleep. Again and again, visions of the child's hands and her mother's proud smile ran through my mind. I knew, of course, what I would *like* to do: it seemed simple and obvious. But I was also painfully aware that the Petes were proud. Unvarnished charity would offend them beyond the limitations of our friendship.

Then, toward morning, a solution came, and relief and sleep engulfed me simultaneously.

Next day, our host sledded me out to the nearest telephone—an all-day trek to the railhead and back. A week later, the sturdy upright piano that had gathered dust in a corner of our family parlor arrived. It took a tense six hours to sled it safely to our lodge through tortuous rock and timber country. That night, the piano was installed in shabby glory beside the stone fireplace.

I shall never forget Mrs. Pete's expression when she saw it next evening. Jim, our host, had ceremoniously invited the whole Pete family. Pete wore a clean mackinaw and came in stamping snow off his boots to hide his happy embarrassment. Under her parka, Mrs. Pete wore a colorful shawl that I was sure had been treasured for momentous occasions in the new country. The children were scrubbed and brushed, and their faces shone in the firelight.

For a moment, none of them noticed the piano. Then Mrs. Pete gave a choking little cry and, forgetting her party manners, drifted to it and moved her thin hands over the dully polished wood.

"Maria!" I understood only the child's name in the rush of Polish that followed. The child ran to her, and Mrs. Pete gently lifted the cover from the keyboard. The child gave an audible gasp. Then she lifted her hand and touched a key.

The clear, bell-like note echoed through the room. Pete's two boys ran to him and buried their faces in his side. It seemed incredible, but the enormous (to them) instrument and the challenging sound were actually frightening. Pete's huge hands dropped to their shoulders, and I could see that he, too, was visibly shaken.

"Play something, Mrs. Pete," I managed to say.

Jim brought her a chair and she sat before the piano. In the firelight, her eyes glistened with tears. For a few moments her hands hung limply at her sides. Then slowly, almost majestically, she lifted them to the keyboard.

They moved hesitantly at first, and then they flowed into the brilliance of a crescendo that shattered at its peak into a lovely melody. I knew little about music, but I recognized the haunting refrains of Chopin, himself a voluntary exile from Poland. There was depth and poignant sadness in the music. And something infinitely greater, that I can describe only as an overwhelming faith.

It was not great playing. But chill after chill swept across my shoulders. I stood motionless, held by the magic spell of the music.

Then I looked at the children. In the flickering light, Maria's face was a pale shadow. Her great, dark eyes were downcast, and her hands gripped the back of her mother's chair, as though if she so much as breathed the music would end and the keyboard would turn back into a painted replica.

My eyes were so intent on the poignant figure of the girl that I did not notice the two boys slip from their father's side. But, suddenly, they were beside their sister, and in their faces I could see the same enchanted wonder.

I glanced at my husband and

our eyes met. In that instant we both knew the overwhelming truth. These three children, two of whom had been born in this remote corner of the wilderness, were hearing music for the first time in their lives! A moment later, the music drifted into silence.

None of us were able to speak. Then, with infinite gentleness, Mrs. Pete guided Maria to the chair. I moved to my husband's side, and our hands held tight. I think I prayed a little, for I knew that if the child failed she would perhaps never play again.

At first the notes were meaningless, without rhythm. Then, as though the child's hands were slowly awakening, a simple melody began to emerge. In any other setting, it would have been only childish tinkling. But that night, Maria's playing had the grandeur of a prelude to a symphony. It was, in its way, a miracle of music . . .

IN THE 23 YEARS that have passed since then, my husband and I have heard Maria play many times. In fact, we traveled nearly a thousand miles to her concert debut. The Petes were there that night, and the applause brought tears to all our eyes.

Then, not a year later, Mrs. Pete died suddenly, and without pain. As Pete wrote to us, "She was tired for a very long time." And so today, though Maria's concert tours take her thousands of miles each year, applause will always remain second in her life.

I know this, because we have our own lodge now, not far from Pete's house. The trackless country is immeasurably changed, almost civilized. But one ritual will never change. For years, Pete has had a beautiful piano of his own. And each summer, when Maria comes home on vacation, she plays for us.

Her work is flawless and beautiful. But it is when her youngest brother takes his place at the instrument that Maria's first love in music—the talent for teaching inherited from her mother—becomes apparent. For when he plays, as she has taught him, her eyes fill with faraway memories. And, quite unconsciously, her fingers move again across the mute piano board of long ago.

## Bachelor's Button

MANY YEARS AGO, among the peasants in Europe, a young man in love would pick a certain blue blossom in the morning, while it was still damp with dew.

He placed it in his pocket. If after 24 hours the flower was still bright and fresh, the marriage he was thinking of would be happy. But if the flower was faded, the marriage would be unhappy.

Naturally, the blossom usually faded and, as many men followed its advice and remained unmarried, the flower gradually came to be known as the "bachelor's button."

—*True Story*

# A GREAT COMEDIAN SAYS:

# "PEOPLE ARE GREAT"

### *by* BOB HOPE

**The famous comedian brings you a heartfelt and timely message of cheer**

IN A FOOTNOTE to a jazzy little tome published in 1946 under the title, *So This Is Peace* (author: a Cleveland baseball magnate named B. Hope), the following line appeared: "Let's not let the word Peace get to mean a period of confusion between wars."

Today, there are people among us who are making a business of spreading the word that the world is shaky. These tocsin tollers ought to be told. And you, dear reader, have been insulted.

These flusterers who are making Peace a period of confusion have lost faith in man, and a faithless man is useless. He stands in front of a mirror for hours, practicing how to yell "Where is everybody?" in preparation for the dropping of that imminent atomic bomb.

Oh, you've heard him. "Our generation is generating lost souls, our kids are hell-bent, there will soon be more women than men (which way did they go?), our schools are teaching nonsense (or too much sense)."

A fig to these bloodless blokes—a fig and three fine words: People Are Great.

The kid who hauls ice to stash away a few bucks against his college tuition has faith in the future. The Bronx kid who buys slacks at the August sale at Macy's for next June's vacation in the Catskills is looking ahead, not backward. The Adult Education classes are loaded with people who want to grow with the times. And the teenster who grits his teeth and *walks* away from a tussle with polio is reassurance.

The sum and substance of this article is that the basis for faith and courage and hope is belief in your fellow man. When you're assured that the world is peopled with right guys, you can't heed the belittlers. When you dodge tomatoes for a total mileage equal to 40 times around the world (as I have done), you brush into fine, decent people.

The fact that nice people don't howl about their goodness only adds to their stature. Take it from a brash comedian, the really great are self-effacing.

A year or so ago, I was one of the performers at the Air Force whingding at Madison Square Garden. A few minutes before curtain time, I was meandering backstage and spotted a distinguished white-haired gentleman poring over his script.

I greeted him with a pat on the back and he returned the salutation without taking his eyes off the prepared address. I had just spent hours intensely memorizing my ad-libs, so I knew how it was.

About ten minutes later, this great guy, Bernard Baruch, hustled over to apologize for not greeting me more warmly.

"After all," he said, "I am not as used to making personal appearances as you, Mr. Hope, and I was concentrating on my script." Imagine, he called *me* "mister." When I arrived home, there was a letter apologetic in tone relating to the incident. What an antidote for a swelled head Bernard Baruch is, proof that humility makes the other guy humble.

Of course, I have a built-in job right at home that cures me of bloated beanie. My young son, Tony, throws a smart dart. We were dining out one day when Tony addressed me loudly as Mr. Hope. The diners all laughed and I called him down for it.

"Oh, I forgot, Dad," he said, even more loudly. "When we're out together, *you're* supposed to get all the laughs!"

I respect a sense of humor. It's the cheapest pop-off for pent-up steam there is. It manifests itself in curious ways, so strangely that it can bring a tear to your eye. I was touring a hospital in Tunis and stopped at the bed of a soldier who'd really had it. He was bandaged from head to toe. I thought I was being funny when I asked: "How do you get a razor in there?"

But that lad *really* had a sense of humor. All he said was: "I've *had* my close shave, Bob."

I've got a self-made Geiger counter to test the mettle of a man. If he's nonchalant when the rough going is showing, he's my man. The solid, stolid unsung citizens who battle blazes, floods and dust storms to wrest a living, the man who carries your mail, the doctor who unselfishly works himself to an early grave, the commander who yells "Nuts!" when asked to surrender . . . these are fine human beings.

Remember when the columnists were tagging President Truman as "the self-made President?" The feet that filled a mighty large pair of shoes were called inadequate. I was at the White House shortly after Truman took office in '45, following a War Bond show in Washington. To get in required just about as much hip-wriggling and straight-arming as running through five Notre Dame teams.

I asked the President why he needed that many guards.

"I don't know," replied Truman. "I'm really not that valuable!"

Then he told me about having been thwarted in New York when he tried to ride to the UN meeting at the Waldorf in an open car. Secret Service men pounced on him and kept him in a closed sedan.

"I wanted to ride in that open car and show them a white elephant with pink feet!"

Stuart Symington is another great guy I know in our government. I've seen him toss away an important schedule to better the lot of the American soldier.

Our troupe went to entertain the troops in Europe, Christmas of '48, and detoured to do a few shows for the Army based in England. At one base, Symington went to wash his hands just before take-off for Paris. Presently an aide came with a message for us: Symington was staying over a few days and would join us in Paris.

He had looked around, was appalled at the condition of the base, and remained to investigate and institute changes in living conditions for the men. It was something a lesser man would have delegated to an aide.

Dwight Eisenhower can shrug off embarrassment with a smile. We headquartered with the General in Algiers one September. Ike had the quality of treating you like old relatives. We had to leave to do a radio show, but he seemed to know every detail of our itinerary and showed us how we could stay overnight and still make it.

I twitted him about the questionable safety of staying in that war zone. The General said the city was so well-fortified that it couldn't be bombed, had not been bombed since June. But that night, it rained blockbusters.

The following morning, I received an anonymous wire. It read: "Get out of town before it's too late, my love."

Another guy who picks up people is a man named Sam Crother. He earned the undying gratitude of a feller named Hope when he picked up two muddied strangers (named B. Hope and Fred Williams) in January this year on Highway 60, near Palm Springs, California. Crother drove us to a hotel in Riverside right after the accident. The doorman took one look at us and said: "Gee, it must be rough out tonight!"

I needed that laugh. . . .

My wife, Dolores, and I were with a group of stars that met the King of England during a Command Performance. I had been delegated to deliver a book of photographs autographed by Hollywood stars to Princess Elizabeth. When we were first introduced at the theater, I waited anxiously for the King's first words, certain that the phrase of greeting would be balm for the grandchildren on long winter evenings.

"Where's the book?" he said.

After I was revived, we sent a messenger to get the book at the hotel, and soon I was thumbing the pages for the Royal Family.

"Look at the way he's rushing along to get to *his* picture," heckled His Majesty.

"It's the cutest one here," was the weak rejoinder.

"And don't overlook Crosby's," King George cautioned. . . .

Another Great Briton I met while in England during the war is Winston Churchill. He improvised me out of an embarassing situation. This is how it happened:

One night at a London party, I met Senator "Happy" Chandler. He told me that five Senators and he were meeting the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street next day.

"I'd give a lot to meet him. I admire the man," I said.

"Thought you'd met him," said Chandler. "I know that he's asked to see you."

"He *has?*"

"Yes. He has seen some of your Road pictures and liked them."

"Oh!"

"Why don't you drop around and see him?" Chandler asked.

"Yeah, think I will. Thanks. . . . Say," I asked, "what time are you going there tomorrow?"

Chandler never dreamed I would show up at appointment-time next day, or I'm sure he would have stopped me. I didn't know the Senators were meeting with Churchill to discuss vital war matters.

Everybody had already gone in when I arrived, and were on a receiving line being introduced to Churchill by Ambassador Winant. I moved into line and when it was my turn, Winant just looked up and gasped.

Then it hit me. I didn't belong. There I was, in wartime, in an office supposedly secured against non-priority gawkers. There were large, pinpricked maps on the walls not meant for these eyes, and important looking documents all about the place.

Have you ever had the feeling that you were standing alone in time out of mind? I began to feel as small as a Jack Benny tip. I'd have crawled back into the woodwork—but Churchill saved the day.

"Winnie" reached out and grasped my hand firmly. It was an anchor. He mumbled apologies about not recognizing me and excused himself out of a delicate situation with: "I wish I had more time to talk to you. These things that happen in time of war take a man's time from other enjoyable moments. We must arrange for another meeting soon."

Churchill had liberated me from an awkward situation, one in which I didn't belong. However, another fellow I knew during the war had found his place and never ventured from it.

We were entertaining the men of General Patton's Army at Palermo. One smallish GI in the vast crowd yelled "Hi, Bob!" and I returned the greeting. He looked not much different than the thousands of other doughboys in the crowd, but to me he looked familiar.

This happens often when you meet many people. You forget . . . and suddenly, it clicks. You remember a caddy at the golf course during a game played long ago, or a kid you kidded at a base hospital. But this man at Palermo, I couldn't place his face. As we were leaving he stepped out of the crowd.

"Hello, Bob," he said. "Remember me? Ernie Pyle."

Ernie stayed with "the men" until he earned immortality by chronicling their quiet heroism.

Don't get me wrong. While I've been trying to show that even great guys are great and why, Mr. Average and his distaff counterpart are the stuff of which heroes and heroines are made.

There was a time when I wasn't so ready to admit that. People were great, I thought, but not as audiences. I was just getting my stride in show business and had been contracted to the Interstate Theaters Circuit in Oklahoma and Texas. By the time we played Dallas, I was fighting the people out front. I stuck the big chin out and blazed the gags at them.

One man came back every night of that engagement, and stared steadily and critically from the back of the house. It harried me. He was there for all the night shows at the next stop, Fort Worth.

By that time I had discovered two things: (1) I was a flop in Texas; and (2) the man was Interstate's head boy, Bob O'Donnell.

"You can have the contract back

Saturday night," I told O'Donnell two days before the engagement was over. "These aren't my kind of people."

"You're wrong, Bob," he said. "You've got to let these people know you before you can kid about browbeating them. They think you mean it. You come out saying: 'What I'm telling you is funny. If you had a sense of humor, you'd know that!' Why should agreeable people pay money to fight you? And, furthermore, you act so self-confident that your inferiority complex is showing."

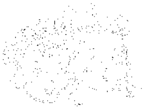
"That's my style," I said, "and I'm going back where . . ."

"Now, wait a minute, Bob," O'Donnell continued. "You didn't get where you are by daring people not to laugh. You used to let a big, friendly smile make your introduction. You used to ask people to like you. As long as you're in show business, remember this: People must always like you before they like your work."

To take the time and patience to pass along a good word of advice is a form of greatness. To do it pleasantly is an art. I have never forgotten that smiling Irishman.

O'Donnell was talking specifically about show business, but I pass the word along to you, wherever you are and whatever you do. To would-be troublemakers, I suggest transforming the scowl into a friendly smile. The world is a mirror reflecting your attitude. If you have faith in your fellow man, you'll find out what I discovered a long time ago. Just those three fine words:

People Are Great.



## Pint-size Philosophy

A MOTHER COMPLAINED to Juvenile Jury that her two daughters always giggled when she took them to a restaurant. She wondered what to do about it.

"That's easy," advised Linda Glennon, aged 6. "Just show them the check once!"

—LARRY WOLTERS

THE LITTLE BOY was full of questions as he rode through the city with his mother. "How do towns get started? Where did the people get all the money to build these tall buildings?" Receiving no response, he rambled right on: "I guess somebody just wins a lot of money on a quiz show."

—JOE CREASON

TWO MODERN YOUNGSTERS were discussing the subject of piggy banks.

"I think it's childish to save money that way," was little Mary's firm opinion.

"I do, too," Annie agreed. "And I believe also that it encourages children to become misers."

"And that's not the worst of it," Mary added. "It turns parents into bank robbers."

—*Wall Street Journal*

# ASPIRIN: King of Drugs

*by* **J. D. Ratcliff**

**There's nothing spectacular about it—except its miraculous record as a pain-killer**

WE THINK OF "miracle" drugs in terms of spectacular achievements: a life snatched back by penicillin; streptomycin curing infectious diseases against which medical science was helpless; Aureomycin and Chloromycetin pulling the fangs of ancient killers.

Magnificent though these accomplishments are, the average individual might go through life without requiring the wonder working of these drugs. But hardly a family goes a week without tapping the aspirin bottle.

This humble stand-by on the bathroom shelf is ready when children get leg aches in the middle of the night—such aches used to be known as "growing pains." Aspirin tides over sister's toothache until she can get to the dentist; and is taken freely—and safely—when any member of the family gets a cold, flu, or headache.

Aspirin isn't a dazzling stuff, like some laboratory discoveries of the past few years. It won't cure diseases like Rocky Mountain spotted fever, epidemic typhus, or bacterial endocarditis. All evidence, in fact, indicates that it won't *cure* anything. But it offers merciful relief for a thousand aches and pains, and thus can probably make a stronger claim than any other drug for being the miracle drug supreme!

For very good reasons, it is the most widely used of all drugs—with a personality of its own and a record unmatched elsewhere. It is miraculously cheap and miraculously safe

—so nontoxic that it may be taken without medical supervision. Aspirin even has its own built-in alarm system—ears almost always ring before serious trouble from overdosage develops.

By now, everyone is familiar with the names of such medical heroes as Jenner, Pasteur, Ehrlich, and Fleming. Not one in a million could name the discoverers of aspirin.

The story begins at the middle of the last century. At the time, the best way for a chemist to make a name for himself was to discover as many new chemical compounds as possible. It made no difference whether uses were found for them.

Thus, at the end of this period, sulfa was discovered—and allowed to lie idle for decades. In 1853 a German chemist named von Gerhardt found acetylsalicylic acid—later to be christened aspirin.

Until 1899, it remained a useless laboratory curiosity. Then a chemist working for Friedrich Bayer & Company, in Elberfeld, Germany, had a problem. Felix Hoffman's father suffered from rheumatoid arthritis and couldn't stand prolonged treatment with salicylate drugs. Would son Felix look around the laboratory for some new salicylate which might ease his pains?

Hoffman asked the help of Heinrich Dreser, head of Bayer's drug research. With a fortunate hunch, they investigated von Gerhardt's forgotten white powder. They subjected it to all sorts of tests, and finally it looked safe enough to try on old man Hoffman's rheumatism.

It would be stretching the facts to report that he did a jig after swallowing some of the powder. Still, he did *feel* better. Hoffman and Dreser began to pass their white powder to other people around Elberfeld, and one fact kept cropping up.

If a person taking the drug happened to have a headache, the headache disappeared! Maybe they had an important discovery on their hands!

Their white powder at least deserved a name, and tentatively they hit on acetyl-spiric acid. They trimmed this down further to make the word aspirin—which was pronounceable in all languages.

ASPIRIN GOT OFF to a slow start. As they should with any new drug, physicians regarded it with suspicion. They wondered what ill effects it might have on kidneys, liver, heart, brain. Happily, no ill effects showed up.

They wanted to find whether aspirin really relieved pain—or whether people just imagined it. For this job, they tested volunteers to see how much electric current it took to cause pain when applied to teeth. Then they dosed the subjects with aspirin—and tried again. This time, it took considerably more current to make teeth tingle.

Gradually, Bayer started to fill prescriptions for the paper-wrapped white powder, but real mass production didn't come until 1915 when aspirin first appeared as the now-familiar white tablet. Then scores of other manufacturers in many countries began producing it.

Aspirin was a curious drug. It didn't cure disease, but it erased *symptoms* of a vast range of illnesses. It drove fever down, dulled pain, stopped headache. And for millions of people that was enough. The great bulk of minor human ills are self-curing—and aspirin offered relief during the healing process.

There were other curious things about aspirin. Even now, no one knows how it works. And no one knows why it has no effect on normal body temperature, but has the ability to reduce fever. Apparently, aspirin has some effect on the heat center of the brain—the body's thermostat. But as yet no one knows its mechanics of action.

Since the drug is consumed in such huge quantities, it is amazing that its toxic effects are so few. This country uses 11 million *pounds* of the drug a year. If all of it ended up in tablet form, this would be enough for 15 *billion* five-grain tablets. With such large-scale usage, one would expect many serious reactions.

Actually, aspirin deaths in the U. S. usually run under ten a year. Most of them are suicides, although a few people pay with their lives for senseless overdosage.

Because of the drug's great safety, most suicide attempts fail. With massive doses, most people become horridly ill. Physicians wash out their stomachs and they survive. One man was thus saved after taking 300 pills.

Almost since aspirin's discovery, there has been a recurring fear that people might become addicted to it. True, in medical literature there are a few cases which give faint signs of aspirin addiction. But in their excellent book, *The Salicylates*, Drs. Martin Gross and Leon A. Greenberg declare: "The scarcity of reports of 'addiction' and 'habituation' . . . strongly suggests that the drug does not possess in any degree the property of addiction . . ."

Add up the score to see what kind of case aspirin can make for itself as a miracle drug. It obviously fills a great need, otherwise production wouldn't be so large. By the same token it must do its job well—otherwise tens of millions of people wouldn't use it.

It can be used as a gargle for sore throats, as a paste to relieve soreness from ill-fitting dental plates, as a pill to reduce pain from rheumatism, twisted backs, and other muscular ailments. It is the most widely used remedy for one of the most common of all human maladies—headache.

By using thousands of tons of the drug, the public has given a convincing demonstration of its great safety. This isn't to advise anyone to take large doses on a continuous basis—a procedure which might mask symptoms of serious diseases. But used as its makers intend that it should be used, aspirin is in a class by itself—the most versatile drug in the world.

## Lady, Beware!

THE SALESGIRL at the perfume counter leaned toward her young customer and whispered: "If I may, let me give you a word of advice—don't use this if you're bluffing." —*Ties*

A Gem from the
Coronet Story Teller

# DETECTIVE OF FATE

by LOWELL THOMAS

IN FRANCE NOT LONG AGO, an old man died, a recluse who for many years had lived in lonely seclusion in a remote village. Henri Latour was his name, and the news of his passing caused a compassionate lifting of brows among the old-timers of the Paris detective force.

Twenty-five years previously, Latour had been hailed as the most brilliant of detectives. There had been no one who could compare with him in unraveling tangled clues. Then suddenly, overnight, the dazzling career of this French Sherlock Holmes turned to ashes. It happened in a strange way.

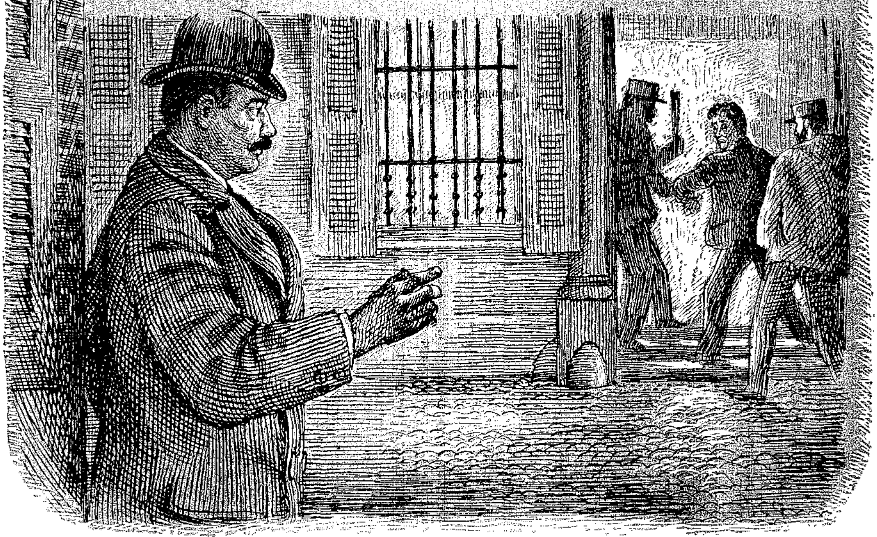
At the time, the north of France had been shocked by an especially brutal crime in which an old couple had been robbed and killed. Shortly afterwards, a man was arrested and charged with the murder. But local authorities had doubts of his guilt, so they called upon Paris for help. Henri Latour answered their call.

After weeks of investigation, he found that the suspect was innocent. More than that, he picked up the trail of a neighborhood bandit gang, arrested the real criminal, and built an ironclad case against him. When the verdict of guilty was returned in court, the judge said that Latour's detective work had been the most brilliant he had ever seen.

As soon as the trial was over, the master detective, crowned with honors, astonished everyone by resigning his job. And from that day on, he was seen no more in the world of crime detectives. He retired to a village and there lived in a lonely cottage—a hermit.

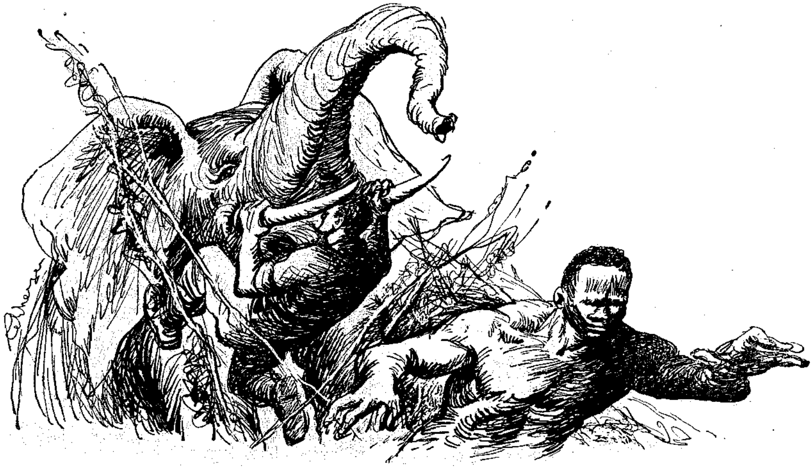
Only upon his death, 25 years later, did the reason for the self-imposed exile come to light. Unknown to everyone, the murderer he had detected, arrested, and convicted was his own son!

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



Adapted from *Pageant of Adventure.* Copyright, 1940, by Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York N.Y.

# [illegible] OF THE JUNGLE



### by CARL AKELEY

**The mighty elephant is a worthy opponent in combat, as this exciting story proves**

HUGE GRAY SHADOWS are creeping through the African forest, but there is not even an echo of a footfall. The feathery foliage is stirring overhead. But there is no sound. You are only dimly conscious that something is breathing, moving vaguely, in the awesome jungle gloom.

A faint whisper—"Tembo!" The black gun boy has seen! His eyes are a hundred times keener than a white man's ever will be. Cold steel—your heavy gun barrel—is slipping through your cold fingers. They shake a little as you bring the rifle to your shoulder. Suddenly you are face to face with the greatest mammal in the world. The elephant!

Free and fearless, quick and powerful almost beyond comprehension, he fixes his small wicked-looking eyes upon those who have dared to cross his trail. With ease and grace his long prehensile trunk, so near and so menacing, may reach out and smite, finishing an earthly career forever. The herd has been disturbed; it stands tensely silent, while the scales of life and death balance and a coin spins at the feet of the gods.

Now, with scarcely a murmur, the great elephant herd shifts. It has seen you, but the dawn breeze has been favorable. Tembo has not smelled you. He glides noiselessly into the inner recesses of the dark forest. The lord of the land has spoken and his word is "peace."

The sun breaks through a piled-

From *Adventures in the African Jungle* by Carl Akeley and Mary L. Jobe Akeley. Copyright, 1930, by Mary L. Jobe Akeley and published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, N. Y.

up cloud, its rays filtering through the treetops to the trail beneath. A bird bursts into song, high up on a moss-draped bough. The silence is shattered. Something relaxes the whole length and breadth of your nervous system. Tembo has retreated to the remote feeding grounds of his jungle home.

THE ELEPHANT may always be trusted to provide the hunter with plenty of excitement. His great size, colossal strength and magnificent courage are qualities that make him stand out as one of the most interesting—and dangerous—of beasts. Walking unprepared into his presence is like stepping out of a quiet home into No Man's Land—it may be perfectly safe but the odds are considerably against it.

The elephant's trunk is the most remarkable organ any animal possesses. The arm of a man may be swung about at any angle from the shoulder, but the elephant's trunk may be twisted and turned in any direction and at any point in its entire length. It is just as powerful in one position as in another.

It is without bone—a great flexible cable of muscles and sinew, so tough that the sharpest knife will scarcely cut it. It is so delicate that the elephant may pluck the tenderest blade of grass, yet so strong that he may lift a tree weighing a ton and toss it about easily. With his trunk he has a most extraordinary ability to detect the faintest scent, and to punish an enemy.

Since the elephant has something like a fair chance, elephant hunting, unlike a good deal of shooting done in the name of sport, always seems to me a legitimate game. This splendid animal wields a pair of heavy weapons—his mighty tusks. Each may weigh as much as the average man, and they are backed by several tons of brute strength. With an agility and a sagacity not to be rivaled by any other beast his size, he is a worthy opponent for any sportsman.

Swiftly and surely the white man and the white man's rifles are getting the better of old Tembo. But occasionally the African elephant has his innings; and when he does, he winds up the episode with a dramatic flourish of trunk and tusks that the most spectacular handling of a gun cannot rival.

Every elephant hunter has known moments of nerve-torturing suspense—moments when his wits, his courage, and his skill with a gun have stood between him and an open grave. If the man keeps his head, he has slightly more than half a chance in any combat; but if the elephant gets his man, it is fairly certain that there will be no need for a doctor. There are exceptions to this rule: once in a while the victim survives, as I can testify.

I had been on a collecting expedition for New York's Museum of Natural History and had obtained all the necessary specimens, when an old bull which tried the waiting game "got" me. It happened on the slopes of Mount Kenya, that snow-capped peak on the Equator, where I had gone to take photographs of typical elephant country. Probably all would have gone well had we not run across the spoor of three large bulls.

There was frost in the dawn air when we entered a great elephant feeding ground, an open space in the bamboo forest where the animals had milled about, eating the vegetation and trampling it down. Soon after we left this feeding ground I came upon fresh tracks of my three old bulls.

As I stopped to examine them, the crackling of bamboo not 200 yards ahead caught my attention. The bulls were almost within rifle shot and were giving me the signal for the final stalk.

The second gun boy presented his rifle for inspection. I found everything in order, and sent the boy to a safe distance with the porters. The first gun boy presented his gun; I took it, handing him the rifle I had already examined. The second gun was now ready. I leaned it against my body and stood, my back to the forest, blowing upon my cold hands to insure a supple trigger finger. At the same time the first gun boy was taking cartridges from his bandolier and holding them up so that I could be sure each was a steel-jacketed bullet—the only kind that will penetrate an elephant's head.

There was no reason to suppose that the animals suspected our presence, and I prepared for the stalk with my customary caution. Then, in a flash, one of the calmest moments of my hunting experience changed to the most profoundly intense moment of my entire life.

Suddenly I knew that an elephant was right behind me. Something must have warned me, I don't know what. I grabbed my gun, and as I wheeled around I tried to shove the safety catch forward. It would not budge. Then something struck me a staggering blow. I saw the point of a tusk right at my chest. Instinctively I seized it in my left hand, reached out for the other tusk with my right, and went down to the ground between them as the great body bore down upon me.

One merciless little eye gleamed savagely above as the elephant drove his tusks into the ground on either side of me, his rolled-up trunk against my chest. I heard a wheezy grunt as the great bull plunged forward, and I realized vaguely that I was being crushed. Then the light went out.

It was evening before I recovered consciousness. I was dimly aware of seeing a fire. I was lying where the old bull had left me, in a cold mountain rain, while my superstitious black boys, believing I was dead, refused to touch me. I tried to shout, and I must have succeeded after a fashion, for a little later I felt myself being carried away by my legs and shoulders.

When morning came, bringing a relief party from the camp below, I was a sorry-looking spectacle. The blow from the elephant's trunk which had stunned me had also skinned my forehead, closed an eye, broken my nose and torn open one cheek so that my teeth were exposed. Several ribs were broken and my lungs were punctured.

Just why I was not crushed completely, I shall never know. My only explanation—and I think it is correct—is that a root or rock must have stopped the old bull's tusks, and that, seeing me unconscious, he must have thought he had killed me, and then charged about the clearing after the black boys.

High up on the Aberdare Range,

where the slopes are so steep that a horse can travel only with the greatest difficulty, but where elephants move along with amazing ease and rapidity on age-old paths worn deep in the rocks, a herd of elephants, whose spoor I was following, again got my wind by redoubling on the trail. Realizing that they were passing me as they descended on a parallel trail, I gained on them by cutting across at my own level. And then I learned something more about the sagacity of elephants.

They came to a place on the mountain where it was so steep that a landslide started beneath their feet. All round, the earth was soft and slippery. As each elephant reached this spot, he squatted, remaining motionless as the loose dirt gave way beneath his tremendous weight. One after another the tuskers tobogganed down the mountainside as if sliding on a snow field. One by one, as their respective mud sleds came to a standstill some 200 yards below, they got up, shook themselves and proceeded on the downward trail, leaving me high and dry and safe above them.

Now that my elephant-hunting days are over, I like to think of the elephant as an honorable and worthy opponent who is so placed in the grim scheme of existence that at times he has sought my life as I have sought his. I have never killed except for scientific purposes or to save myself from death.

I like to think of the elephant as a member of a clan to which he is intensely loyal. I like to think of him as a creature of tremendously keen intelligence and of living sympathy for his kind. I like to recall the way the young and husky members of a herd form an outer defensive ring to protect the very small and the very old when danger threatens. I like to remember the efforts I have seen elephants make when lifting up and helping along a wounded comrade.

Finally, I like to think of the obstinacy with which the elephant has survived, in the midst of circumstances which have caused the extermination of many of his early ancestors. Today, the wild beasts of Africa are being driven back mile after mile into the strongholds of forest, hill and mountain. But wherever animal rights still triumph over human invasion, old Tembo remains the jungle's overlord.

## There'll Always Be an Equine

The only time a horse gets scared on the road nowadays is when he meets another horse.

The auto hasn't completely replaced the horse. You haven't yet seen a bronze statue of a man sitting under a steering wheel.

—*Ford Times*

# THE WATER SHORTAGE MENACES AMERICA

*by* **NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE**

**Our prodigal use of nature's most precious fluid is precipitating a major crisis**

LAST WINTER, stunned New Yorkers awoke to the jolting realization that their city of more than 8,000,000 faced a frightening crisis. There had been warnings of trouble to come, but now the unthinkable had happened. The nation's largest city was running out of water!

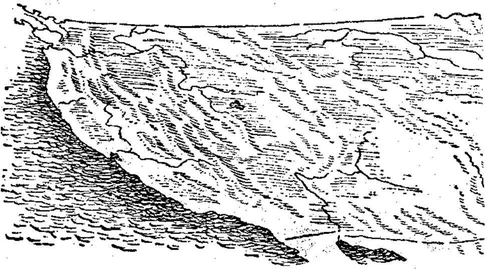
The facts were brutally simple. Manhattan was using up 1,200,000,000 gallons a day, yet for many months far less had been coming into the reservoirs. New York had been eating steadily into its reserves, until now, in reservoirs which should have been full, the waters had receded, leaving mud flats and parched earth. Week after week, as replenishing rains failed to come, the water level sank while watchers at the master meters relayed the news to waiting millions.

Soon, frantic pleas to save water boomed from radios and splashed across front pages. An army of volunteer inspectors scrambled into basements to track down leaks. Hastily passed ordinances stopped car washing and a score of other "wasteful" uses.

New Yorkers got a mild sample of what could happen when "water holidays" of voluntary saving induced men to skip the daily shave and housewives to leave all the day's dishes to be washed at once.

For optimists who hoped that maybe, if they closed their eyes, the shortage would go away, the water department had bad news. The shortage was nothing temporary. New York, said Stephen J. Carney, Commissioner of Water Supply, had been running on luck for close to a decade. "We can't rely on this luck indefinitely," he added bluntly. "Our dependable yield of the past will not be enough to see us through. . . . We need the cooperation of every New Yorker to keep water use below the billion-gallon-a-day level for the next three years at least."

The plight of New York dramatized a national nightmare, one that haunts communities from coast to coast. In many, there have al-

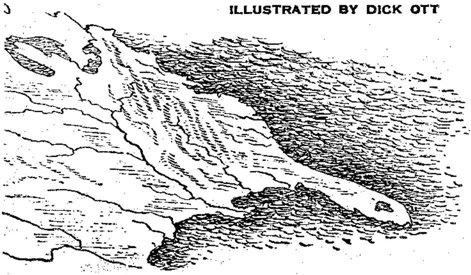


ready been chilling previews of *what it means to run out of water.* Look, for example, at Roosevelt, New Jersey.

Normally this community of 1,500 is supplied by two artesian wells. The supply from them had dwindled, but not until the pumps ran dry did town officials realize the frightening truth. While workmen rushed to drill deeper in the hope that water might flow again, the town fathers made arrangements to haul water from Hightstown, ten miles away.

Overnight the community was crippled. Men were thrown out of work as factories shut down. The school was closed. The streets became an ugly shambles as householders set out a motley collection of pails, ashcans, and old bathtubs to be filled by water trucks. Many homes went heatless as furnaces requiring water became useless.

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK OTT



Parts of the West have also had a grim foretaste of what it can mean when water runs short. In much of California, they were getting samples of it two years ago when the skies remained cloudless at a time when rains might normally be expected. The frightening fact of insufficient reserves was forcibly brought home to city dwellers when clocks began to run slow. To conserve water, the Pacific Gas & Electric Company had to cut down on the usual amount of current.

Soon a brown-out was declared, and city after city went back to the darkness of war years. Then came restrictions on water itself. Air conditioning was stopped. Swimming pools closed. Farmers saw faithful wells run dry. Dairymen forced to slaughter cattle were driven out of business.

Scores of communities all over the nation found themselves in the same predicament. In Joliet, Illinois, stunned officials discovered that the water level had dropped 42 feet in a single year! Last summer Baltimore had to prohibit the sprinkling of lawns when its water supply hit dangerous low levels.

One of the weirdest effects of lowering water levels hit Mexico City. That great metropolis is slowly sinking. Mexico City literally floats on a subterranean lake, consisting of water and volcanic ash. As more and more wells are drilled, the lake is lowered, thus lowering the level of the city itself.

Engineers say there are areas in the U. S. where the same thing could happen. Right now, they can point out spots in California where the land has sunk as much as eight feet.

What has caused America's surprising water shortage? Population increase, of course, is one big factor. Los Angeles provides a dramatic example of what soaring population can do to well-laid plans. In spite of gigantic efforts to bring water clear from the Colorado River, the city has awakened to the sobering knowledge that already, in 1950, water demands are running ahead of what had seemed like generous calculations for the next few decades.

Not only has domestic use of water soared, but the demands of modern agriculture and industry have reached fantastic proportions. Over a 60-year period, Chicago's daily per capita consumption of water went up from 114 gallons to 270. In Texas, over a 50-year period, population increased 287 per cent while the use of water jumped 7,000 per cent!

Every day, Americans manage to use 125,000,000,000 gallons of water—an increase of 25,000,000,000 a day in a five-year period. The nation's per capita consumption is estimated at 800 gallons a day—100 more than in 1945.

The incredible thirst of America's booming industries increases year by year. To produce a single ton of steel requires 65,000 gallons for cooling; a ton of viscose rayon, 200,000 gallons. A ton of synthetic rubber may take as much as 600,000 gallons. And as new chemical processes are adopted, water requirements soar.

Consider the great achievement of producing oil from coal. This marvelous process is going to call for vast quantities of water. A single factory turning out 30,000 barrels of oil would require 50,000,000 gallons of water a day!

It is natural that, at home, we Americans, with our dishwashers, washing machines and our passion for baths, manage to use vastly larger quantities of water than our forebears did. However, there is an astonishing difference in the amount of water necessary for household purposes and the quantity actually used by many people.

Some men manage to shave with as little as two quarts; others use as much as 20 gallons. There are housewives who require 25 gallons for dinner dishes, while others get along with only four!

You wouldn't think that a mere leaking faucet could cause the loss of much water, but measurements made by the American Water Works Association reveal that a slow drip can use up as much as 450 gallons a month. If the trickle is only ¼th of an inch in diameter, that figure soars to 456,800 gallons a month! On the basis of surveys, New York City officials concluded that faulty plumbing fixtures were wasting 200,000,000 gallons a day in that city alone.

THE PROSPECT that people will be able to go back to the old free and easy use of water is not a very bright one in many sections of the country. True, the shortage can be solved by engineering projects to tap distant sources and bring water to cities which so desperately need it. But such projects take a long time to carry out and, for many areas, it is already a case of too little too late.

Getting water to areas would be easy enough if we could just draw all we want from near-by rivers. Unfortunately, hopes of using this simple solution are complicated by the ugly problem of pollution: many of our rivers have become cesspools, reeking with untreated sewage and murderous chemicals.

A few years ago citizens of Rochester, New York, received a shocking example of how dangerous river water can become. It began when workmen turned the wrong valve, letting 5,000,000 gallons of untreated water from the Genesee River into the city water mains.

Frantic warnings by radio and press to "Boil all water!" were too late. In a short time, 35,000 people were stricken with gastroenteritis, and only desperate efforts by hastily mobilized medical services prevented a ghastly death toll.

Many cities are forced to use this kind of evil water, doing their best to purify it. However, the problem is not hopeless. It can be solved in time to help lick even the immediate water shortage, for modern engineering, given public backing, could restore the waters to something like their original purity.

In the Ohio River Valley, probably one of the worst polluted areas in America, eight states signed a pact in June, 1948, pledging an all-out drive to stop the flow of poisonous industrial wastes and untreated sewage. All over the country, hundreds of industrial plants are voluntarily taking on the job of purifying waste products before dumping them into rivers.

Besides cleaning up and tapping the rivers, there is another answer to our water needs: replenishing nature's concealed supply. Beneath the earth's surface, at depths ranging to hundreds of feet, is a gigantic reservoir that contains the so-called "ground water." It gets there by trickling down from rains and rivers. In many sections of the country we are using up this water faster than it is being replaced, so there is only one obvious answer: we must get more of it back into the ground.

Fortunately, engineers can already point to some remarkable successes. By stream diversion, the water can be made to soak into the earth, a process carried out in New Jersey and cities along the Ohio.

Another way is to drill reverse wells which return water to the ground. Three hundred such wells are already at work on Long Island, restoring 60,000,000 gallons a day that had been used for cooling purposes.

Yet many experts believe all these methods can only temporarily solve the need for water that is going to become vastly greater in the future. These experts say we must make a dramatic effort to tap the greatest water reservoirs of all—the oceans and the air.

GETTING FRESH WATER from the sea has aroused attention for years. And today science has made long steps toward this goal. A device called the Kleinschmidt Still is capable of turning sea water into fresh water at a cost of 50 cents for 1,000 gallons. These stills are already in use by industries, and engineers estimate they could make giants that, with a staff of just 14 men, could take in 1,500,000 gallons of sea water every day and turn out 1,350,000 gallons of fresh.

Although this is far short of what is needed, it is a promising start toward the goal outlined by U. S. Department of Interior experts, who want a method with 500 times the present capacity. Many authorities believe that ultimate success can best be achieved by using atomic power, which could provide the huge amounts of heat needed for the process.

As promising as the oceans themselves is the moisture-laden ocean of air that surrounds our planet. The incredible amount of water it contains can be judged by the fact that each year a total of 15 million billion gallons fall on the U. S. in the form of rain or snow! For a long time the great dream of science has been to make clouds drop their precious burden of moisture where it is needed most.

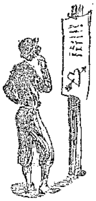
Recently, exciting news has come from Arizona where famed meteorologist Irving Krick has been conducting a series of experiments for the Arizona Weather Association Foundation. With smoke-hurtling machines, Krick has sent aloft a spray of silver iodide particles and has produced some astonishing results.

The smoke from a single machine drifted over an area of 240 square miles, creating billions of particles, each of which was capable of collecting a raindrop. While the full results of the experiments have not been announced, Arizona authorities are elated.

According to Krick's estimates, just 15 smoke-dispensers could increase the runoff of the Salt and Verde watersheds to 2,000,000 acre feet, double the present amount. This is made possible by the fact that each smoke generator, consisting of apparatus so small that it can be wheeled around on two wheelbarrows, turns out six million billion of the moisture-gathering particles a minute!

Krick boldly predicts that with batteries of the smoke units ranged at strategic points around large cities, the menace of water shortage could be stopped. Water supplies, he believes, could be built up in reservoirs at times when there were plenty of clouds which could be made to drop moisture.

The water-shortage situation in America is certainly a grave one. But scientists and engineers are hopeful that, given a chance, they can eventually supply us with all we are likely to need of nature's most precious liquid treasure.



## Love Story

ONE OF THE SHORTEST, sweetest love stories I ever heard occurred, appropriately enough, in Paris late in the war. At the American signal center one night, my chief, a dark handsome fellow, walked in with a cable from the States. It read: ALLOWED TEN WORDS NEED ONLY THREE I ADORE YOU, and was signed by his wife.

—TEX KNOLLE

# GRIN AND SHARE IT

THE MAN TOOK the ticket the agent gave him, picked up his change, and walked away. A few minutes later the traveler was back at the ticket window.

"You gave me the wrong change just now," he said.

"Sorry," said the agent, with a shrug of the shoulder, "it cannot be rectified now. You should have called my attention to it at the time you bought your ticket."

"Well, that's all right then," said the man with a faint smile. "You gave me $5 too much."

—*Santa Fe Magazine*

HIRAM WALKED four miles over the hills to call on the girl of his dreams. For a long time they sat silent on a bench by the side of her log-cabin home; but after a while the moon had its effect, and Hiram sidled closer to her and picked up her hand.

"Marthy," he began, "I've got a good clearin' over thar an' a team an' wagon an' some hawgs an' cows an' . . ."

Here he was interrupted by Martha's mother, who had awakened. "Martha!" she called in a loud clear voice. "Is that young man thar yet?"

Back came the answer: "No, Ma, but he's gettin' thar."

—*O'Bannon's Between Calls*

JONES HAD BOUGHT a puppy. Most of his neighbors owned dogs, and interest was expressed in the newcomer on the block. But after a week he sold the dog, a fine pedigreed specimen, to a Mr. Ward, because the dog had the habit of running under the sofa and refusing to come out for hours. Several days later he met Ward and asked if he had managed to break the dog of this habit.

"I certainly have," said Ward smugly. "He doesn't run under the sofa any more."

"How did you cure him of it?"

"Very easily," replied Ward. "I sawed the legs off the sofa."

—FRANCES RODMAN

THE DIGNIFIED GENTLEMAN attended a dinner party given by a society woman who was the mother of six-month-old twins. The gentleman had several glasses of champagne but was careful not to overindulge.

Later, a nurse brought the twins in for the guests to see. The dignified gentleman, keeping himself well in hand, took one look and said brightly, "What a beautiful baby."

—*Twaddle*

A RANCHER WAS SHOWING some of the more rugged parts of his property to a brother-in-law from the city. He was very proud of his place, but he was even more enthusiastic about the military model Jeep in which they were making the tour. The city visitor hung on gamely as his host herded the mechanical mustang recklessly through sagebrush and rocky pasture land, far from any trace of a road.

"These here Jeeps can sure take it," he bragged, after they had just hurdled the foot-high bank of a dry watercourse.

"They sure can," his guest agreed ruefully. "And they can sure dish it out, too." —DAVE FLYNN

ONE OF MY FAVORITE STORIES has to do with a midweek prayer meeting. It came time for a prayer, and the parson said, "Deacon White, will you please lead us in prayer?" The good deacon slumbered on. The parson raised his voice. "Deacon White, will you please lead us in prayer?" Still no answer.

By this time, the parson had had enough. He fairly shouted, "Deacon White, will you lead?"

The startled deacon shook himself awake and growled, "Lead yourself, I just dealt."

—HAYDN PEARSON, *That Darned Minister's Son* (Doubleday)

MRS. WILSON seemed to think her six-year-old son was bright beyond his age, and that the neighbor, Mrs. Smith, should deem it a pleasure and privilege to take care of him while she went for an afternoon's shopping. When the fond mother called to take her progeny home, she remarked: "I'm sure little Arnold has amused himself during the long hours, Mrs. Smith. Drawing pictures, or reading, or—"

"He's been no trouble," said Mrs. Smith, and loudly enough for some of the other neighbors to hear. "I linked a couple of paper clips together, and he's been trying all afternoon to get them apart."

—*Wall Street Journal*

THE MOTORCYCLE patrolman waved the big black car to a halt and ranged up alongside the driver, who showed obvious annoyance at the delay.

"Hey, you! You were driving too fast!" the cop began belligerently.

"Listen! I happen to be the governor of this state," was the unexpected reply.

"Well," gulped the patrolman, "as I was saying, you were driving too fast—to be without an escort, Governor." —ROLAND JAU

A YOUNG MATRON, looking over the shelves of gorgeous fruit on display, asked the grocer: "How much are your watermelons?"

"Two dollars each," he replied.

"And the peaches?"

"Seventy-five cents a basket."

"How much for those lovely cherries?"

"Eighty cents a pound."

She turned slowly away, remarking, "Isn't it a shame to put them out where people can see them!"

—CHARLES MAYES

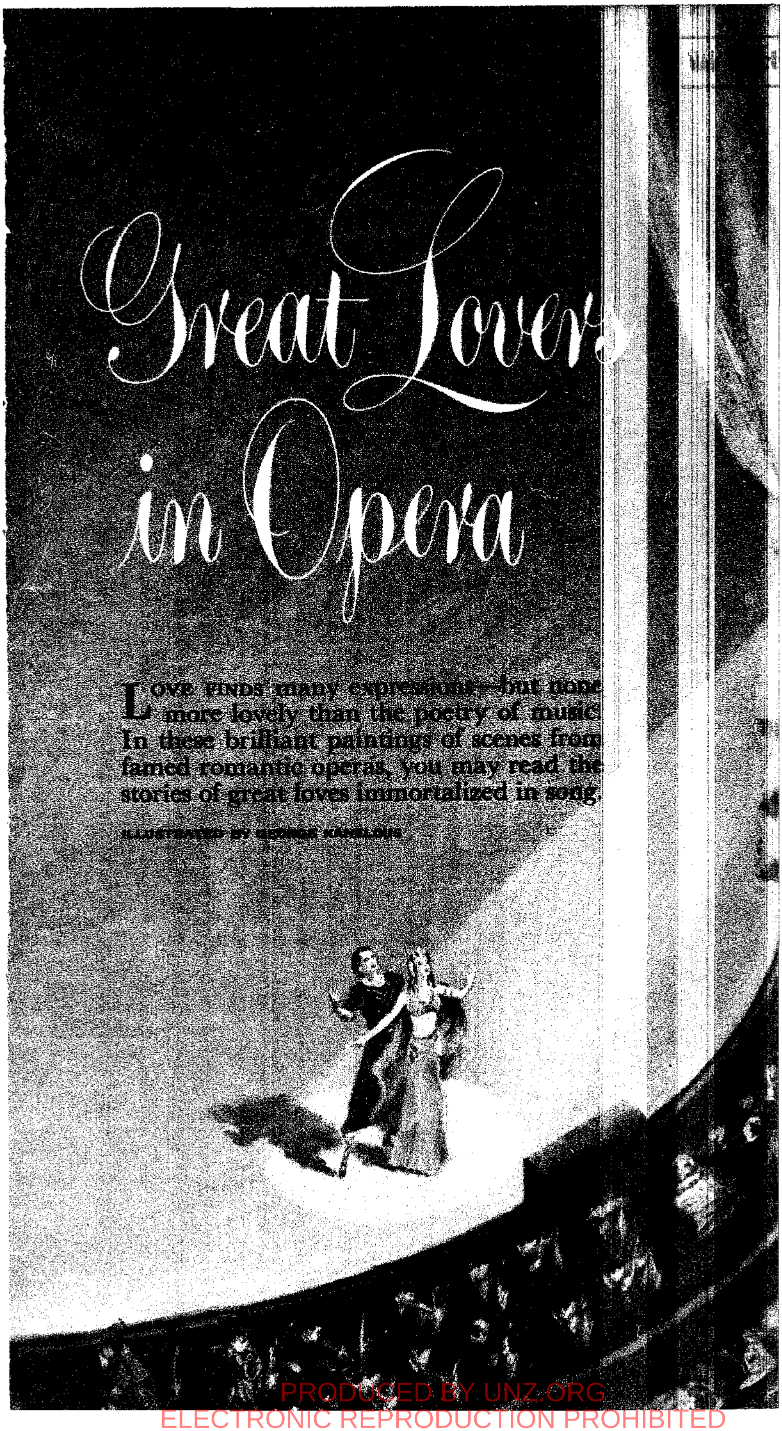
---

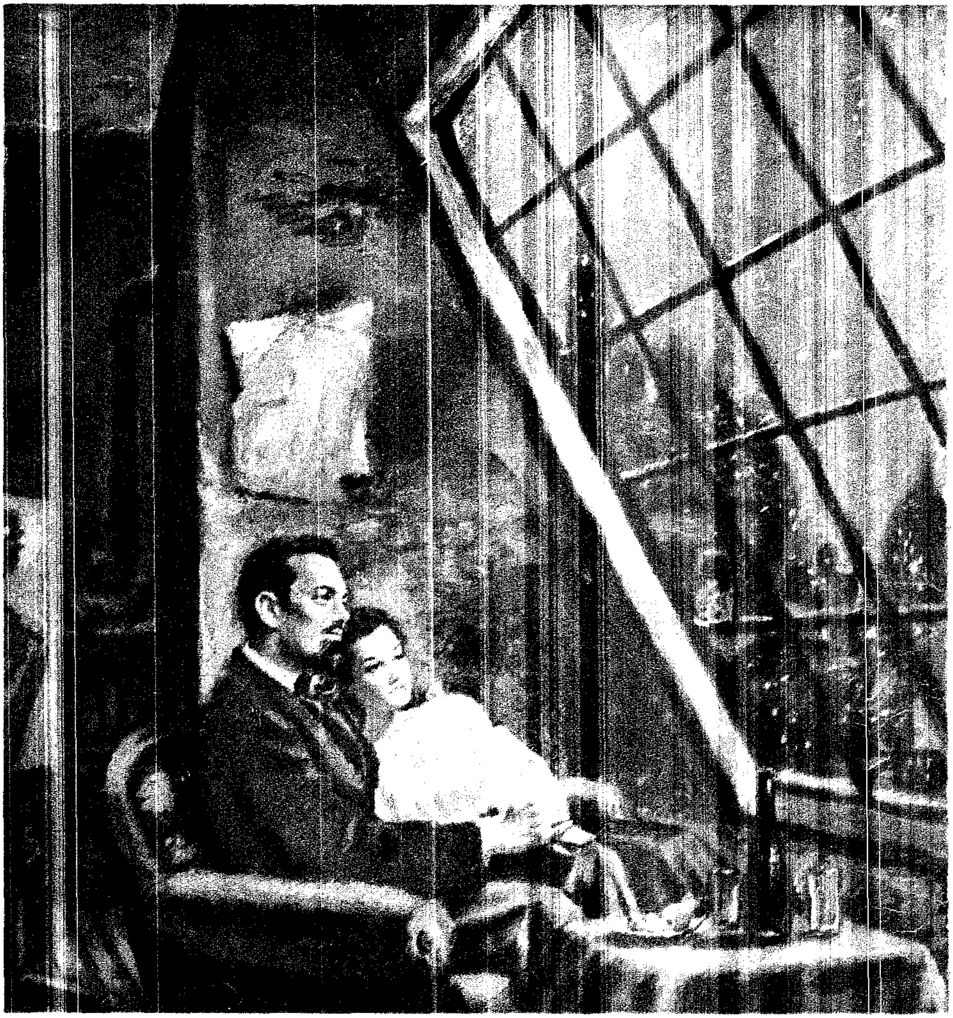
*Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*

# Great Lovers in Opera

LOVE FINDS many expressions—but none more lovely than the poetry of music. In these brilliant paintings of scenes from famed romantic operas, you may read the stories of great loves immortalized in song.

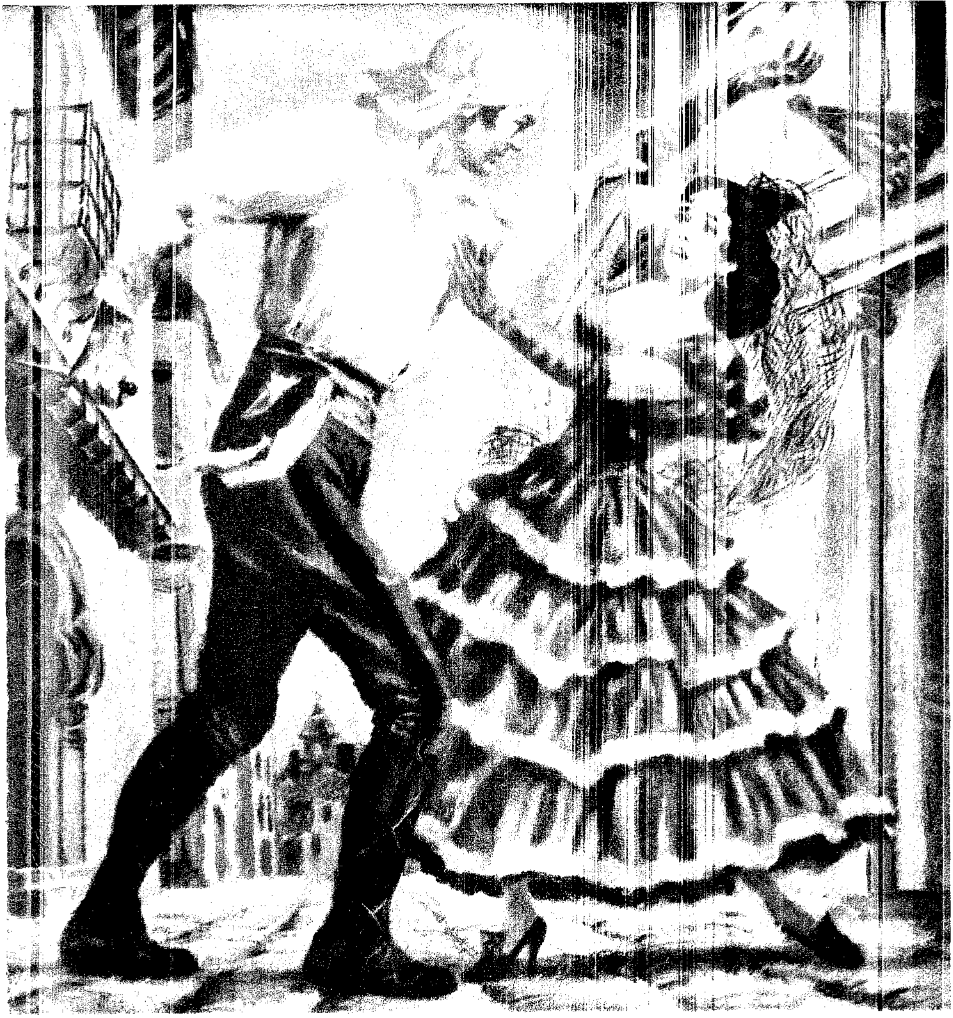
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS





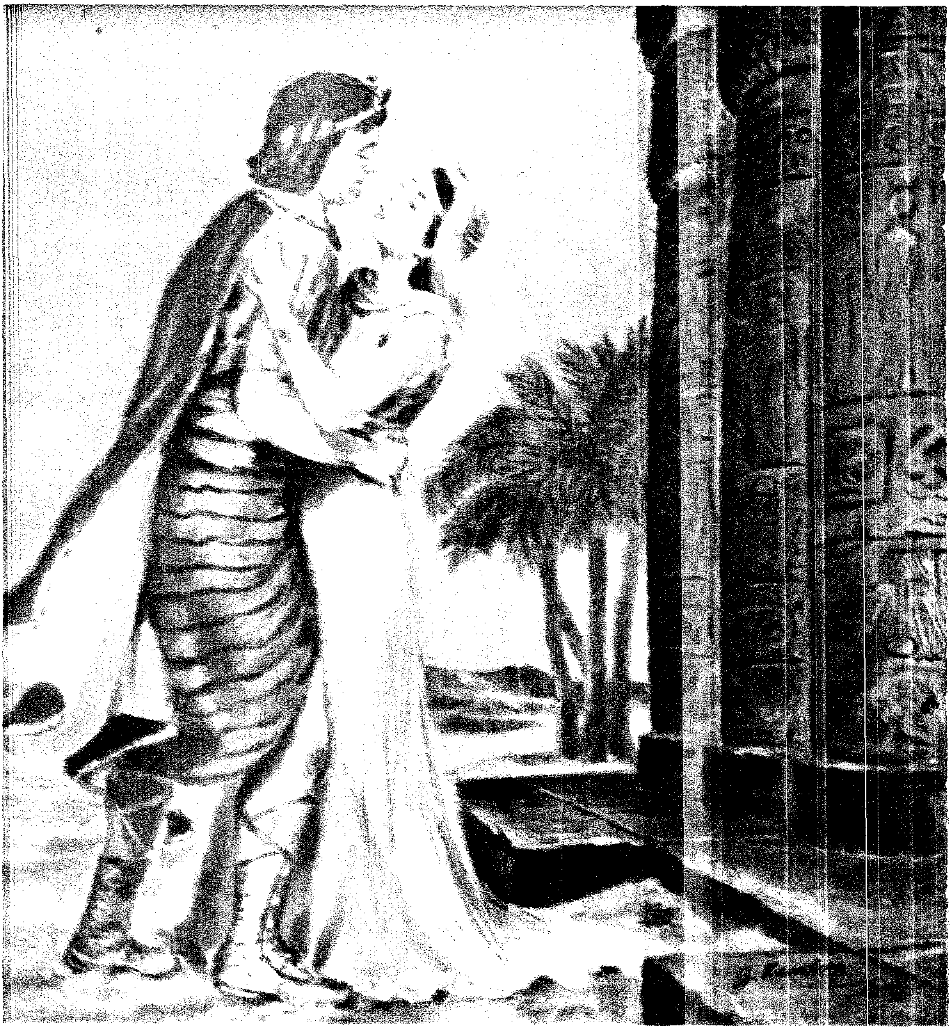
# La Boheme—Giacomo Puccini

IN THE GAY, enchanted Bohemian world of Paris 100 years ago, Rudolph and Mimi find their love. A shabby garret is their palace, transformed by reveling companions and poetic dreams. The lovely Mimi is doomed by a lingering malady. But, forgetting tomorrow, the lovers dance and sing, feast, and starve, as the tides of fortune carry them from day to day. Together, their life is youth and laughter—until a quarrel brings them to despair. Reunited, they know only one brief moment—and the frail Mimi drifts into a final sleep.



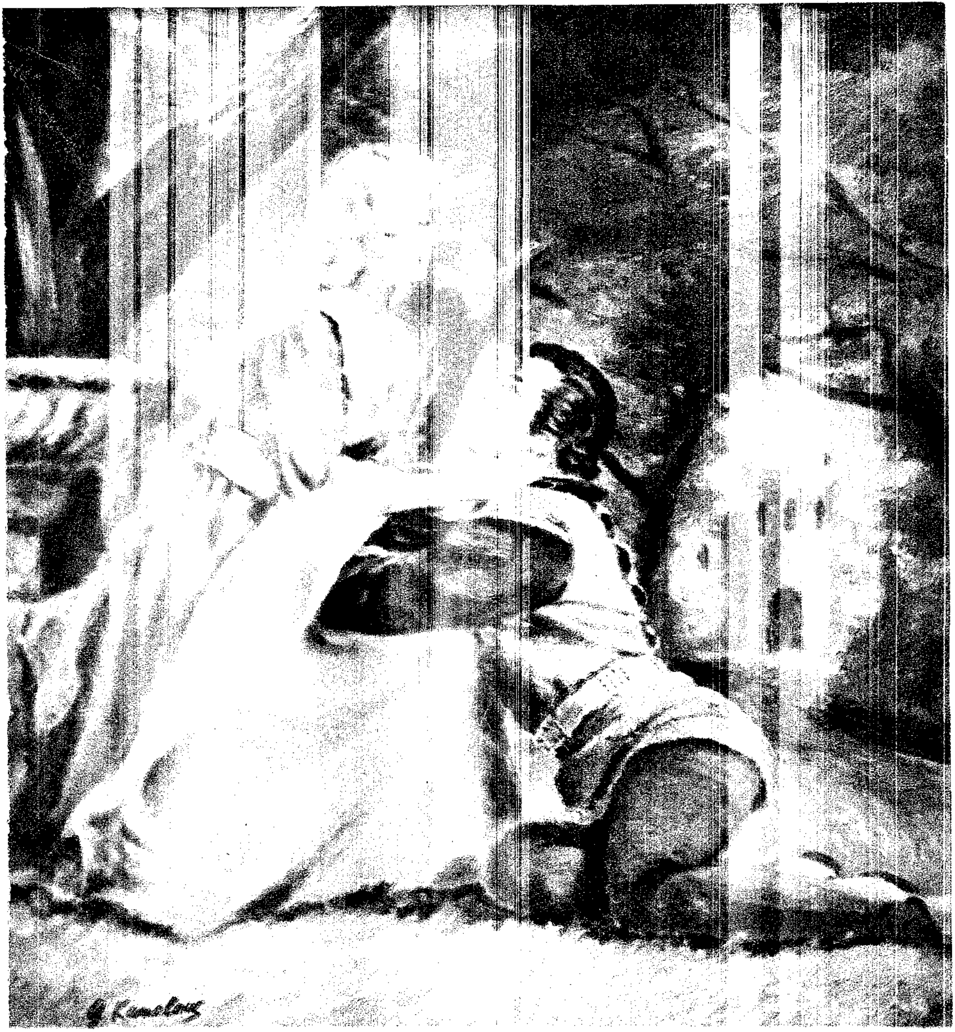
## *Carmen—Georges Bizet*

UNDER A BRAZEN Spanish sun, the sultry Carmen has danced her fiery, tempestuous way through many loves. Taunting, insolent in the knowledge of her power over men, she lures the reluctant Corporal Don José to her caresses, and bewitches him into deserting his regiment. No sooner is he won than her roving eye is caught by a toreador. Hurrying to the arena and her new hero, she is intercepted by her rejected lover. She scorns him. For, to her, violent passions and burning jealousies are the wine of life, and even death is less to her than love.



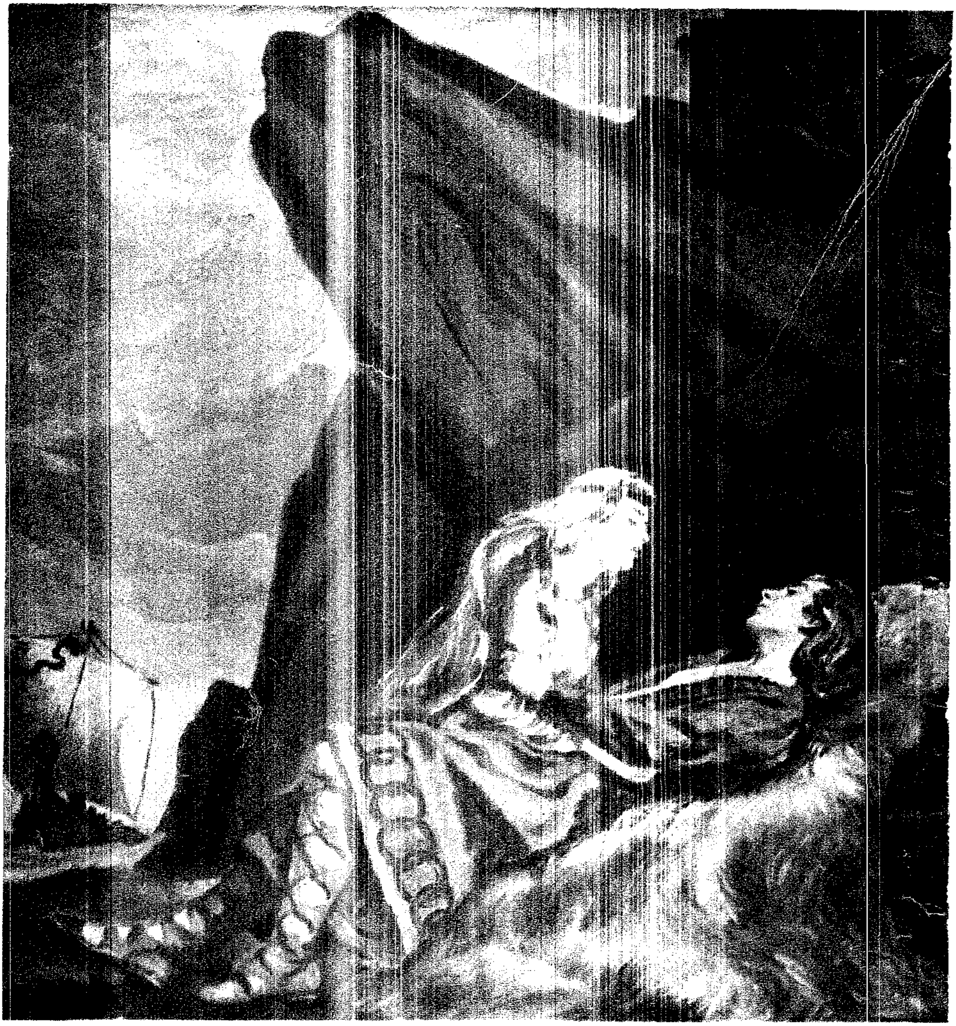
*Aïda—Giuseppe Verdi*

A FATAL LOVE binds the noble Radames to the bewitching slave girl, Aïda. A rising figure in the treacherous intrigues of the High Court of Egypt, Radames fears to declare his secret love for a slave, and they know only stolen moments in the temple garden. Discovered at last by the jealous Princess Amneris, Radames chooses death rather than parting from Aïda. While Amneris weeps, Radames is sentenced. Sealed in a living tomb, he is joined by Aïda. Hiding herself in the dungeon shadows, she has chosen to share his fate.



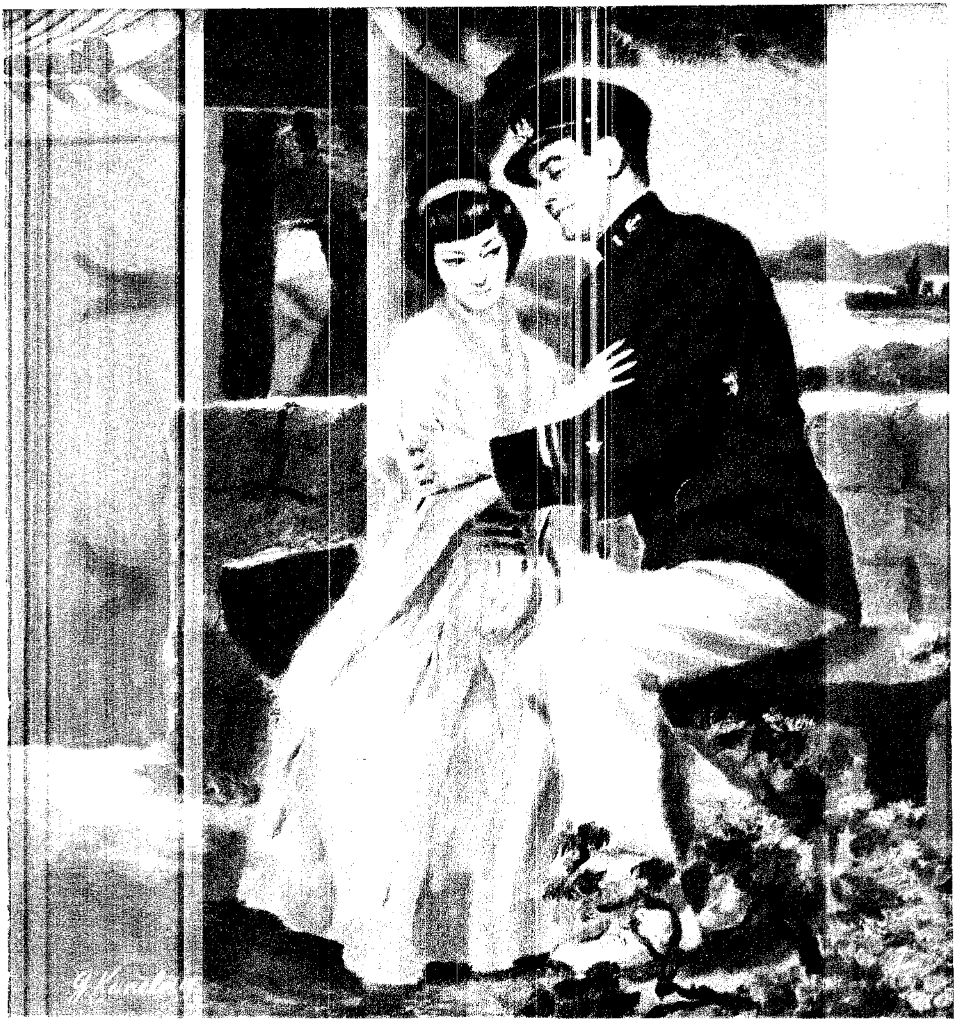
## Pelleas and Melisande—Claude Debussy

A YOUTHFUL DEVOTION awakens into love in the heart of Pelléas. Enraptured by the delicate beauty of Mélisande, his elder brother's guileless child-bride, they meet by the fountain in the garden, and an innocent love is born. At first, the brother is bemused by their affection for one another, but at last jealousy stings him. In a passionate rage at finding them together, after he has forbidden them to meet, he kills Pelléas. Soon afterwards, Mélisande presents her husband with a son, and follows Pelléas to renew their fragile love in death.



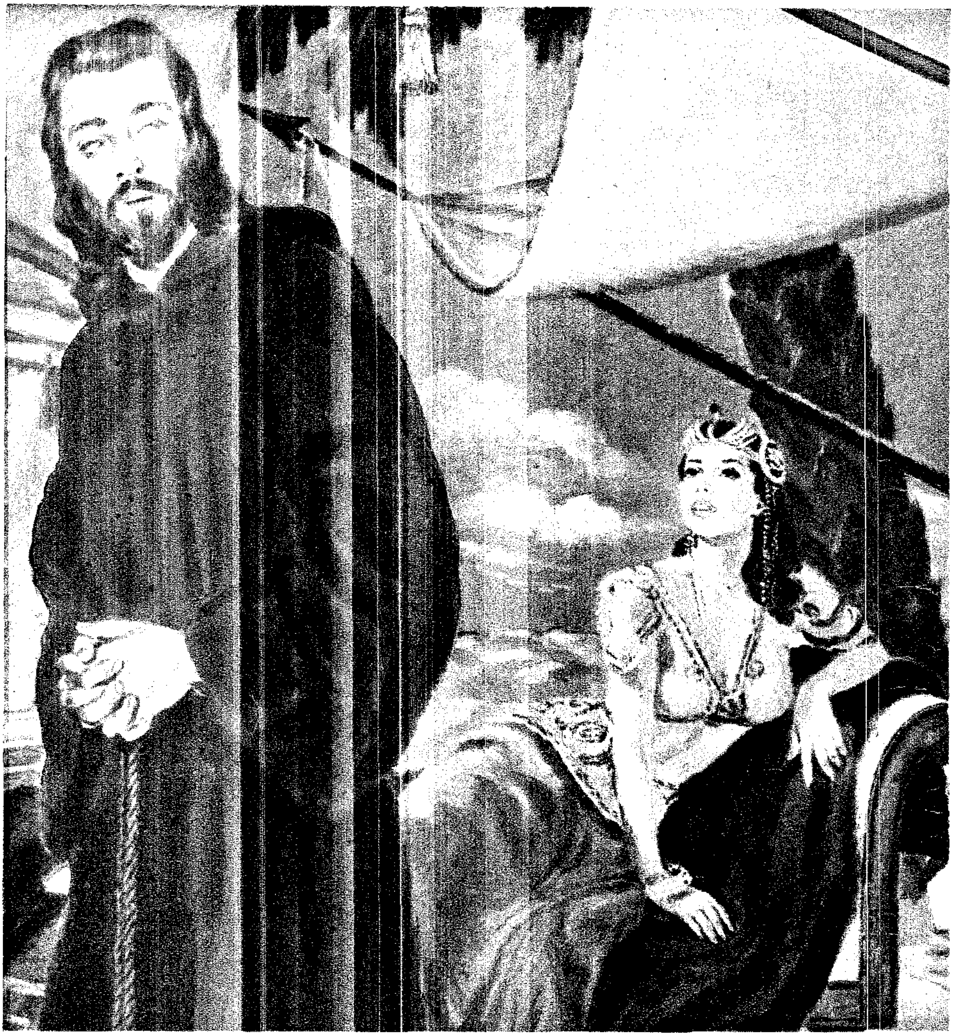
## *Tristan and Isolde—Richard Wagner*

A LOVE POTION overpowers the enmity between Tristan and Isolde, and transforms their hatred into forbidden ecstasy. Isolde is betrothed to Tristan's king, and his dark, medieval castle becomes a prison for their spellbound desires and stormy passions. Dreading the betrayal of their stolen trysts, they long for the violent release of death. Their wish is granted when Tristan is mortally wounded in a duel. Isolde kneels beside her lover, and they die together in the tragic hour when the king, learning their fatal secret, finally condones their love.



## Madame Butterfly—Giacomo Puccini

TOUCHED BY THE strange enchantments of East and West, Madame Butterfly and Lieutenant Pinkerton, USN, awaken to a magic love. When he is recalled across the seas, she promises to wait eternally. Believing that he will one day return, she sings poignantly of their sweet reunion when the cherries bloom—and her fragile heart is broken when at last he comes, with a wife from the Western world. Entrusting their child to him, Butterfly takes her own life. For, though many covet her beauty, she knows her love can never bloom again.



# *Thaïs—Jules Massenet*

ATHANAEL, A MONK, dedicates himself to the task of saving the fallen temptress, Thaïs. He persuades her to follow him to a retreat in the desert, renouncing her pagan existence. But in this triumphant hour of success, he, too, falls under the spell of her strange beauty. Visions haunt him in his cell and, at last, passion leads him to renounce his vows in a fervent plea for earthly love. Ironically, convinced that he has awakened her to the way of heaven, Thaïs becomes devout—and, dying, leaves Athanaël a legacy of hopeless love.

# DOROTHY KILGALLEN:

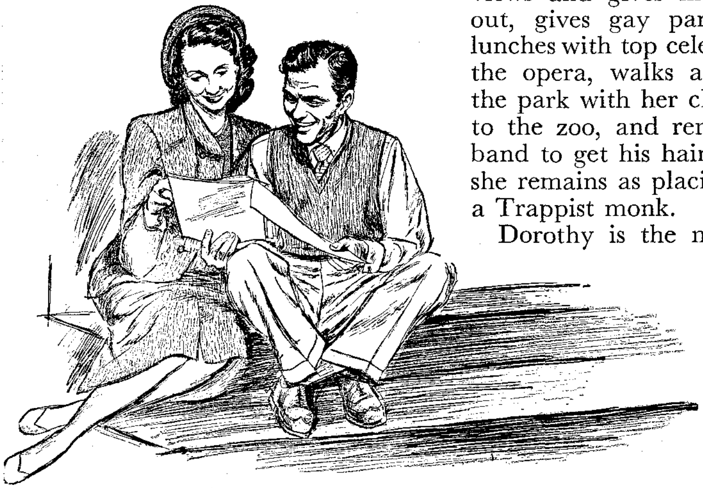
# Star Reporter

**The world is her beat and perpetual motion is the secret of her whirlwind career**

*by* CAROL HUGHES

JUST WHAT Dorothy Kilgallen, fabulous Broadway news chronicler, does with her spare time has never been satisfactorily explained. When she appeared on Mary Margaret McBride's radio program, the usually placid Mary Margaret started out in good faith to introduce her. Said Mary Margaret:

"I think you are the luckiest girl in the world. You are young, beautiful, your name is in *Who's Who*, you know hundreds of famous people. You write a Broadway column. You do hundreds of features for national magazines. You have a radio program of your own. You have a handsome and successful husband, a beautiful home, two lovely children. You do 40 charity benefits a year . . . Good heavens," said the exhausted Mary Margaret, "how *do* you do it?"



Not the least perturbed, Dorothy replied: "I think I've discovered perpetual motion."

Perpetual motion is perhaps the only answer to the amazing Dorothy Kilgallen. One of the best-liked and most respected of the lady news hawks, she is also one of the most talented and prolific. Dorothy turns out six long columns a week for 45 newspapers in the King Features Syndicate. She writes features, fiction and chitchat for many national magazines. She ad libs a 45-minute radio program six days a week over station WOR.

She runs her home and servants, reads six newspapers a day, plans all her menus, does her own shopping, attends all first nights, interviews and gives interviews, dines out, gives gay parties at home, lunches with top celebrities, attends the opera, walks almost daily in the park with her children or goes to the zoo, and reminds her husband to get his hair cut. And yet, she remains as placid and calm as a Trappist monk.

Dorothy is the modern version

of Nellie Bly, the old-time reporter who startled journalism with such feats as going around the world in 72 days. At 36, Dorothy has done just about everything there is to do, seen about everything there is to see, and knows just about everybody there is to know.

At 20, she was enjoying a by-line in one of New York City's largest newspapers—the *Journal-American*. At 23, she was handed the choice plum of all assignments—to fly around the world in competition with two newspapermen. Before long, she had world adulation heaped on her dainty shoulders.

Then the *Journal-American* handed her one of the toughest but one of the most coveted jobs in journalism. She became a columnist on the tough Broadway beat. She began to tap out her famous "Voice of Broadway" column. On the side she handled some of the biggest stories of modern times.

Dorothy was sent to England to cover the Coronation of King George VI. She did a masterly job of the Hauptmann trial at Flemington, New Jersey. She covered the first Roosevelt campaign in 1932, and her stories of the Philadelphia convention where Truman was nominated for President were front-page copy.

On her Broadway beat, Dorothy is not an observer but a participant—princes and playboys, dukes and deadbeats, are all vulnerable to her probing pen. Her nightly forays into the Stork Club, El Morocco, the Colony and "21" bring her into contact with celebrities from all over the world. Her Park Avenue home in Manhattan is one of the show places of the city; and yearly she takes off for France, Italy or Switzerland.

Yet she is one celebrity who has never been corrupted by fame. She is seldom biting or critical. She doesn't crusade, since she thinks her column should entertain—not inflame. She is also intensely interested in worth-while causes and charities, such as the Red Cross, the March of Dimes and the Damon Runyon Cancer fund.

In writing about such matters, Dorothy can be tender, sentimental and witty. But when she blows her top, there are no punches pulled. Attending a movie suitable for family audiences at the Capitol in New York, Dorothy found the Ritz Brothers appearing in a vaudeville act. She took typewriter in hand and poured out a column which, among other things, called the performance "the most vulgar, insulting and repulsive act ever to be found on the New York stage."

HABITUAL READERS of her column are inclined to think that Dorothy spends all her nights at the Stork Club or El Morocco. Actually, she goes out an average of three times a week, moving from one gay spot to another, scratching notes on match covers and menu cards. It also takes two secretaries and three phones to check on all the tidbits of news and gossip that are sent in hourly for Dorothy's use. Obviously, Dorothy likes nightclub life, but she usually calls it quits at 3 A.M. Every day, she must be up at 7:30.

To look at Dorothy, you would never believe that she *read* a gossip column, much less *wrote* one. She is a slim, smartly dressed girl, with dark brown hair and soft blue eyes. She is always poised, always relaxed, always groomed. She dresses conservatively at all times—except for hats, and here she can match Hedda Hopper.

Her talents as an ace reporter have won her the admiration of every hard-boiled male in her profession. Surely it was no sweet, gentle little girl who won the plaudits of the great Damon Runyon. He wrote: "Dorothy Kilgallen is one of the best women journalists in all the history of the game." Louis Sobol wrote: "If you want a gal who can write a fast-breaking story on any subject along the beat, Dorothy Kilgallen is your *man*."

Even *Esquire*, that strictly man's domain, commented: "Dorothy Kilgallen, Journalism's Camp Fire Girl, still blushes at profanity, feuds with no one, and yet is, withal, an artful craps and poker player."

Oddly enough, Dorothy never wanted to be a reporter, although her father, James Kilgallen, dean of New York newspapermen, had spent his life in journalism. She was born in Chicago in 1913, one of two daughters. When she was ten, the family moved to Brooklyn, and Jim Kilgallen began his long career with the Hearst newspapers.

She and her sister Eleanor (now Mrs. Wilbur Snaper), went to Erasmus High School. Her mother, Mae Ahern Kilgallen, had ambitions for her daughter to be a schoolteacher. It was a nice and placid profession, including three months' vacation each year.

With this thought in mind, Dorothy went off to the College of New Rochelle and studied diligently through 1931. Then came the Depression, when even rich girls were talking about jobs. But what to do? Finally Dorothy decided to become a restaurant hostess. But Mother wasn't too enthusiastic.

That night, the parents attended a dinner at which Amster Spiro, city editor of the *Journal-American*, was present. When he heard that Dorothy was looking for a job, he said: "I'll take her on as a cub reporter—if she is interested in trying newspaper work."

Father Kilgallen was not too happy. He didn't want people saying "father's influence." But Dorothy thought otherwise, and one afternoon, dressed to the hilt on her way to a college week end, she stopped off at the *Journal* offices.

When the petite and attractive girl came weaving across the littered floor, a few low whistles were heard. As she settled down to the interview, never having written anything more promising than an English theme, the city editor said, as usual: "And why, Miss Kilgallen, do you want to be a newspaper reporter?"

Frankly, Dorothy replied: "I don't particularly, but some of my friends at college thought it would be exciting."

The city editor would undoubtedly have put an end to the Kilgallen career then and there, except that he remembered: "This is Jim Kilgallen's kid." That is the one and only time when "Dad's" influence was brought to bear.

Next day, Dorothy was sent out on the usual mediocre assignments of any cub reporter. She returned to her desk and in her best English-theme style wrote her copy. When the paper came out, Dorothy could hardly recognize a word of what she had written.

This went on for a week. Then one day, exasperated after another of her stories had been torn to ribbons, Dorothy stomped to the desk. Patiently the assistant city editor explained that the *Journal* was a flamboyant, human-interest type of newspaper. Said the surprised Dorothy: "Oh, is that what you want? Why, I can do that!"

That was what they wanted—and got. Dorothy had the material right in her hand—the story of a little boy in a hospital. Next day, when she came into the City Room, a yell of congratulations went up. She looked at the paper. On the front page was her story, under her by-line.

That ended college for Dorothy. She left the classroom to chase fire engines and interview murderers. Since then, her unerring news sense has never led her astray. When she staged her famous globe-trotting race in 1936, back came her eager, wide-eyed comments from all over the world.

After that, Dorothy was one of the most courted and favored reporters in the country. She was young, she was pretty, she was modest and amazed at the world. And she had learned what it was to be a part of the ink pots, the littered desks, the phones ringing—all the excitement and pace of the newspaper business.

And then, on January 14, 1939, at 12:15 P.M. in the Algonquin Hotel lobby, Dorothy met Richard (Dick) Kollmar. Six dates later, she wore his ring. They were married at St. Vincent Ferrer's Church in New York on April 6, 1940.

Since then, the two have gone steadily upward to more fame, greater glory and a sky-high income. Dick's activities, though not as well-publicized as those of his glamorous wife, are almost as numerous. He is radio's "Boston Blackie"; he is a Broadway producer; he has his own television show. He is also a vital part of the popular "Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick" radio program. This unrehearsed, informal and witty show has been sending New Yorkers cheerfully off to work for some four years.

Its universal appeal springs from the fact that the Kollmars' two offspring, Dickie, Jr., eight, and Jill, six, wander in and out of the program, asking questions and prattling about whatever comes to mind, while the canary chirps in the background. The Kollmars come to the breakfast table in bathrobes and pajamas, and while Julius, their stoic butler, serves the eggs and bacon, they discuss their private lives and remark that Dickie's tonsils must come out or that Jill is sprouting a new tooth.

The Kollmar home—a 16-room apartment on Park Avenue—is what Dorothy calls "a mixture of our mutual tastes, brainstorms, whims and caprices." Whatever it is, it is one of the most fabulous extravaganzas in all New York. In the brightly lit foyer, a large Colonial wall plate says, "Prepare to Meet Thy God."

The door is opened by Julius, and the visitor is greeted by a huge pavilion-like gallery that runs the length of all the rooms. It has a marble floor, and mirrored walls on both sides. Directly in front of the door is the Americana room, with black walls, a green rug, and curtains of pure white silk. A fireplace is flanked by two love seats, and above the fireplace is a huge likeness of Dick's ancestor, a former Governor of New York and Vice-President under Monroe.

When the Kollmars give a party, it is a humdinger. And yet, to them, family life always comes first. They are devoted parents, and their children are the pride of their existence. Intimates tell you that the Kollmars are pretty much the same people they were back in the days when Dorothy went to Erasmus High and Dick was a student in Ridgewood, New Jersey.

Dorothy works by a system, but it's always flexible. She gets up at 7:30 A.M. for her broadcast. Then she starts work on her column and mail. She usually finishes by one o'clock and is off to lunch at the Colony or Waldorf with a Joan Crawford or a Gregory Peck. After lunch she returns home. When the children come in from school, she takes them to the park or zoo.

Meanwhile, Dick is out at rehearsals or digging up talent for his television show. About three times a week they dine out, but never before Dorothy and Dick "have put the kids to bed," which means laughing and romping in a happy nursery.

Gotham's busiest glamour girl is one of the few newspaper women to hold up in a tough league of Broadway syndicated columnists. She won her spurs from Caesar when columnist Frank Conniff wrote of her:

"Dorothy Kilgallen demonstrates how a genuine 'pro' covers a story without reaching for farfetched if interesting conclusions. Dorothy is a 'pro' because she can do just about everything a reporter should do. She can handle questions and answers at a fast-breaking murder trial, turn around and write a feature story that will electrify the town, handle the lead story if necessary, and then dig up fresh material. Dorothy is a real pro of our craft."

## Original Story

THE PHILANTHROPIC activities of the Duchess of Windsor in behalf of the colored folk of the Bahama Islands were varied and extensive. To raise money for one Nassau clinic, she sponsored a bazaar. As a special feature, and to stimulate an interest in personal appearance, she offered a prize for the best-dressed colored woman who attended the bazaar.

An ambitious island belle happened to know a sailor about to embark for Miami, Florida. She persuaded him, while there, to purchase a dress for her at the local Sears, Roebuck and Company store. In due time, the day of the great event arrived and, to the amazement of all, the maiden appeared in an exact duplicate, in appearance at least, of the gown the Duchess herself was wearing, which had been purchased from a famous Paris dressmaker.

Of course, she won the prize.

—LULU CRAM

# MEET A BILLIONAIRE!

by CHARLES VAN COTT

I HAVE JUST finished listening to the noisy remarks of a soap-box orator whose vehemency had lots of breadth but only gold-leaf depth.

I am getting fed up with these exhibitionists who spout about what's wrong with this country—who get loudest when their argument is weakest. Now I have had my share of kicks from the cradle up; but I have just jotted down some entries on the positive side of the ledger. And here is what I've got by being a plain resident of New Jersey!

First, I have a house with oil heat. No monarch of old, with all his magicians, could change the climate by fingertip dial as I can.

Second, I have a house with plumbing. I don't have to toss slops

From *After Business Hours*. Copyright, 1949, and published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, N. Y., in association with Printers' Ink Publishing Company.

out the window, as people have to do in a lot of countries.

I have a little thing called a radio set—I can twirl a knob and listen to Tschaikowsky, Godfrey, or a hillbilly band. Or I can shut the thing off right in the middle of President Truman—if I choose.

I can tell my boss to go to blazes—I can go to work or stay in bed if I'm willing to face the music—I can grow a goatee, wear purple suits and green shoes. Nobody is stopping me from doing anything within reason.

I can travel like no king ever traveled—by train, plane, bus, car, boat. All I do is give a ticket agent a few cents per mile, and a train stops for me, a seat awaits me. And the minute that agent hands me the ticket, I have a thousand miles of track green-lighted just for me. Signalmen, oilers, flagmen, bridge, tunnel, depot workers all cooperate to make my trip safe and sure.

I walk down the street, and a 200-pound drunk says he hates my looks. Another big guy with a club and a little pad and pencil comes up and acts as my army.

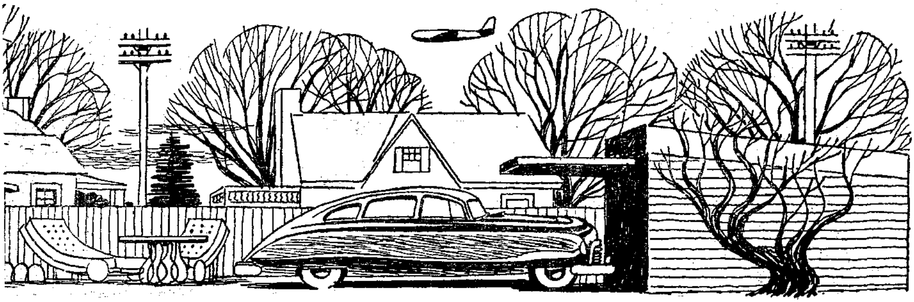
In business, I can generate all the ideas I please, work for somebody else, work for myself, hire someone to work for me, or forget the whole thing and raise chickens.

I can put my savings—big or small—on the line with a security house, and become partner with a voice in duPont or A.T.& T.

The more I think about the credit side of the ledger, the more I get out of this antiquated, capitalistic, dollar-mad, free-enterprise economy. I could go on and on—public schools, low-cost or free college education for my kids, good drinking water, electric toasters, an alarm clock that turns on the radio, and lots of other things we all take too much for granted, just as though nobody had to work, think, experiment, and die to give them all to us.

So the next time you hear these complainers, ask them if they had bacon and eggs with good coffee this morning—if they are going to take a shower tonight—if they will sleep on a feather bed or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

I've counted it all up—and I've got plenty when I just take the time to figure it out. So, brother, shake hands with a billionaire!



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

# The Coroner Racket:

## A National Scandal

**by THOMAS C. DESMOND**

*(Chairman, New York State Senate Committee on Affairs of Cities)*

**Here are the shocking facts about an obsolete agency that hampers crime detection**

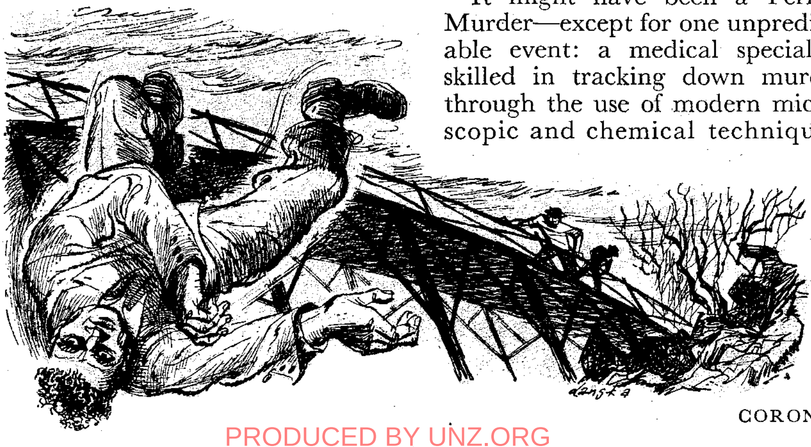
THE BODY OF Harry Monell, village carpenter, was discovered on a parapet, a dozen feet below a narrow catwalk that crossed a ravine near his home. A flimsy wooden rail was shattered where Harry had taken the fatal plunge.

The county coroner, a local politician who knew of Harry's fondness for over-imbibing, learned he had last been seen lurching from a tavern, carrying a bag of bottled ale. The coroner, who had viewed hundreds of corpses in his grisly career, guffawed his verdict: "Harry tippled. Then he toppled. Accidental death!"

But a skeptical state trooper, after a heated harangue, succeeded in getting the coroner to call in a medical expert, skilled in autopsy work. "The injuries to Monell's skull," said the medical examiner, "cannot be attributed to the fall. The extent of cerebral injury indicates that death was immediate. He had been attacked, killed, and his body flung over the catwalk to the parapet. This was no accident; this was murder."

The decision sent state troopers scurrying through the underbrush, where they found several broken ale bottles. Fingerprints on the bottles were checked and the case was solved. Two cronies in the tavern where Harry was drinking had seen him flash a roll of bills. They followed him, clubbed him to death with a bottle, then broke the guard rail to make the crime look like accidental death.

It might have been a Perfect Murder—except for one unpredictable event: a medical specialist, skilled in tracking down murder through the use of modern microscopic and chemical techniques,



was called in for consultation.

Unfortunately, our American communities rarely employ specialists to determine the cause of death in cases of homicides, suicides or suspicious deaths. Instead, we usually elect a coroner. And these coroners are usually political hacks who have no training or experience in tracking down murders.

The coronership is one of the most obsolete, useless and shockingly inept public agencies in America. Most coroners are expert handshakers whose main qualification is that they are of a religious affiliation or live in a neighborhood needed by political parties to "balance the ticket." Often they are undertakers who seek the job for the extra business it brings them.

As a result, you can get away with murder in the United States!

Despite the high-powered sleuths of the FBI, despite the dramatic scientific advance of crime detection, despite the improved training we give our law officers, the American Medical Association estimates that "several thousand murders pass unrecognized each year," and points the finger of blame at "the ignorance and charlatanry of lay coroners."

Take the case of Tim O'Mara, tenant farmer in Georgia. He was a bachelor and lived alone. When neighbors entered his farmhouse, they found Tim's lifeless body, fully clothed and in bed. "Must have had a heart attack," the coroner surmised. "Heard he was working too hard."

A few days later, Evans Lansdown, owner of Tim's farm, was picked up for assaulting another tenant farmer. He was drunk, and kept mumbling, "I got Tim; and I'll get you." The suspicious sheriff succeeded in getting a top-flight pathologist to examine Tim's body.

"This man did not die of heart attack; he died of meningitis," the physician reported. "The meningitis was caused by a slender stab wound through the back of his head. The external opening was hidden by hair and there had been little bleeding from it."

The sheriff brought the report to Lansdown and quickly obtained a confession. "Tim owed me back rent; we got into an argument; I stabbed him with a pick." Had not Lansdown attacked the second tenant farmer, he would never have been suspected of murder.

THE MAIN OBSTACLE to tracking down murder is not the killer but the coroner. Few people realize that, at the scene of a crime, this obscure official usually outranks not only state troopers and local police but also the district attorney. It is the coroner who must decide what caused your death, if it looks suspicious. Yet he is seldom a physician. He holds inquests, swears in a jury, sits as a combination prosecutor and magistrate. Yet he doesn't know criminal law or the laws of evidence.

Here is a typical situation. The coroner half-resented the young woman whose body had washed up on the beach. He was irked at having been called from a poker game while he was losing.

Did she leap from a boat? Or was she killed first, then shoved overboard? Was it murder or suicide? He didn't know. To tell the truth, he didn't care. His mind kept returning to the poker game;

"Anybody can see it's an accidental drowning," he grunted to the police, and then got into his car and sped back to town.

An experienced medical examiner would have measured the concentration of salt in the left and right chambers of the heart. If they were equal, he would have known that the woman was dead before she hit the water!

Not only do coroners fail to recognize murder, but when they do stumble on an obvious homicide, they lack training in finding the weapon, the time of assault, the time of death, and various other clues. Their ineptitude has led to false arrests, wrongful convictions, drawn-out prosecutions, and the escape of murderers. The absurdity of their decisions may be seen from the following, taken from official records: "Death due to suicide or murder"; "Due to auto accident or assault"; "Could be assault or diabetes"; "Premature birth or abortion."

If it were solely a matter of failing to uncover murder, the scandal of our coronership system would be shocking enough. But this office may have important consequences to you and your family. If you should die accidentally, your wife and children may be eligible to receive double-indemnity from your insurance company. But what if a coroner decides that you died of a heart attack? Then your family is cheated of the double payment. Or what if you are mistakenly adjudged a suicide? Chances are your family would receive no insurance payment at all.

For example, John Haseman, Midwestern dentist, was found dead in his own dental chair. An empty bottle of sleeping pills lay near-by. Since it was known that Haseman was having financial difficulties, the coroner said "suicide."

But the dentist's wife insisted he would not take his own life. To convince her, the coroner called in an expert pathologist. The physician announced: "Haseman died of carbon monoxide."

Police were puzzled, but began to check Haseman's office. They found a leaky furnace pipe was sending a stream of poison gas into the dental office. Instead of getting no insurance payment at all, the widow received a double-indemnity check for $50,000!

THE GHOULISH BUSINESS of using a victim's body for profit is another unsavory aspect of our coronership racket. One police official informs me: "We have a coroner who is an undertaker, and if he gets to the scene of a murder before we do, he rushes the body to his mortuary and notifies the relatives!"

This is common practice among undertaker-coroners. The salary of coroners runs as low as $1 per case to about an average of $500 a year, plus mileage. Only in some metropolitan communities is the job in the upper-salary brackets. Therefore the coroner may feel that he is entitled to make additional income from the job.

For hauling the body away, the undertaker-coroner may earn $25. In many communities, there is a mad race between the police and coroner to be first at a murder scene. The coroner, if he wins, may not only earn the hauling fee; when he notifies the family, he will probably get the embalming and burial assignment at fees of $50 to $1,000.

The coroner's inquest, as a legal process for determining cause of death, makes as much sense as having a jury determine whether a patient with a pain in the abdomen should be operated upon for appendicitis. A coroner once hastily called a jury to investigate a murder, only to find that among the jurors was the suspected murderer!

A coroner was called to an apartment house where he found a woman lying on the floor, bleeding from the nose. Police were told the woman and her husband had had a violent fight, and that neighbors had heard him slam the door and leave the house abruptly.

An inquest was held by the coroner, and the jury reported the evidence indicated intracranial bleeding. It concluded the woman had been murdered, and named the husband as murderer. The accused shouted his innocence during his trial, but was sentenced to 20 years.

Months later, his lawyer learned that six months prior to her death, the dead woman had visited a clinic where a diagnosis of heart disease had been made. The body was exhumed, and the woman was found to have died of natural causes. There was no evidence of "head injury beyond superficial wounds which were probably incurred when she fell to the kitchen floor." The husband was released.

Can America afford to imprison men without complete scientific support of circumstantial evidence? How many other prisoners now languish in jail, victims of the ludicrous yet grim errors of our unqualified coroners?

Today, only a few major cities, a handful of counties, and a sprinkling of states can boast of a modern system for detecting the true cause of death. In 41 states, the coroners can be laymen. In 36 states, elections are cluttered by coroner candidates. In New England, West Virginia, Virginia and Tennessee, the governor or judges appoint coroners on recommendation of the state's attorney, and that tends to put the job in the patronage class.

The best systems have been set up in New York City, Boston, Los Angeles, Maryland, and parts of the State of Washington. New York City appoints a medical examiner by competitive civil-service test; he has to be a top-notch scientist, and all his assistants are similarly hired by competitive examination.

But by and large, the elective coronership system blankets the country with a farcical arrangement that hampers justice. Small wonder the U. S. ranks lower than some of the most backward European countries in murder detection. Contrasted with the sordid record of the coroners are the sparkling achievements of medical examiners, who have in a few communities replaced the political hacks.

The main advantage of replacing the coroner with skilled talent is that you get know-how instead of guesswork. The trained medical sleuth is "litigation conscious." He assembles his facts knowing that a trial of importance may arise. Often, this curtails court costs.

Westchester County, New York, found that when it ripped out its coroner system and installed a modern medical-examiner setup, criminals frequently confessed when confronted with scientific evidence. As one murderer put it, "What's the use, they've got the goods on me. I plead guilty."

To abolish the coroner racket in America, the task we must set for ourselves is clear. All of us, in our own communities, must join in the fight. Politicians will combat the move, for it means one less job they can control. But medical, legal, civic and law-enforcement organizations will meet the challenge. Rouse your home-town newspaper; stir your friends and clubs to action.

Step No. 1 is to smash the coronership system by taking it off the ballot. There is no Democratic or Republican way of tracking down murder or suicide.

Step No. 2 is to replace the coroner with a medical examiner who should be an experienced pathologist. If your community is too small to warrant a full-time medical examiner, join with neighboring towns in hiring such an expert, or employ one on a part-time basis.

Step No. 3 is to urge your officials to provide suitable laboratory facilities for the medical examiner. Usually an economical arrangement can be worked out with the cooperation of a local health laboratory or neighboring communities.

Will all this be expensive? The record proves that a medical-examiner setup is generally less costly than the outmoded coronership system. Gone are lengthy, expensive inquests. Gone are padded payrolls, watered expense accounts, inflated fees of political scavengers.

An America aroused by the scandalous abuses of the coronership system and alarmed at the inept handling of murder cases will not long tolerate an agency that is a remnant of the era of bed warmers and snuffboxes.

## What's Our World Coming To?

TWO SEVEN-YEAR-OLD youngsters in Quincy, Massachusetts, reported missing in a vast marshland area, were found several hours later cheerfully helping a searching party looking for "two lost kids."

IN BOSTON, a nine-year-old boy just brought from Greece and unable to speak any English was the object of a frantic search for nine hours, during which time he was ensconced in a movie house sitting through three complete performances of his first all-cowboy double-feature.

A MOTHER IN Berkeley, California, had five stitches in her spanking hand because her three-year-old son put a pair of scissors in his back pocket for protection.

IN MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, a man watched two small boys dig a hole, carefully place a box in it, and then just as carefully cover it with dirt.

"Burying a treasure?" he asked.

"Radioactive elements!" replied one of the lads. —T. J. McInerney

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH

# The Show Goes On—Sometimes

by **AMASA B. WINDHAM**

**When a stage-struck youngster gets behind the footlights, anything can happen!**

FOOTLIGHTS AND SPOTLIGHTS—the lure of the theater! Every year, from cornlands and bayous, from mountains and farms, stage-struck sons and daughters set out to seek their careers on Broadway.

Some start with bit parts and go on to stardom. Most of them strut only briefly upon the stage, but before they fade into oblivion they sometimes make theatrical history —of a sort. For example:

Sam Harris, the famous producer, used to tell about one of these inspired youngsters. He wanted, above all else, to become an actor, but he had a fatalistic attitude—an inner something that told him he just wasn't cut out for it. However, he *had* to try it. So he pestered Harris for months. How about a walk-on? Wasn't there something—?

Harris finally gave in. In a play he was producing with George M. Cohan, he gave the persistent fellow the one-line part of a detective, who was to rush out toward the end of the third act and declare solemnly: "I heard a pistol shot!"

During rehearsal, no actor studied his role more diligently. Every possible inflection in the reading of the line was tried out and polished.

Came opening night—and the tyro chewed his nails through two acts and part of the third. Finally he heard his cue, dashed on stage, and announced in a faraway voice, "I peard a histol shot!"

There was deadly silence. He tried again: "I mean—I sheard a pistol hot!"

This was the end. "Oh, hell!" he said to the audience, "I didn't want to be an actor anyway!"

THE LATE HEYWOOD BROUN once said: "I have been stage-struck—God help me!—all of my life." When Broun was a student at

Harvard, he went out for the dramatic society and was assigned to the mob in *Julius Caesar*.

During the mob scene, when the spear carrier is allowed to mutter and shout to his heart's content, Broun could think of nothing to mutter or shout—nothing, that is, which would stamp him as a legionnaire of the true school.

Finally he shouted, "To hell with Yale!"

The resulting pandemonium made the production the most popular show, if not the most successful, ever staged in Cambridge.

FAST THINKING is traditional in the theater. But it may still be disastrous, as witness the performance by a Federal Theater Project group in its early days in Peoria, Illinois.

The play was a creaky old melodrama, and the climax came when three men, floating in a lifeboat, sailed across the stage praying for rescue. The restless waves were created by an old tarpaulin, painted a dull blue, under which a stagehand diligently bowed up and down to create the illusion of motion.

Unfortunately, the tarpaulin was worn and threadbare in many areas. Suddenly the canvas gave way, and there, clad in screaming red underwear, the stagehand rose out of the briny deep like Neptune himself. There was an uneasy pause for a deadly moment, but the leading actor was equal to the occasion.

Rising majestically in the boat, he announced dramatically, "Man overboard!"

ANOTHER STORY concerns the troupe of Negro collegians who toured South Carolina with their production of *Othello*. They had a good show and they knew it. But the job had begun to pall and the actors now went through their paces with a considerable drop in enthusiasm.

One night, during the big handkerchief scene, where Othello demands the lacy object from his spouse, the dusky belle who played Desdemona misplaced the handkerchief. A frantic search failed to uncover it.

"Desdemona," demanded the husky Moor, "where is your handkerchief?"

There was only a faint mutter from the lady's direction. Othello shifted nervously.

"Desdemona," he roared again, "where is your handkerchief?"

Casting the script to the winds, she replied, "Wipe your nose on your sleeve, boy, and let's get on with the show!"

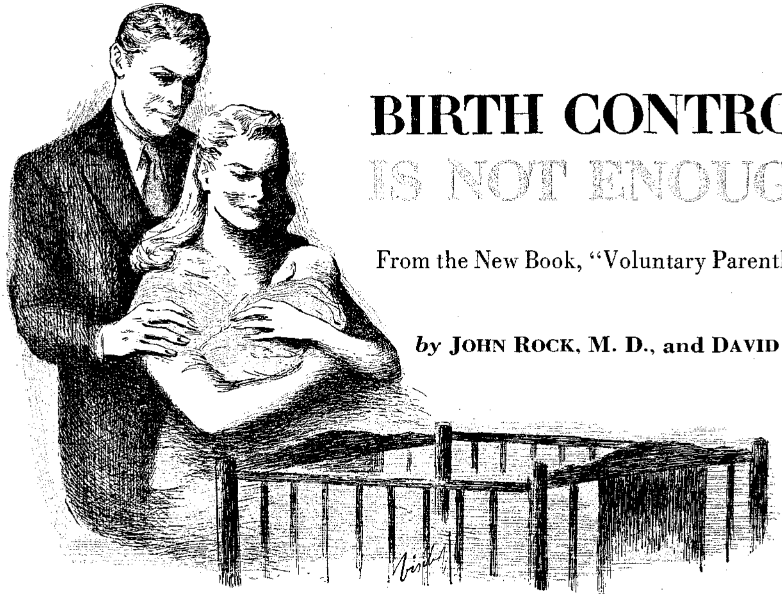
## Passing the Bucks

THE FRIEND ASKED a banker about his employees. "You have so many vice-presidents," he said. "How do you keep them busy?"

"Oh," replied the president, "as a rule they find enough for each other to do."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

Book Feature



# BIRTH CONTROL IS NOT ENOUGH

From the New Book, "Voluntary Parenthood"*

*by* **John Rock, M. D., and David Loth**

**In this significant article, Coronet presents a highly important subject which has been widely discussed in recent years. Despite the beliefs held by many uninformed or misinformed persons, birth control does not mean that America will experience a sharp decline in its national birth rate, nor does planned parenthood mean small families or no children at all. On the contrary, planned parenthood means that mother and father, exercising intelligence and foresight in blueprinting their future life together, will have healthy and happy children when they want them. Also, family planning seeks to help childless couples to have children, and thus permits them to achieve the natural goal of marriage. Therefore, in presenting this thought-provoking article, Coronet hopes to promote still further discussion of a topic which bears vitally on the future welfare of this country and all its people. —The Editors**

NOTHING IN THE LIFE of a man and a woman is going to be as important to themselves or to society as their parenthood. It seems reasonable, then, that prospective parents should apply at least as much intelligence and foresight to this as to designing a home, buying furniture, or choosing a career.

Yet, when a modern young couple embark upon the voyage of life together, they are launched on a sea of ignorance, dotted with small islands of experience and bordered by dangerous shoals of prejudice. They have to find their own course, for the available charts are mostly a mixture of superstition, science, and symbolism.

The last word about parenthood, including the question of whether there will be any parenthood at all,

---

* From *Voluntary Parenthood* by Dr. John Rock and David Loth. Copyright, 1949, by Random House, Inc., New York 22, N. Y.

must be spoken by each couple, for no problem is more personal, and no two couples have identical problems. Relatives and friends, physicians and family agencies, the educational system and books can only provide the information upon which a couple can base their own decisions. And in a society as mixed as ours, this is seldom easy.

One day in 1948, the news services carried two stories which show extremes in parental attitudes. The first came from Illinois and told of a mother, 27 years old, who had just had her tenth child. She and her husband were proud and happy, for they had plenty of room in hearts and home for all ten.

The second item was not so heartwarming. In a New England city, trash collectors noticed that a bundle of newspapers on top of the truck was moving. They unwrapped the bundle and found a newborn baby. In the crowd which gathered was an agitated young woman who attracted police attention. Of course she turned out to be the mother.

These cases were widely reported because both were unusual. The home with enough health, love and understanding for ten children in ten years is rare, perhaps even rarer than the home where a single baby at the wrong time can drive parents to despair. Yet even where presumably ideal conditions prevail, there often is an inability to reproduce, which can turn health to hypochondria, love to misery, and understanding to bickering.

In the old days, there was a comfortable theory that parenthood is always good and brings its own wisdom. Nowadays, the complexities of modern life have done much to expose this fallacy. Yet, blind acceptance of the purely biological aspects of reproduction—whether they imposed barrenness or large broods, invalidism for the mother or disease for the child—was not more unintelligent than is the frightened or selfish avoidance of parenthood altogether, which has become fashionable today.

Recently, however, some improvements have been made in the techniques of parenthood. Certain services have been developed to assist in the intelligent creation of families. For lack of a better name, the term Planned Parenthood is now applied to these services, which may be summarized as follows:

1. Restrictions on births for those who need to limit the number or postpone the arrival of offspring, and whose natural fertility is likely to produce more babies than can be reared wisely or to produce one at the wrong time.

2. Fertility treatment for couples who want babies but who suffer physical or psychological defects in their reproductive systems.

3. Education and research to spread knowledge of the problems and joys of parenthood, so that these services may be more helpful to the child, the parents and society.

PERHAPS THE COMMONEST questions planned-parenthood specialists hear are these: "How many children should we have?" and "When should we have our first baby?"

There is no ideal size for a family; there are only ideal families, and they run to all sizes. For example, not every woman can safely bear the same number of children. The ten who were born to the Illinois mother might have killed another woman. Even more likely would be the development of some reproductive defect which would cause sterility before the tenth.

As to the best time for starting a family, there are two schools of thought. One holds that a young couple need some time to get adjusted before they invite a little stranger to share the home. The other points out that there is nothing which so thoroughly cements a marriage as a child.

Neither of these viewpoints is supported by statistics. In general, however, it may be said that in the absence of actual, not selfish, factors, newly married couples will be happier if they have their children young. They may find their sexual adjustment easier, too, if they do not feel they must warily circumvent conception from the outset. Granted the mutual attraction without which couples should not get married, a baby will bring to them the strongest possible sense of fulfillment and the joy of being able to say: "This is ours together."

Secondly, planned parenthood is desirable for the treatment of infertility, which is more likely to be successful if the condition is discovered early. Late marriage, and even the unremitting use of contraceptives in an early marriage, may conceal the fact of infertility, preventing diagnosis until it is too late to correct the condition.

During the "era of hush and pretend," many errors concerning ways to beget and to avoid begetting achieved acceptance. One of the most thickly encrusted, now being shattered by modern thinking, is the tradition that engaged couples could not talk about future children, lest undue sexual excitement cause tragic lapses from good morals.

Emancipation from this old taboo is by no means complete. Today, the question of children may be discussed, but young couples have rarely received sound education in the process by which these children are created. Therefore, they marry with the belief that a finely cynical attitude toward sex is a good modern substitute for knowledge.

Far more prevalent than the veneer of sophistication is the belief that parenthood is beautiful, but that the act which leads to it is shameful and obscene. The damage which this false idea has done to family life is incalculable.

An excellent example of mutual misunderstanding was given by a young couple, Harry and Harriet, who were looking forward to a family of three. Yet, two years after marriage, they were childless. Furthermore, they were no longer interested in having children. But Harriet, realizing she was losing a husband, consulted a woman doctor who discovered that even phys-

**Dr. Rock, clinical professor of gynecology at Harvard Medical School and a foremost authority on human fertility, heads the Fertility and Endocrine Clinic at Boston's Free Hospital for Women, which probably handles more infertility cases than any other U. S. clinic. Mr. Loth, director of public information for the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc., has written and lectured widely on medical subjects. He was co-author, with Morris Ernst, of *American Sexual Behavior and the Kinsey Report.***

ical examination for possible pelvic disorders induced painful muscular contractions in Harriet.

These had been a regular component of the marital relationship. It was something neither Harry nor Harriet could understand, but it had been made much worse by their inability to talk about it.

Despite Harriet's surface sophistication, she had never been able to get over her early belief in the shamefulness of sex, and Harry's frustration had found outlet in a more violent approach to his wife than he realized.

The doctor's first step toward clearing up this pitiable case was to tell the husband that he was not to blame for his wife's condition. When her need for gentle treatment was explained, he exclaimed: "She never told me!"

"He never asked me!" was Harriet's equally astonished reply.

Harry and Harriet were not brought into sexual harmony merely by talking to each other. But until they had been put into mutual communication, their relationship was hopeless. Theirs was an exaggerated (but not an isolated) case. The incredible assumption that sex is something even husband and wife may not discuss is a barrier not only to successful parenthood but to successful marriage.

Stemming from the basic misconception that sex connotes shame, a great body of superstition, fantasy, legend and just plain falsehood has come to be accepted as biologic fact. Perhaps the worst superstitions have been propagated on sterility. Here is an attempt to bring some of them into the open:

"*Sterility is always the woman's fault.*" Physicians have known for years that either or both partners to a marriage may account for its barrenness. But the knowledge is by no means universal. The original error was probably due to primitive observation that the man seemed to perform his function. Then, too, the tradition of male superiority made it unthinkable for the average male to admit a deficiency which might reflect upon his manhood.

"*The use of contraceptives causes sterility.*" Probably the origin of this unreasonable fear is twofold. First, when crude abortion and even tissue-damaging douches or other harmful methods were used, the resulting injury frequently impaired fertility. Second, couples who have used harmless methods of contraception sometimes find they are unable to conceive when they decide they want children. They blame the contraceptive, not realizing they were infertile all the time.

"*Sterility is always a glandular deficiency.*" This false belief is on a par with theories that infertility is always the result of disease or of physical immaturity or of any other single factor. Sometimes such convictions create surprising results.

Recently, a Philadelphia specialist established that a patient who had been childless for years suffered a hormone deficiency. This was remedied by injections, and in due course she bore a child. She and her husband wanted another as soon as possible, and again the injections were given. Fourteen months after the first baby was born, a brother joined the family.

Without consulting her specialist, the mother took it for granted that she never could conceive without the aid of hormones. But 11 months after the birth of her second child, and without further medication, she had twins!

If sterility superstitions are widespread, so are the tragicomic misconceptions about birth control. Couples who have been told about the mechanics of conception before marriage are often quite unaware of any mechanics of contraception. Even more couples have entirely false ideas about these mechanics. Here are some of the popular fallacies:

"*There's nothing a woman can do, short of complete abstinence, to avoid pregnancy.*" Despite the venerable antiquity of birth control as a practice, this myth still has its believers. The Whelpton-Kiser study of Indianapolis women—ones with an eighth-grade education or better—showed that two-thirds of them had entered the marital state before they ever heard of a birth-control method of any kind, let alone one which a woman can utilize.

"*Doctors or druggists know of surefire contraceptive preparations which can be taken by mouth.*" Usually the couples who believe this will add: "*But they won't tell.*"

The reason doctors or druggists won't tell is because they don't know, and they don't know because there is no such preparation that will act infallibly without gross discomfort or harm.

This legend of a harmless contraceptive drug is like the belief that there are preparations which will induce an abortion. Shady advertising sometimes hints at such properties in a so-called patent medicine. Also, a number of witches' brews which can be compounded in the home are recommended by one woman to another. Some of them gain a certain reputation because, almost inevitably, menstruation resumes sooner or later when a period is missed for reasons other than pregnancy, as it is once or twice a year in most women in the late thirties and early forties.

But if pregnancy causes the failure of menstruation, none of these compounds will induce an abortion. No drug is known which can do this before it has seriously damaged the mother's health.

Misconceptions about parenthood are by no means confined to the mechanics of fertility and its control. Most of the others will lead the misguided couple to avoid parenthood altogether, or to limit their family to a size smaller than they would like if they knew what was good for them. Among these misconceptions, we find:

"*It is dangerous to have babies closer together than two years.*" This may be true for some women, and it may be desirable to space children two or more years apart for other than health reasons. But medically, the general theory is wrong. If a couple are in good health, several pregnancies no more than a year apart are seldom beyond the physical strength of the wife.

Youth is the best aid to childbearing, and an increasing number of authorities believe that—other things being equal—family life is likely to be more successful if the children are born reasonably close together.

"*In adult women, failure to menstruate always means pregnancy.*" This mistaken fear has added millions of dollars to the take of abortion racketeers. There are a good many reasons why a menstrual period may be delayed or even missed. In one clinic, 40 per cent of women who believed themselves pregnant actually had missed their menstrual period for other reasons.

However, few abortionists bother with a pregnancy test. Instead, they are happy to play upon the fears of their victims. The usual operation —curettage, or scraping the womb —does not reveal whether a pregnancy actually had taken place.

TO SUMMARIZE this discussion of planned parenthood, we can see that, for society, the choice is plain. Either it can make available adequate services for controlling fertility or it can withhold those services and, in a large number of cases, saddle the community with a dead or invalided mother. Either it can save a home through correcting a married couple's infertility, or it can incur the social expense of frustrated people. Either it can teach the young how to be good parents, or it can struggle with the unfortunate consequences accumulated by the large number who fail.

For the individual, parenthood is not primarily a financial matter. The economic consequences may be severe, but they must take second place to the decision as to the kind of life a man and a woman want to live together. It must be their decision, too, and not one imposed upon them. Given knowledge, they are almost certain to produce the most useful, healthy and happy family of which they are capable.

Perhaps conclusions from the experiences of our civilization might be summed up in a few simple injunctions to would-be parents:

Have your children young and have them fairly close together.

Let your heart and your head combine to decide how many, with the conviction that they are the surest means to a gratifying life.

Get medical advice on any problem concerning conception.

Rid yourself of fear and shame about sex and parenthood.

But more important, bear in mind that you are a member of the human family, an individual who is so completely unlike every other that no one can generalize for you infallibly. You yourself must select those principles by which you will abide. If you do this wisely and well, your selection will prove to be the real secret of successful planning for parenthood.

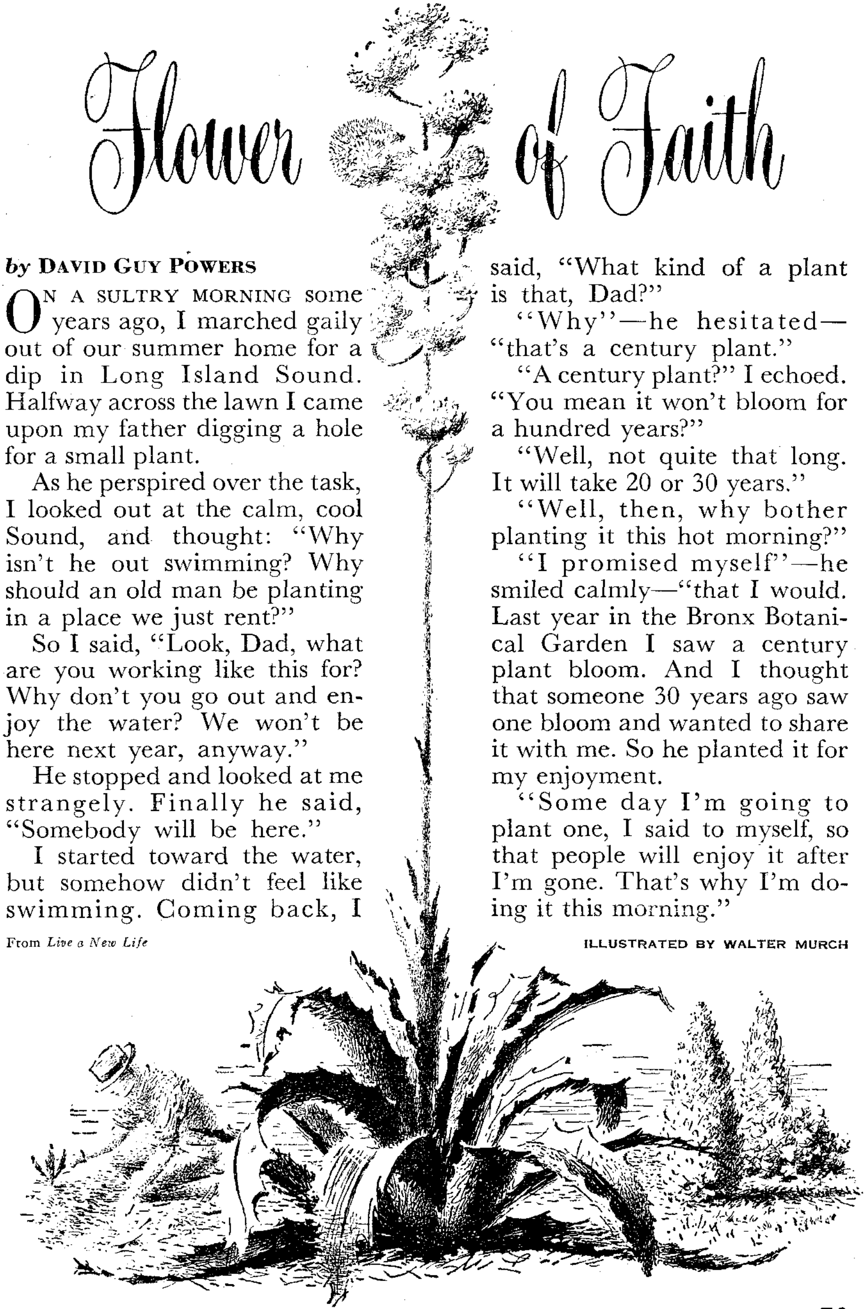
## Good Question

"WHY, MY FRIEND," the young astronomer explained, "science is doing wonderful things out in the world. On a high mountain in California, we have a telescope so powerful that we can look 3,000 miles away and see the eyelashes of a beautiful girl!"

"That's all very well, son," was the reply, "but what good is a pretty girl so far away?"

—*Capper's Weekly*

# Flower of Faith



by **David Guy Powers**

ON A SULTRY MORNING some years ago, I marched gaily out of our summer home for a dip in Long Island Sound. Halfway across the lawn I came upon my father digging a hole for a small plant.

As he perspired over the task, I looked out at the calm, cool Sound, and thought: "Why isn't he out swimming? Why should an old man be planting in a place we just rent?"

So I said, "Look, Dad, what are you working like this for? Why don't you go out and enjoy the water? We won't be here next year, anyway."

He stopped and looked at me strangely. Finally he said, "Somebody will be here."

I started toward the water, but somehow didn't feel like swimming. Coming back, I said, "What kind of a plant is that, Dad?"

"Why"—he hesitated—"that's a century plant."

"A century plant?" I echoed. "You mean it won't bloom for a hundred years?"

"Well, not quite that long. It will take 20 or 30 years."

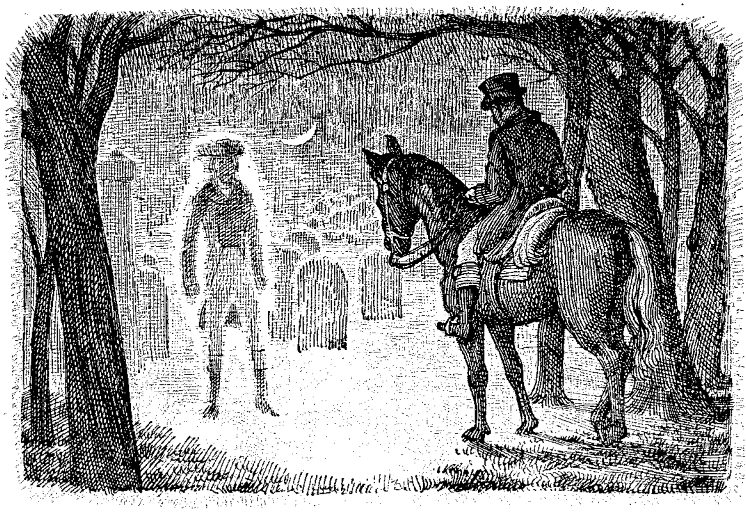
"Well, then, why bother planting it this hot morning?"

"I promised myself"—he smiled calmly—"that I would. Last year in the Bronx Botanical Garden I saw a century plant bloom. And I thought that someone 30 years ago saw one bloom and wanted to share it with me. So he planted it for my enjoyment.

"Some day I'm going to plant one, I said to myself, so that people will enjoy it after I'm gone. That's why I'm doing it this morning."

From *Live a New Life*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER MURCH



# The Ghost That Won a Trial!

by **Ralph H. Major, Jr.**

**Stranger than fiction is this eerie story of a dead man who triumphed in court**

ONE OF HISTORY'S most incredible trials opened in the late 1790s in the little courthouse of Queen-Anne's County, Maryland. Present at this trial was a dead man—a dead man whose testimony was not only accepted by the court but who won the case under dispute!

Three brothers and a sister were suing their uncle's executrix for possession of their father's estate. Eerie events had thrown about the trial a cloak of mystery; strange rumors had set atingle the spines of the entire county.

Arrayed before Judge James Tilghman was an impressive battery of legal talent, counsel for the plaintiffs including His Excellency Robert Wright, later Governor of the state of Maryland.

A hush fell over the courtroom as the first attorney arose. "We shall prove," he began, "that one Mary Harris, widow of James Harris, illegally conspired to withhold from the plaintiffs the estate willed them by their father, Thomas Harris."

Harris, a hard-working farmer, had been a soldier in the Continental Army. When his will was read, it was discovered that Thomas had fathered four illegitimate children—James, Fanny, Robert and Thomas, Jr. These children, the will provided, inherited his entire estate, comprising property along the Chester River. This was to be sold for them by Harris' executor and brother, James Harris.

But a technicality invalidated the will: illegitimate children could not legally inherit a parent's estate. Thus protected by law, James sold the land and pocketed the proceeds.

Later—for a reason so fantastic it defied comprehension—James was said to have repented his selfish deed. As the story went, he belatedly decided to give the four children all profits gained from the sale of their father's estate. But James suddenly died—before he could keep his promise; and his wife, Mary, who fell heir to the disputed money, refused to carry out her husband's alleged wishes.

When the black-gowned widow took the witness stand, she was greeted by hisses. Head erect and lips set purposefully, Mary Harris took the oath.

"Did your husband intend to give the plaintiffs funds realized from the auction of their father's estate?" asked Wright.

"My husband," Mrs. Harris replied bluntly, "was insane; and the victim of hallucinations. He said he had been told he should surrender the money by—by his dead brother, Thomas Harris!"

The courtroom burst into an uproar. The tale spread only in whispers was finally exposed. That the ghost of Thomas Harris had supposedly been seen was now a matter of record.

When Judge Tilghman restored order, the questioning continued.

"Mrs. Harris," an attorney asked, "did your husband talk with this apparition of his brother?"

"No," the widow replied. "James said that William Briggs told him he had conversed with Thomas' ghost, and that the ghost directed the money be given his offspring."

Briggs was an honest farmer who enjoyed the respect of his neighbors. He strode confidently to the witness chair.

"Tom Harris was my friend," his deep voice boomed. "We were comrades during the fighting, and I was upset when he died. It all started a couple of weeks after he was laid away . . ."

Briggs told how one cold morning he was jogging homeward on a horse which once belonged to Thomas Harris. Suddenly the animal shivered and stopped. Then Briggs saw a sight which brought cold perspiration. Just inside a near-by cemetery stood a figure in faded Continental uniform. It was Thomas Harris. Briggs' teeth chattered as he stared at the apparition, and then furiously he whipped his horse and galloped up the road.

Shortly after the storm broke over James' handling of the will, Briggs was plowing his field when Thomas again materialized before him. Briggs stood transfixed.

John Bailey, a neighbor also plowing a field, called out, "What's the matter, Will?"

Briggs stooped to pick up the fallen plow. When he straightened up, the ghost had disappeared.

Several days later the ghost took shape again in the field where Bailey and Briggs were working. "What do you want? Why do you keep bothering me?" Briggs asked the misty figure.

In a hollow, sepulchral voice, the specter instructed Briggs to call on his brother James. "Remind him," the ghost said, "that I told him to sell my land and divide the money between my children."

Thoroughly shaken, Briggs confided the story to James, who reluctantly admitted he had disobeyed Thomas' orders. But James was convinced that Briggs had really talked with his brother, for only the two had known of the conversation.

"James promised he'd turn the money over to Thomas' children," Briggs concluded, "and before I left him, he said, 'Tell the ghost what I've told you next time you see him.'

"So next day, when Thomas showed up again, I repeated just what James had said. Tom just nodded and disappeared. Last time I've ever seen him, too."

Tumult filled the courtroom when Briggs stepped down from the witness stand. Would he lie? And if so, why? He had nothing to gain from a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs—or the defendants, either.

The next witness was John Bailey, the only person who could corroborate Briggs' testimony about the appearance of the ghost in the field. He had seen no one himself, Bailey admitted, but Briggs was obviously talking to some invisible thing. And Briggs was white when Bailey addressed him.

When counsel for plaintiff and defense had concluded their final statements, Judge Tilghman delivered an opinion. It was the law, he reminded the attorneys, that illegitimate children could claim no part of their parents' estates. Therefore, the court could render no decision. But the facts had been set forth. And sworn testimony concerning the ghost had been made a matter of record.

Thus, despite the fact that law supported her position, Mary Harris realized she could not oppose public opinion. So, shortly after the trial, the Orphans' Court of Queen-Anne's County delivered to Thomas Harris' four children the money paid for his property. And into the legal archives of Maryland went records of the strange, unprecedented trial from which a ghost emerged triumphant.

## Dedications with a Difference

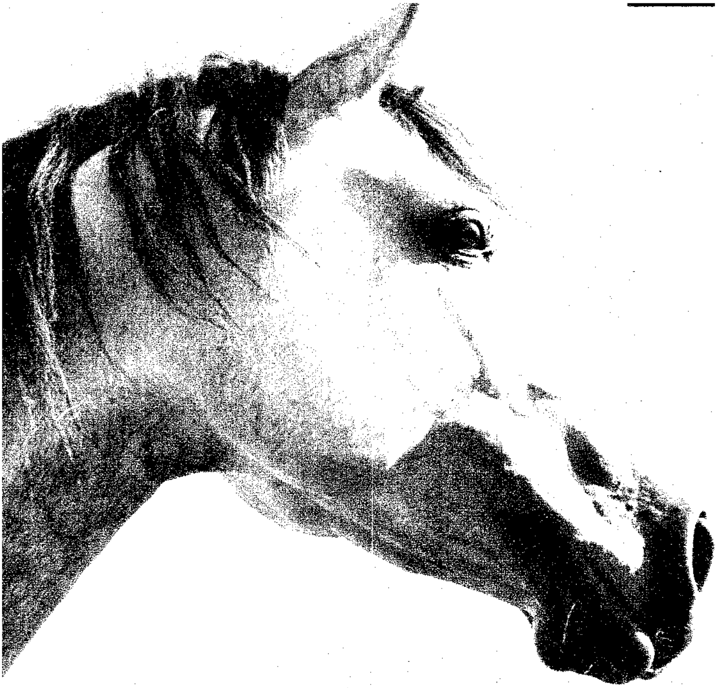
To Herbert Bayard Swope, Without Whose Friendly Aid and Counsel Every Line in This Book Was Written.

—Franklin P. Adams, *Overset* (Doubleday & Co.)

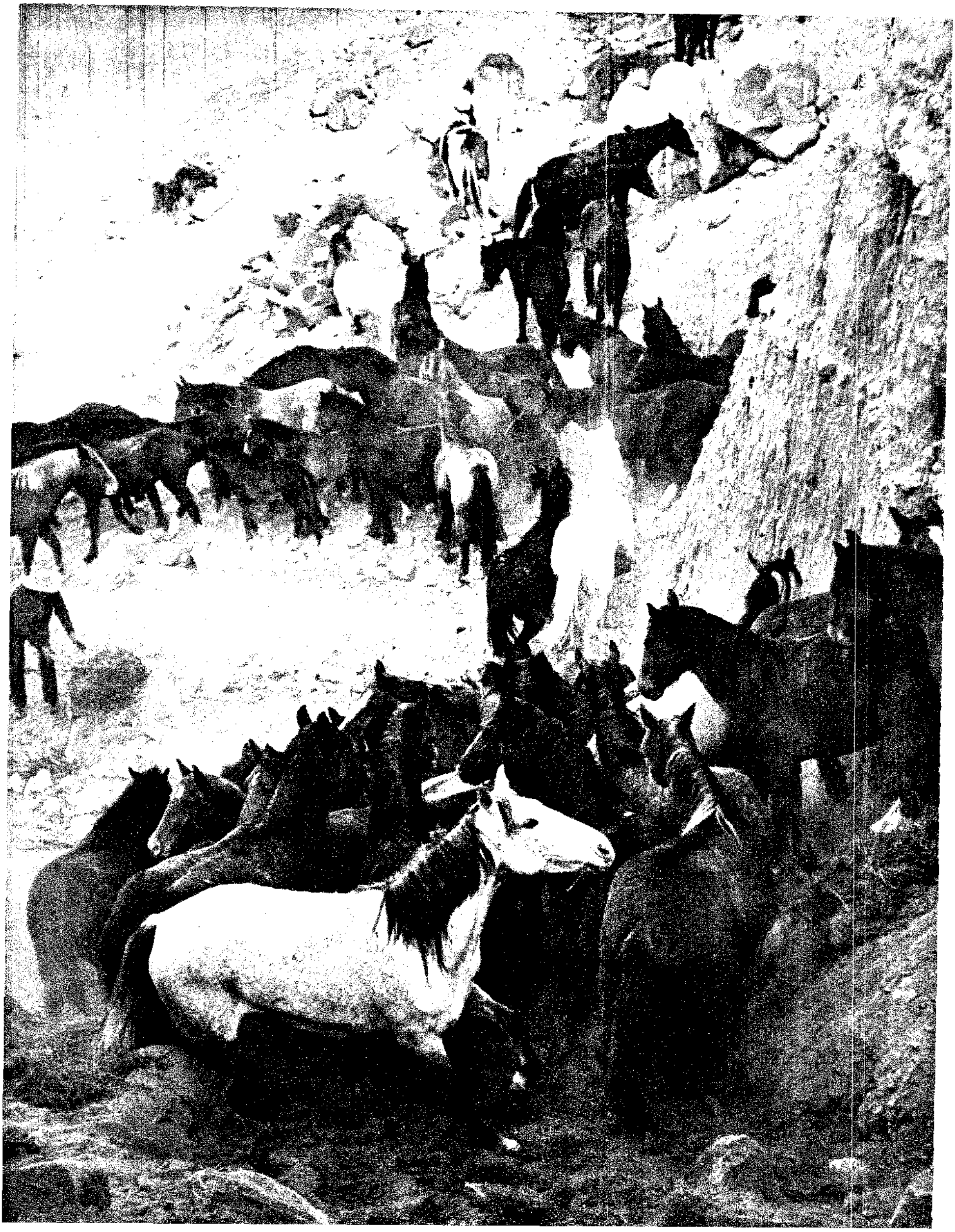
To My Daughter Leonora, Without Whose Never-failing Sympathy and Encouragement This Book Would Have Been Finished in Half the Time. —P. G. Wodehouse, *Divots* (Doubleday & Co.)

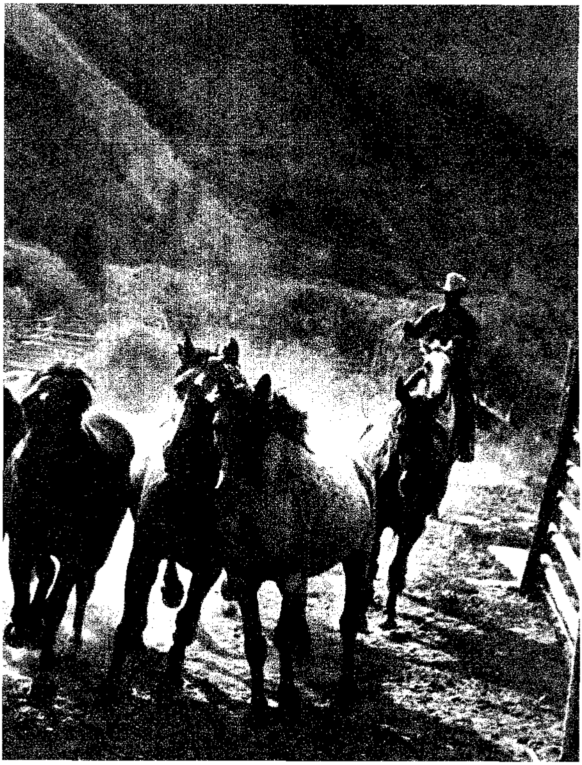
To My Sister Mary Who Has Always Believed That I Can Do Anything She Puts Her Mind To.

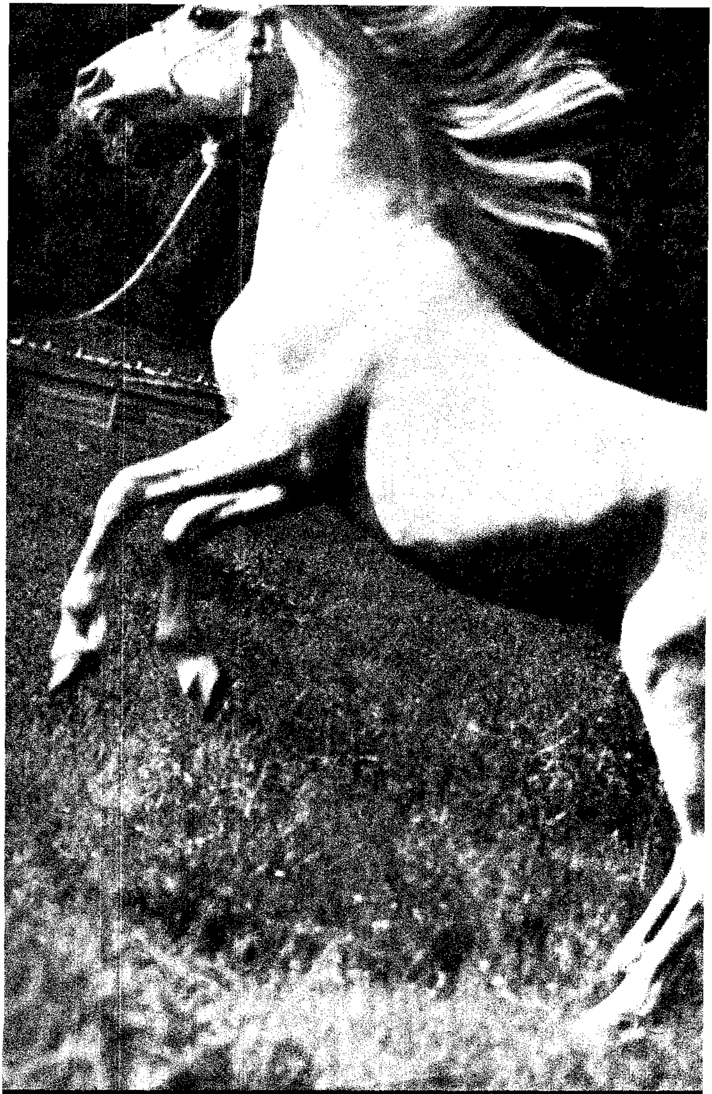
—Betty MacDonald, *The Egg and I* (Lippincott)



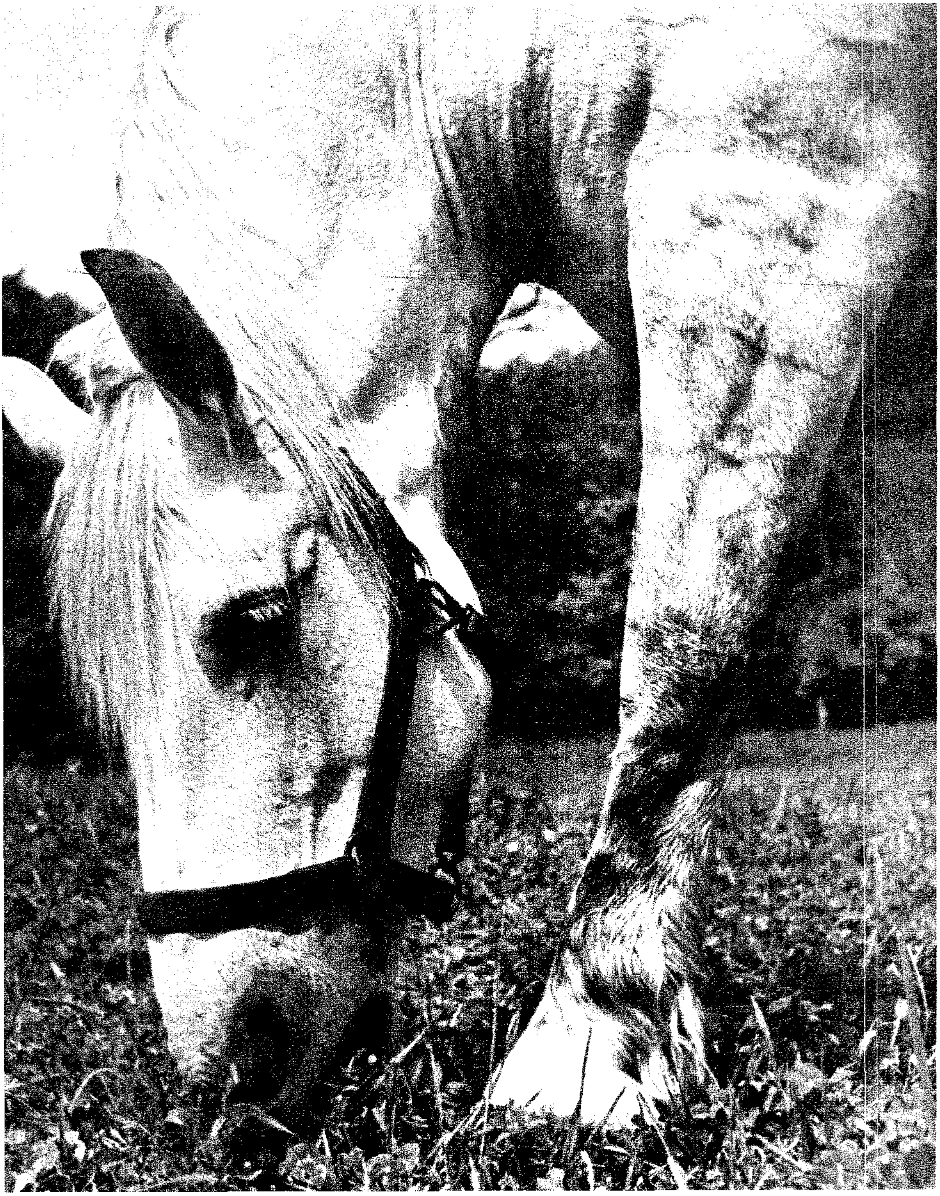
# KINGS
# OF THE OUTDOORS



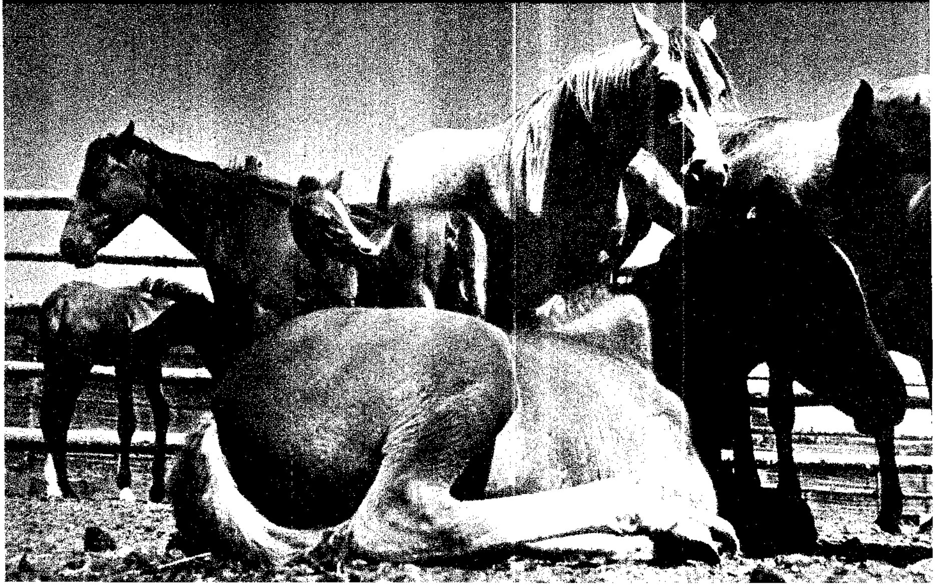




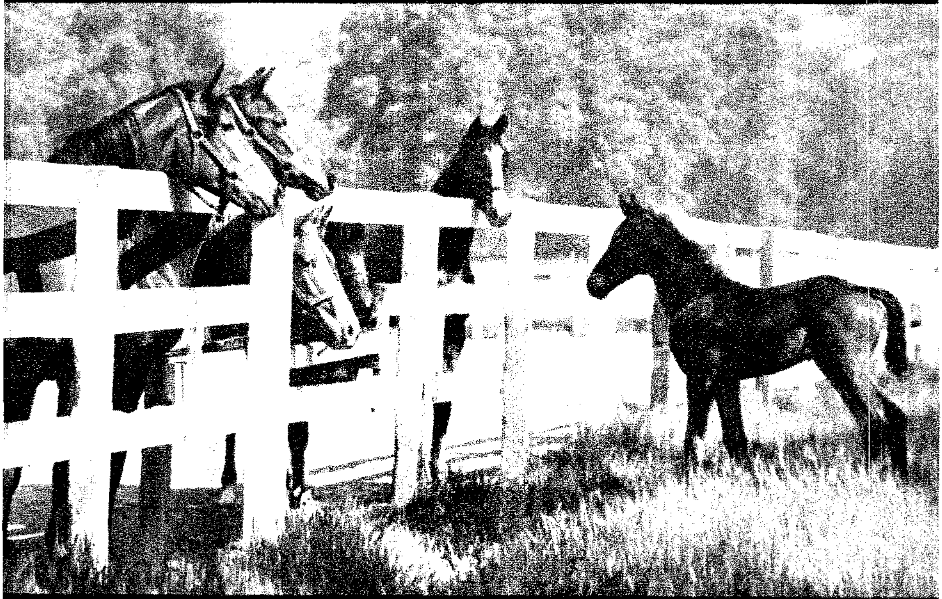
Aristocratic blooded Arabians, on the other hand,
training. Bred to a fine perfection down the centuries,



Farms still know and treasure them—gentle beasts dedicated to their quiet tasks. They toil without complaint. Bred to the heavy load, or to carry a rider tirelessly for hours, they are ever-willing to serve.

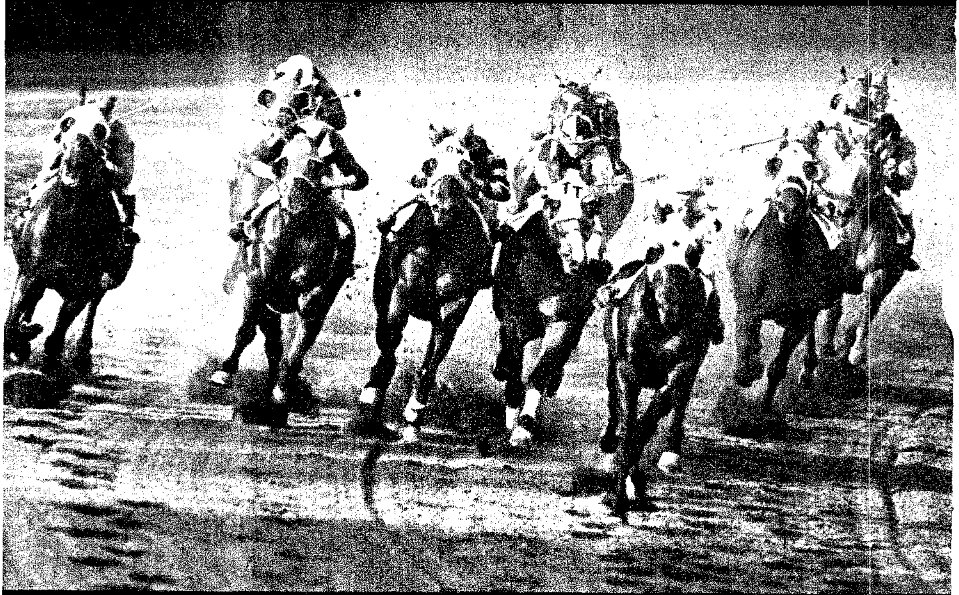


The clouds race down the summer days, and crickets sound the quickening summons of tomorrow. For colts, all is delight. Even mares, which should be wiser, are lured into the intoxication of pure motion.

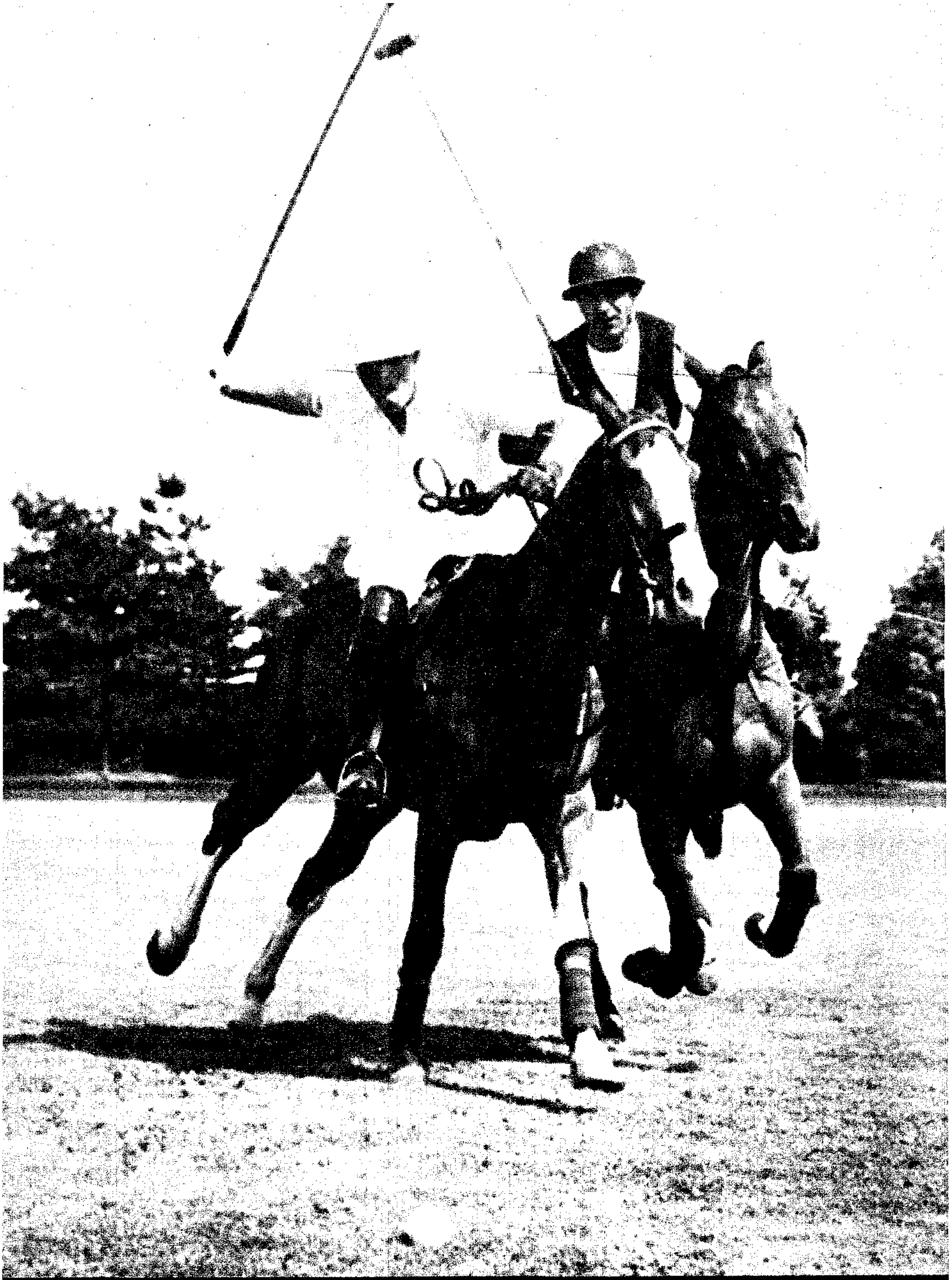


Suddenly, tragically, the game ends. It is time to say farewell. A bewildering fence springs up, and the first lonely night becomes an endless vigil without the warm comfort of a mother's side.

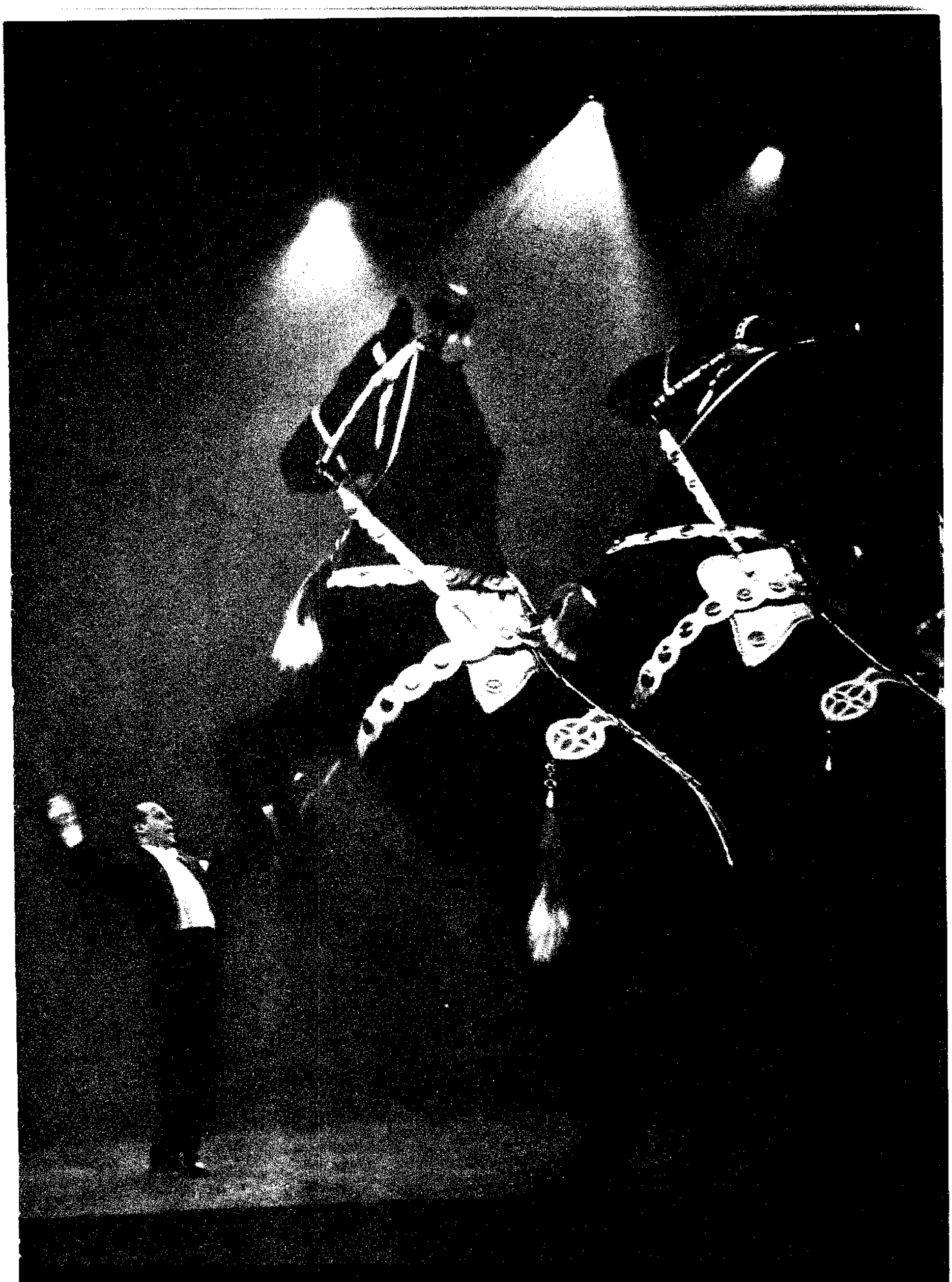
For a few, the Sport of Kings is the stirring challenge. All the arduous months of training, the slow understanding of a rider's demands, reach a thrilling climax in a lifting bugle call . . .



. . . the gates fly open, and the track swings breathlessly away. In a surge of gathering power, frantic hoofs spurn the dirt. Here, a horse



Or, following a game so old that it was a favorite of the ancient Persians, an agile pony learns the complicated lessons of the polo field.

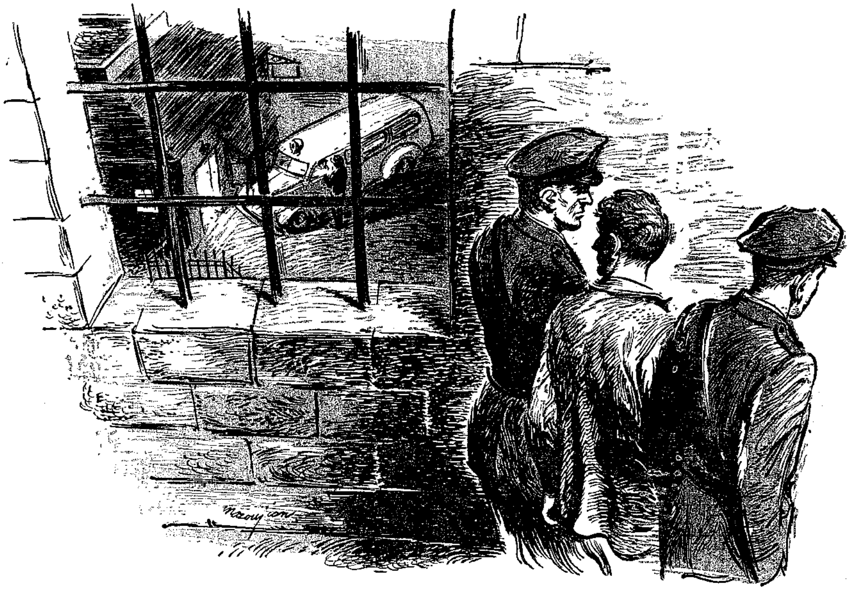


Circus lights dazzle audiences and performers alike. Here, all is precision, timing, and the intelligent understanding of elaborate routines. Still, applause cannot compare with a trainer's fond pat.

For most horses, however, excitement is found not in tents but in the wide outdoors. Sleek hunters, which seem to take instinctively to the rough terrain they conquer, continue a long tradition.

Fox-hunting, with its intricate rules of etiquette, combines the talents of horse and hound. To the horse, a hunt is a glorious compound of

His usefulness ever diminishing before the complexities of our machine



# The Death House Plot That Failed

*by* **W. T. Brannon**

**Stranger than fiction is this true story of an ingenious plan to cheat the gallows**

Carrying a small black bag, Andrew P. Bowman entered his saloon on the South Side of Chicago. It was almost noon and Bowman told the bartender to go to lunch. Then, after drawing a glass of beer for the lone customer, Benjamin Wendell, he counted out $2,300 he had brought from the bank to cash pay checks for factory workers who patronized the saloon.

Suddenly the doors swung open and six stony-faced youths strode in, each carrying a revolver.

"We want that money!" one of them snapped.

"Oh, no you don't!" Bowman retorted, as he hurled a beer stein at the intruders.

Revolver shots rang out. Two bullets struck Bowman and he fell dead behind the bar. Two others struck Wendell. Still conscious, he watched one of the men take the money. Then the gang fled.

A few minutes later, Police Lieut. John W. Norton and his Homicide Squad experts arrived. Before the ambulance took him away, Wendell muttered a vague description of the bandits. "Young men, dark, Italians," was all he could say.

"Search the block," Norton ordered. "Somebody around here must have seen them."

Across the street, two girls in an office had heard the shots. "I got the license number of the car," said one of them. "It was 123-182."

The license plates had been issued to Santo Orlando of 1023 Larrabee Street, a young hoodlum of Italian descent who had a record as a petty thief. Norton found the car in the back yard of the Larrabee Street address. The motor was still warm. But occupants of the house insisted that they hadn't seen Orlando for days.

Back at headquarters, Norton learned that Wendell, only witness to the shooting, had died in the hospital. It now became a case of double murder. Dozens of Italian youths were brought in for questioning, but Orlando seemed to have vanished.

Baffled, Norton got out reports of more than 100 holdups during the past year. The pattern was the same in all. Three to six swarthy youths, each armed, had robbed saloons and small merchants.

"It must be the same gang," Lieutenant Norton decided. "And Orlando is the key."

Next afternoon, Sgt. Patrick Hamilton received a call at headquarters. It was Orlando.

"If I give up," said the youth, "will you swear to protect me?"

"Of course," Hamilton replied.

"But he says he can kill us," the youth cried, "even if we're in jail."

"Who says that?"

"Il Diavolo," Orlando replied. "That's Italian for 'The Devil.' He's the boss. I forgot to change the license plates and he's going to kill me. I'll come in tonight and give up. I'd rather go to prison than face Il Diavolo."

Hamilton and Norton waited all night at headquarters, but Orlando failed to appear. Three days later, Hamilton received another call. "You'll find Orlando at 238 Division Street," said a voice. The address was an undertaker's and Orlando was there—on a slab.

Relatives told the officers that the body had been found in a drainage canal. "This Il Diavolo," said Norton, "wants everybody to know what happened to Orlando as a warning to others."

Police who had been sent to canvass the Italian districts returned with reports on the legendary Il Diavolo. People knew he had a gang of youths, trained to rob and kill, but he had so terrified the neighborhood that everyone shrank at mere mention of his name.

As time passed, Norton found that even informers who talked freely of underworld matters refused to discuss Il Diavolo. Then, one evening, five months after Bowman and Wendell had been killed, three swarthy youths entered a South Side poolroom where a dice game was in progress and ordered all participants to throw up their hands. One man hesitated. Death was the price he paid.

Norton knew this was more of Il Diavolo's work. Most of the holdup victims had been too frightened to observe much, but one witness had seen more than the others. To him Norton said: "Isn't there something unusual that you can remember about the crime?"

"Yes," the witness replied. "One of the men lined up wasn't searched. He comes to the poolroom often. They call him Tom. He's young, short and stocky."

Two plainclothes men were ordered to watch the poolroom. Soon they nabbed the suspect and took him to the Hudson Avenue police station for questioning. There the youth told his full name—Tom Errico—but denied knowing members of the holdup gang.

"Forget the gang," said Norton. "I want to know about Il Diavolo."

"Il Diavolo?" The youth recoiled. "He'll kill me if I tell!"

"I can promise you he won't," Norton said firmly, "because we'll put him where he can't reach you."

Errico sighed, greatly relieved. "Il Diavolo was going to kill us anyway," he said. "There was a jewelry store we were supposed to hold up. But when we got there, we looked in the windows. The jeweler was in his shop, but there were four men, all waiting in corners with guns. It was a frameup to get us out of the way. Il Diavolo had been afraid of us ever since the cops traced Orlando."

"What is the boss's name?" Norton asked.

Tom hesitated. "Salvatore Cardinella," he said in a whisper.

Errico led the officers to Twenty-second Street, where he pointed to a house. At midnight, Norton and his squad surrounded the place. Then the homicide chief strode in.

He was confronted by a stout, swarthy man of about 40 with a short beard. This, undoubtedly, was Il Diavolo himself. Four other men, all young, were in the room. None had time to draw a gun.

"Why do you arrest me?" Cardinella demanded. "I'm a hard-working businessman."

Il Diavolo was locked in a separate cell. Then the youths broke down and told of the shooting of Bowman and Wendell, and of more than 100 robberies that Cardinella had directed. After each crime, the boss met his pupils in the poolroom and divided the spoils. Then he shot dice with the boys, taking most of their loot.

Searching the poolroom, Norton found several pairs of loaded dice. He showed them to Nick Viana, one of the youthful prisoners.

"I want to know about Santo Orlando," he said.

"So the boss was using loaded dice, eh?" Viana said. "All right, I'll tell you about Orlando. The boss wanted to get rid of him because he let the cops trace his license plates. He had Santo get in a car. When Il Diavolo came back, Santo wasn't with him."

All the bandits then made full confessions, but Cardinella refused to admit anything. Nevertheless, he was tried for murder and sentenced to hang, as was Viana. Tony Sansome and Tom Errico were given life imprisonment.

CARDINELLA WENT on a hunger strike in the death cell of Cook County jail and lost 40 pounds. On the evening before the execution, Norton received an anonymous call. "Il Diavolo's relatives are going to revive him after the execution," the informant said.

It was then 11:50, only 11 minutes before Cardinella was scheduled to die. Norton summoned three detectives and a fast police car. They arrived at the jail at 11:57. The detectives were posted at rear entrances and Norton went to the alley, knowing that bodies were taken out that way.

A hearse turned into the alley and stopped. Norton opened the back door. Inside were a man and a woman, dressed in white.

"What does a dead man need with a nurse?" Norton demanded. There was no answer.

Inside the hearse was a rubber mattress, filled with hot water, heated by pads attached to batteries. At the head of the bed was an oxygen tank, and near-by were syringes and stimulants. A basket for removing the body was filled with hot-water bottles.

Hurrying into the jail, Norton reached the morgue just as Cardinella's body was laid on the slab. His relatives hastily signed the papers to gain possession of it. Then Norton spoke up:

"Cardinella's body is not to be removed until morning," he ordered. The relatives glared at him and screamed threats, but the body was not removed.

Examination showed that Cardinella's neck had not been broken when the trap was sprung. He had lost so much weight during the hunger strike that the downward fall had not been enough to break the neck. He had choked to death.

Later, doctors told Norton that Cardinella might have been revived if heat had been applied to the body quickly enough. But Norton's swift action had foiled the clever plot to snatch a victim from the death house.

## Freudian Foibles

A YOUNG PSYCHOANALYST was telling an older colleague about his troubles in getting intelligent responses from his patients. "Suppose you ask me some of your questions," the older analyst suggested.

"Well, my first question is, what is it that wears a skirt and from whose lips comes pleasure?"

"A Scot blowing a bagpipe," the veteran answered.

"Right," said the younger one. "Now, what is it that has delightful curves and at unexpected moments becomes uncontrollable?"

"Bob Feller's pitching."

"Right! And what do you think of when two arms slip around your shoulder?"

"A Sid Luckman tackle," replied the veteran.

"Right," said the young mind-prober. "All your answers were absolutely right. But you'd be amazed at some of the silly answers I keep getting!"

—*Nuggets*

THE PSYCHIATRIST was about ready to call it quits. He could get nowhere with the quiet little man who was consulting him. Every one of his leading questions was adroitly blocked. Finally, in exasperation, he exploded: "My dear sir, you are not helping a bit! Why did you come here in the first place—was it curiosity?"

The little man smiled. "Well—yes," he admitted. "You see, doc, I'm a psychiatrist myself, and I thought it would be a good idea to compare your technique with mine."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

# 3’S A CROWD

In this trio of names—Calvin Thomas, Thomas Henry, Henry Simpson — there is a certain continuity. The first person’s last name is the second person’s first name, and the second person’s last name is the third person’s first name. The following famous people are grouped together according to the same principle. How many do you know? Count 10 points for each group you answer correctly. Sixty is average; 70-80, good; 90-100, excellent. (Answers on page 148.)

**A.** 1. He is the most-often-defeated candidate for president of the U. S.
   2. He now sits with the “nine old men.”
   3. He received an Oscar for what happened one night.

**B.** 1. A fiery Senator from Florida.
   2. He was a hot baseball player.
   3. He headed the House Un-American Activities Committee.

**C.** 1. She traveled with Mr. Deeds and with Mr. Smith.
   2. Radio’s popular redhead.
   3. He toured the United States as Antony in *Antony and Cleopatra.*

**D.** 1. The Sultan of Swat.
   2. An actress, she wrote *Over 21.*
   3. He became Secretary of the Army after starting as a private.

**E.** 1. He travels far, as do his news comments on the air.
   2. He wrote the Declaration of Independence.
   3. He was the president of the Confederate States.

**F.** 1. A Virginia burgess, he was accused of treason to the King.
   2. He wrote a novel about Washington Square, which was filmed as *The Heiress.*
   3. He went to Washington, and he “went to town.”

**G.** 1. A golf champion of the late ’30s and the early ’40s.
   2. He sings of Rose Marie and Shortnin’ Bread.
   3. A pianist and orchestra leader, he served in the Navy.

**H.** 1. She played Anne of Green Gables on the screen.
   2. She was princess of Hollywood during the ’30s.
   3. Authoress of many novels, including *Gay Cockade* and *Fair as the Moon.*

**I.** 1. He advocated the single tax.
   2. A literary critic and writer, he wasn’t related to the 5-foot shelf.
   3. An author and director, he acted in *Voice of the Turtle.*

**J.** 1. A baseball pitcher, he was never daffy.
   2. With his partner Jerry Lewis, he is rising in the show world.
   3. He was President of the U. S. after Jackson and before Harrison.

**Book Feature**

# When the Navy Held a Schmootzle

From the New Book, "All the Ship's at Sea" *

*by* **Commdr. William J. Lederer, USN**

**Nothing was too good for the men of the *USS Honolulu*—and thereon hangs this story!**

In the spring of 1945, I was ordered to the light cruiser, *USS Honolulu*, which was being trained at Newport, Rhode Island. For seven long weeks, we rehearsed the latest war techniques at the Training Station; then we were ready to sail for Japan and finish the war in a hurry.

After the hard grind, the men were restless. They had what Charley Yoder, our chief yeoman and ex-Hollywood press agent, called "seagoing jitters."

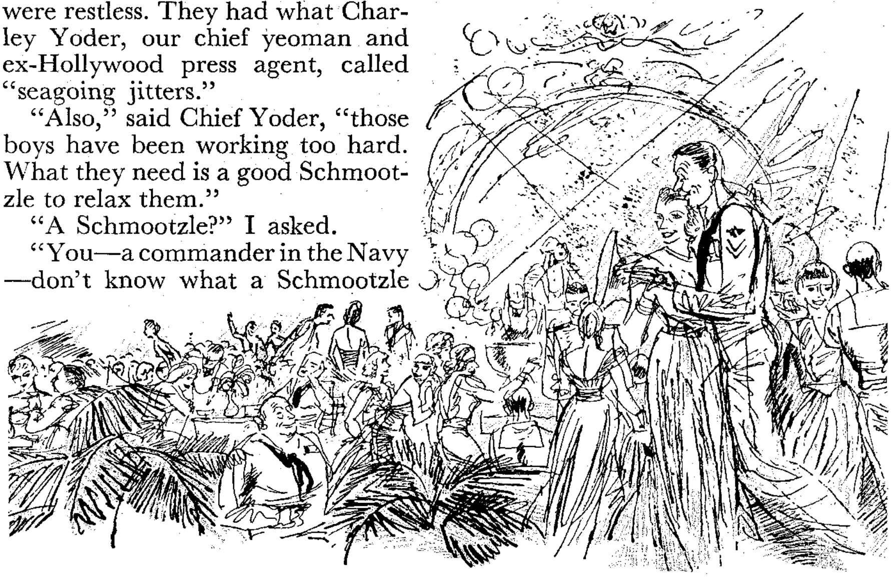
"Also," said Chief Yoder, "those boys have been working too hard. What they need is a good Schmootzle to relax them."

"A Schmootzle?" I asked.

"You—a commander in the Navy—don't know what a Schmootzle is!" said Yoder, beating the table with his fist.

For a little guy—five feet four—with a bald head and a pug nose, Yoder made a lot of noise. He evidently forgot that he was a 40-year-old reservist back on active duty to fight a war.

"A Schmootzle," he explained, "is the darling of Hollywood—a



---

* From *All the Ship's at Sea* by William J. Lederer. Copyright 1950 by the author and published by William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York, N. Y.

party everyone tries to crash but can't. White ties and formal gowns, biggest name band in the country, champagne—to hell with expense—beautiful women." He paused for breath. "That, Commander, is a Schmootzle."

"Yoder, we already have a dance planned for next Wednesday."

"I know," he said, looking down his quivering press agent's nose, "but our men deserve better than a Recreation Center wake. We're no ordinary sailors—we're from the *USS Honolulu!* Nothing's too good for us. Right, sir?"

"Right," I said, "but really . . . "

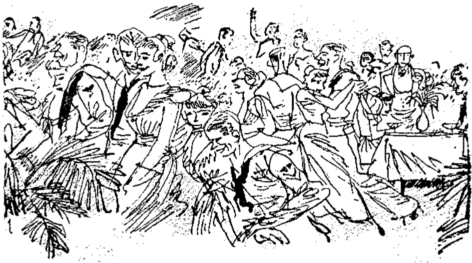
"Look at it from the practical angle, Commander. Soon we'll be fighting Japs. Maybe in a month we'll all be dead. The boys gotta have something special to dream about on night watches—a great big kicker-spicker party, a ringer-dinger brawl."

"Okay, Yoder," I said, "we'll have a Schmootzle. We'll make plans at tomorrow morning's officers' meeting . . . "

"Officers' meeting, my foot!" he interrupted. "I'm going to organize this. Me and the men."

I said, "Take it away, Yoder, the Schmootzle's yours—but it better be good. And let me look at the arrangements when they're made."

"Aye, aye, sir. You can depend on me; schmootzling's something I'm an expert at."



For two days Yoder didn't mention the dance, but I noticed extra activity in the barracks. The men ironed their tailor-mades, greased their best shoes into glistening mirrors, burned the wires with telegrams and long-distance calls.

On the third day Yoder made his report. "Well, Commander, our Schmootzle's on the range. There's only a couple of small details left—thought maybe you'd like to take care of them."

"Be glad to."

"We got the Beach Pavilion and a good band . . . "

"Beach Pavilion? Yoder, that rents for $750 a night. We've only $800 to pay for everything."

"Nothing but the best for our boys! Crew's kicking in 20 bucks each. We got $12,000. I took care of everything, sir—now here's my check-off list."

I ran my eyes down the paper. The dance started at 8 P.M. with cocktails and hors d'oeuvres to be served on the beach. "Have chairs on the beach," said the check-off list, "and provide dressing rooms for those who want to swim. Music to begin at 9 P.M. Food served 15 minutes later—oysters, steak, sparkling burgundy, chef's salad, baked Alaska, coffee, benedictine."

"That's some meal, Yoder," I commented, "but one little slip and you've got burnt steak or a soggy baked Alaska."

"Don't worry—a friend of mine, a chef at the Waldorf, is supervising the cuisine. . . . "

"From the Waldorf!"

"Sure," said Yoder casually. "I did his publicity a few years back;

ILLUSTRATED BY LYLE JUSTIS

so he's helping me out on this as a personal favor."

I continued reading the list: "Arrange corsages for ladies, see that police provide car-parking assistance (seat chief of police at Commander Lederer's table), wax floor, put plenty of towels and aspirin in washrooms. . . . "

"Yoder, this is really going to be a moozle . . . "

"Schmootzle, Commander—but as I said, I've put 'em on for all the biggest stars on the Coast. John Barrymore, Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, I've schmootzled 'em all."

"Now," I said, "what about these little details you'd like to have me take care of personally?"

"Only one thing, sir. We need 300 babes."

"Three hundred girls! You call that a minor detail! Why can't the men find their own dates?"

"In Newport, Commander? Don't be foolish! Newport's a small town, and with 20,000 sailors stationed here . . . "

I said, "But surely you can scout up 300 girls better than I can?"

"Running a Schmootzle takes undivided work and zeal. I'll do my part and you do yours. Now seriously, Commander, there's 600 sailors in the *Honolulu* depending on you to get 'em dames."

"Three hundred girls?" I whispered. "Okay, I'll get them."

I called up local service organizations; they had no ladies available on Wednesday evening; the Training Station dances took all of them. No, said the hostess, they wouldn't change their schedules for anyone, not even for a Schmootzle.

Then I tried the Waves Barracks. Fifty girls accepted. We still needed 250 more.

Finally I tried a Newport society leader whom I had met.

"Officers' party?" she asked.

"No. Everyone in the ship is going to be there."

She shook her head. "I know it's wartime and all that—but most of these girls won't go to sailors' dances . . . "

BACK AT THE BARRACKS I knocked myself out trying to figure some other way of getting ladies. Yoder entered. "Got the women, sir?"

I groaned. "I'm short 250."

"You can't let us down, Sir. You've got to get them. The men have $12,000 invested in this thing."

I groaned some more.

"You haven't tried the society dames yet, have you?"

I nodded. "They won't come."

"Did you tell 'em about the champagne, oysters, and band?"

"Yes, I told them."

Yoder got red in the face. "So they think they're too good for us!" he shouted. And he stomped out of the office cursing.

I thought about the situation and got panicky. A dance with 600 sailors and practically no girls! Then something clicked in my mind.

Yoder had stars at his Hollywood Schmootzles and got 50,000 requests for tickets. Why couldn't we have a movie celebrity at our dance? But you can't get a big name within a couple of days—or could we, with a little initiative? . . .

I phoned my friend, Joe Lucas in Hollywood, and had him send me the following fake telegram: RITA HAYWORTH GLADLY ACCEPTS INVITATION TO HONOLULU VICTORY BALL

WEDNESDAY X PLEASE ARRANGE ACCOMMODATIONS PRIVATE HOME X REQUEST NO PUBLICITY X COLUMBIA PICTURES X

I sent for Yoder. "What I have here," I said, tapping the telegram, "will get us our ladies—three hundred, a thousand, as many of them as we want . . . "

"I knew you'd crash through, Boss. Give."

"But this telegram is a phony, and maybe I'll get arrested if we don't handle it right."

"Boss," Yoder hollered, "you're a genius! You're a natural-born press agent."

I interrupted him. "I want you to see that this message gets all over Newport. Everyone must believe that Hayworth is coming to our Schmootzle . . . "

"It's a cinch . . . "

"But we can't positively announce that she is. We've got to slip it out that according to a telegram received . . . got the idea?"

"You beautiful, beautiful character!" said Yoder.

The thing snowballed. By Monday morning it was an accepted fact all over Newport that Rita would be at the *Honolulu* dance. By Monday night the requests for tickets mounted to hundreds. By Tuesday we had so many we turned people away. We had girls galore. But what would I tell people when our celebrity didn't show up?

A radio network asked to broadcast our party. A well-known magazine wanted to run a picture story, HOLLYWOOD COMES TO A NAVY SCHMOOTZLE. A score of newspapermen, some from New York, requested tickets.

Yoder was having a fine time. Not me. I visualized being arrested for fraud.

"Calm down, Commander," said Yoder. "After all, you haven't told a direct lie."

Finally the Commandant of the Training Station said he'd like to sit at my table. Quaking, I sent the old boy his tickets.

On the day of the Schmootzle, my head ached and I had a fever. "I think I'll go to the hospital," I said. "I'll be the laughingstock when no movie star shows up."

"Calm down," said Yoder, "all Yoder-run Schmootzles have happy endings."

Eight o'clock rolled around and the Schmootzle started as planned. No Hollywood premiere ever glittered more. We had searchlights, plus broadcasters with walkie-talkies describing the entrance of beautiful debutantes on the arms of our handsome sailors. The Beach Pavilion crackled with glamour and excitement. The orchestra played romantic music.

Only one flaw marred the evening

**Commander Lederer is a 38-year-old New Yorker who took to the sea after trying a schoolboy hand at writing adventure stories. He was graduated from Annapolis in 1936, after which his own experiences in China, the Pacific and the Mediterranean (where his destroyer was sunk in 1943) outshone anything he had been able to invent as fiction. He is now stationed in Washington, D. C., as Chief of the Magazine and Book Division in the Defense Department's Office of Public Information. *All the Ship's at Sea* is his account of his career in, love for, and war with the Navy. It is his first book, but his publishers, William Sloane Associates, have already brought out another, *The Last Cruise.***

for me: the empty seats at my table. Nine hundred people kept shifting their eyes from those empty seats to the door. Whenever a new arrival entered, everyone stretched to see who it was.

"When are your guests coming?" asked the Commandant's wife.

"I don't know, ma'am. Maybe their plane's late."

I heard a babble of excitement in front of the Pavilion. It came from the crowd waiting to see our movie star. Then the babble shifted inside, and all over the place I heard people asking, "Where's Rita?"

"Well," I said to myself, "here's the pay-off!"

Very swiftly, Yoder went to the bandstand, stood in front of the microphone and raised his hands for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen. As you probably know we have a distinguished guest with us here tonight. Despite the fact that she came here incognito, many people have recognized her. I don't even have to mention her name to you.

"Now let me ask a favor of you. Our guest has not come here as a celebrity, but just as an American girl who wants to enjoy the *Honolulu's* victory ball. She's not even sitting at the officers' table. So be good sports, don't ask her for autographs—let her enjoy herself this one time—pretty please?"

The crowd applauded.

What a dance that turned out to be! Even the reporters and photographers got into the spirit of the thing. The orchestra had been engaged to play until midnight, but they stayed until three, with a hot jam session added.

Next morning we received congratulations from everyone on our dance. I guess everyone at the Training Station discussed it. The lucky Waves who attended told others what kind of gown Miss Hayworth wore.

About two weeks later, Yoder showed me an article in *Variety* which told about Rita Hayworth's trip to South America. She had been there for the last month. But I didn't care—we were away from Newport by then.

## Something to Think About

A WEALTHY BUSINESSMAN of my acquaintance, born in poverty and compelled to struggle through life without much education, told a fireside group one evening that plain folks like himself, who have learned of life by hard knocks, can outdo scholars at philosophy.

"Well, then, why don't you let us hear some of your stuff?" challenged a friend, who happened to be a famous scholar.

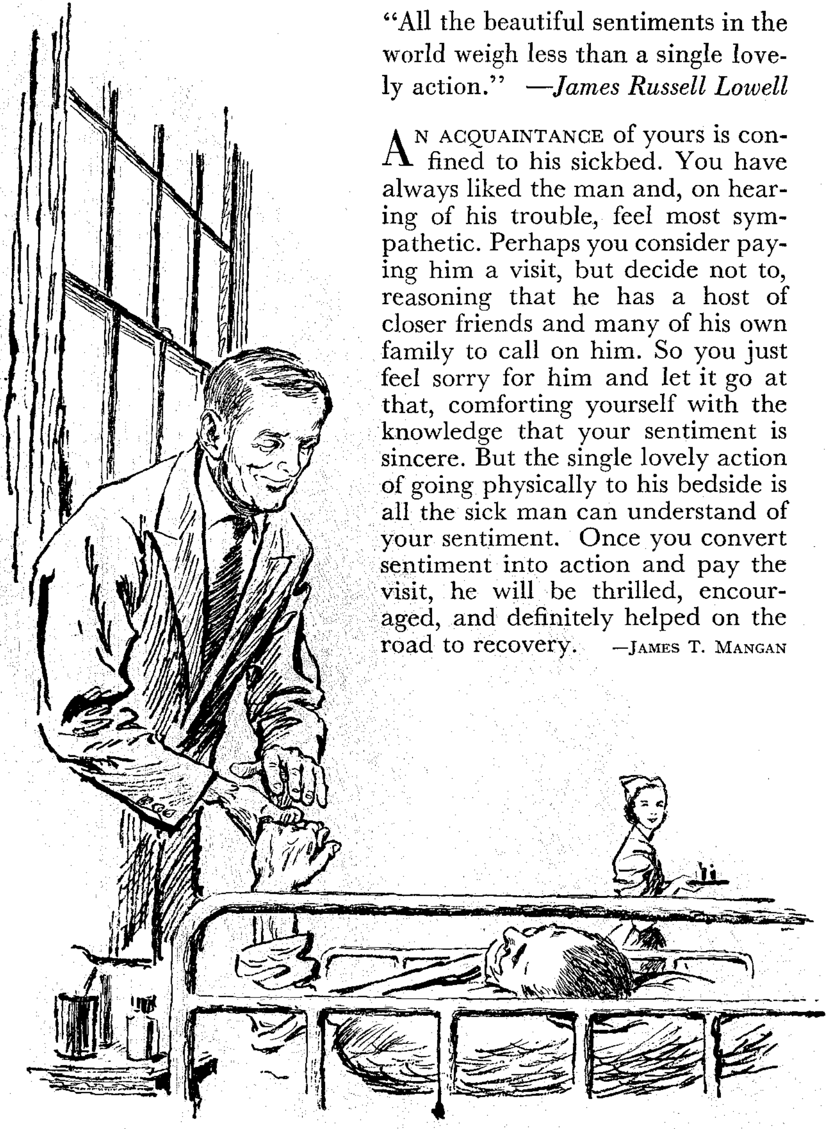
"Here's what we'll do," proposed the businessman. "You and I will each write out an original sentence and submit it to a newspaperman to decide which is the better thought."

Sure enough, the uneducated man's sentence was declared to be the more thought-provoking of the two. It was this:

"I was born to an environment I did not like; I changed it."

—FRED C. KELLY

# THE POWER TO



"All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action." —*James Russell Lowell*

AN ACQUAINTANCE of yours is confined to his sickbed. You have always liked the man and, on hearing of his trouble, feel most sympathetic. Perhaps you consider paying him a visit, but decide not to, reasoning that he has a host of closer friends and many of his own family to call on him. So you just feel sorry for him and let it go at that, comforting yourself with the knowledge that your sentiment is sincere. But the single lovely action of going physically to his bedside is all the sick man can understand of your sentiment. Once you convert sentiment into action and pay the visit, he will be thrilled, encouraged, and definitely helped on the road to recovery. —JAMES T. MANGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

When our infant Republic was in peril, a young beauty played a major role in a stirring drama of intrigue and treason

# The Girl Behind Benedict Arnold

by E. IRVINE HAINES

EARLY ON THE MORNING of September 21, 1780, Col. Robert Livingston, commanding an American artillery battery at Croton Point, New York, on the east bank of the Hudson River, gave his men a crisp order: "Commence firing!"

Their target was a small British sloop of war, the *Vulture*, which had slipped into a bay on the opposite side of the river during the night and was now anchored with such insolent peacefulness she seemed almost to be inviting attack. But when shells started splashing about her, the *Vulture* dropped downriver toward British-held territory.

To all appearances, this was just another of the many skirmishes of the War for Independence. Colonel Livingston and his men had no way of knowing that, by forcing the *Vulture* to move, they had changed the course of history!

Their fire shattered the fateful link in a chain of intrigue, treason and espionage which could have meant disaster for the American cause. It doomed one man to death by hanging, another to eternal disgrace in the eyes of his countrymen. And it thwarted the ambitious schemes of the most glamorous woman of the American Revolution, a 20-year-old Philadelphia beauty who once held in her lovely hands the fate of an infant Republic.

The story of the great conspiracy which was racing toward a climax that September morning began three years earlier when the British captured Philadelphia, the "rebel capital." While Washington and his Continentals endured the miseries of Valley Forge, the British enjoyed a gay winter in the metropolis. For there were people in Philadelphia who welcomed General Howe and his redcoated officers—the Tories who could now openly flaunt their loyalty to the Crown.

Among them were a wealthy Quaker judge, Edward Shippen, and his family. Pretending to be adherents of the Revolutionary cause, they had entertained important patriots in their home, and passed along information to the British secret service.

Now the hospitable Shippen mansion, "Ormston," became a favorite gathering place for officers of the British occupation forces. An important attraction was Judge Shippen's 17-year-old daughter, Peggy—a slim, shapely girl with blue eyes and blonde curls. Young officers fell hopelessly in love with her, and crusty old colonels called her "that exquisite little siren."

But Peggy Shippen was as ambitious as she was attractive, as selfish as she was seductive, as calculating as she was charming. She had been taught to admire British manners and uniforms; now she was dreaming of a dazzling marriage and of holding her head high in the courts of Europe.

While her favor was being sought by all, she singled out for special attention one young man who seemed destined for greatness—27-year-old Capt. John André, one of Sir Henry Clinton's favorite officers. Handsome, brilliant and popular, already he had performed several important secret missions. It was rumored that if André continued to acquit himself so well, he would be granted a title by the Crown.

Soon, the love affair of Peggy and André was the talk of Philadelphia; and when the gay round of pageants and masquerades the British enjoyed that winter was climaxed by a series of lavish parties in honor of Howe, who was returning to England, it was the dashing young André who arranged them.

This was in May, 1778. And then, a month later, the romance was interrupted. The Continental Army, revitalized after the dreary winter, moved on Philadelphia. The British, now under the command of Clinton, were forced to evacuate. And Peggy, her brief idyl ended, bade a tearful farewell to Captain André.

But Miss Shippen was too clever to pine over a departed suitor. Once again, her family was feigning devotion to the American cause; once again, leading patriots of the city were being entertained at Ormston. Perhaps she might still save something of her dream of personal glory from the miserable defeat the British had suffered.

WHEN THE AMERICAN ARMY again occupied Philadelphia, one of its most brilliant officers was appointed by General Washington as military governor. He was a major general who had fought bravely at

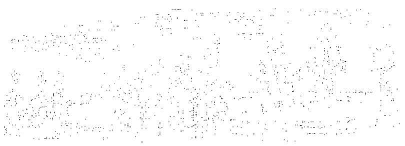
Ticonderoga, Lake Champlain, Quebec, Saratoga. He was a 39-year-old widower with flashing black eyes, a dark brooding face. His name was Benedict Arnold.

Inevitably, Arnold met Peggy Shippen, who displayed a lively interest in the adventures of the old war dog. He had no knowledge of the letters that were being exchanged by Peggy and André, now a major on Clinton's staff and chief of military intelligence for the British Army. He was ignorant of plans being made at Clinton's headquarters in New York—plans in which he was a central figure.

Slowly, subtly, Peggy drew him into her web of intrigue. Originally a man of simple tastes, he was lured into extravagance to keep pace with the Shippens and their friends. Soon he became involved in dangerous speculations.

Fellow-patriots saw the change in Arnold. Mutterings against him grew more ominous and eventually he was even charged with misconduct and petty graft. Clearly, the intention of Clinton and Peggy was to render Arnold so disgusted with the Continental cause that he would be ripe for treason.

Peggy was looking for a short cut, through marriage, to wealth and position in British society. From the English she had assurances of just these rewards for Arnold if he should change flags. It is inconceivable that she could have preferred the middle-aged, ill-tempered Continental General to the dashing young Major André, except that, as Mrs. Benedict Arnold, she could enjoy an immediate fulfillment of her ambitions. With André, she might have to wait years.



Just when Peggy divulged details of the British offer to Arnold is not known. But in April, 1779, they were married. And in that same month, Clinton wrote to England that he had "some reason to conclude that Maj. Gen. Arnold was desirous of quitting the rebel service and joining the cause of Great Britain."

For months, British strategy had been designed to "divide and conquer." They had made several attempts to occupy the line of the Hudson River, thus isolating New England. The British defeat at Saratoga, in which Arnold himself had figured so brilliantly, had marked the failure of one attempt. True, the British still held New York City, but West Point, key to the Hudson, remained in American hands. Clinton knew he must take the formidable fortress, yet it was too strong to be captured with the forces at his disposal.

In June, 1779, Arnold wrote a letter to Clinton and had it smuggled through the lines by a friend of Peggy's. It read in part: "If I point out a plan by which Sir Henry Clinton shall possess himself of West Point, its garrison, stores, artillery, etc., I want 20,000 pounds stirling. . . ."

This was the first of many letters, all in code, exchanged between Clinton and Arnold. It was agreed that Arnold should secure the command of West Point and surrender it to the British.

The beautiful Mrs. Arnold was riding the crest of a wave now. Her hapless husband was completely enmeshed, and André, his loyalty to the Crown overshadowing any regrets he may have had at losing his former love, was cooperating more fully than ever in the plot to win West Point.

One spring day in 1780, Arnold asked General Washington to make him commander of West Point. Arnold had now been practically cleared of the misconduct and graft charges, and Washington, eager to make amends, offered him, instead of West Point, command of the light-horse cavalry, a highly desirable post any ambitious officer would have welcomed.

The offer came too late; Arnold was committed to treachery. To Washington's amazement, he went away in a rage. And in Philadelphia Peggy Arnold was attending a party when news arrived that her husband had been offered the cavalry post. Guests were stunned when she became almost hysterical. Then she regained her composure and explained that the light-horse command would be too strenuous for her battle-scarred husband.

A few weeks later, upon Peggy's insistent urging, Arnold renewed his request for the West Point command. This time Washington consented, and in July, 1780, the Arnolds journeyed up the Hudson.

Letters from Arnold to Clinton, from Peggy to André, were being dispatched almost daily now. Soon, however, correspondence could no longer carry the full weight of the conspiracy, and it was agreed that a meeting must be arranged between Arnold and some representative of Clinton's to make the final arrangements.

As his emissary, Clinton chose Major André, and on the night of September 20, 1780, a gay gathering of British officers took place at Clinton's headquarters in New York City. The party was a farewell to André, and Sir Henry arose to address the company.

"Gentlemen, the Major leaves tonight on a dangerous mission. Success will surely crown his efforts. And I think it is safe to say that plain John André will come back Sir John André."

Plain John André left that night on the war sloop *Vulture*. But Sir John never returned. Fate was now on the track of the conspirators.

The secret meeting place was the home of Squire Joshua Smith, a wealthy Loyalist farmer on the west bank of the Hudson, about midway between New York and West Point. André was rowed ashore, and there met Arnold and Peggy. The conference lasted through the night. But they had forgotten the American artillery across the river at Croton Point. It was, for them, a costly mistake.

At sunrise on September 21, Peggy and the two men sat at breakfast in the farmhouse. André was to meet his boatmen and be rowed back to the *Vulture* in a few minutes. Suddenly, cannonading was heard. Peggy ran to a window, then turned a white face to André.

"They're firing on your ship and it's dropping down the river! You've been left behind!"

Panic gripped the conspirators. Everything depended on André's safe return to New York. Each felt terror upon realizing that the

Major must now return by land.

Hastily, Arnold and Peggy left for headquarters across the Hudson, four miles north of West Point. And André, changing from British uniform to civilian clothes, set out on his hazardous journey through the American lines.

Now he was an out-and-out spy, operating in disguise. His only safeguard was two passes signed by Arnold—one for André as "John Anderson," the other for André and Smith, who was to accompany him across the river. And as though to seal his death warrant if apprehended, André concealed the West Point plans in his boot socks.

MAJOR GENERAL
BORN 1740

The denouement came swiftly and tragically. The countryside through which André had to travel was infested with highway plunderers called "skinners," who acknowledged allegiance to neither the British nor Americans. They waylaid and robbed any lone riders who chanced by.

On the morning of September 23, André was ambushed by eight such ruffians. Several of them were wearing English uniforms, loot from former robberies, and André, thinking he was among friends, identified himself as a British major. Then the skinners, professing great patriotism but actually interested in the reward they might receive for turning in a spy, searched him and found not only the incriminating papers but also the passes signed by Arnold.

André was taken to the nearest Continental post where the American officer in command assumed that the passes must be a forgery. So, instead of notifying only General Washington, the officer also sent word of the capture to Arnold's headquarters.

We can only imagine the suspense that Peggy and her husband must have felt as they sat at breakfast on September 25. Several important visitors had arrived unexpectedly at headquarters that morning, including Lafayette, Alexander Hamilton and other members of Washington's staff, who were making a tour of inspection. Washington himself, the guests reported, was even then on his way to West Point for a conference with his trusted General Arnold on strategy.

For four days the Arnolds had heard nothing from André. They were sick with apprehension. Yet they must betray no anxiety in the presence of Washington's officers.

Suddenly, a courier was ushered into the dining room, bearing a message for Arnold. It was the news of André's capture. As Arnold read it, his face blanched. But with great presence of mind he excused himself, called Peggy aside and told her what had happened. Neither of the Arnolds returned to their interrupted breakfast.

Before Hamilton and Lafayette realized that anything was amiss, Arnold was galloping to safety. And Peggy had retired to her bedroom, ready to feign betrayed innocence and hysterical despair when Washington, who must surely have news of the treason by now, arrived and told the others.

Pretense was her only safeguard, but for Peggy Arnold that was enough. She was an artful actress, and the show of stunned sorrow which she staged in the days that followed convinced almost everyone of her innocence. But fate did not deal so kindly with the two men who had loved and trusted her.

Within a week, André was tried for espionage and sentenced to death by hanging. Yet he went to his end with such calm dignity that he won the hearts of even the stanchest patriots. All their bitterness had been turned against Arnold, safe now in British hands, and on the morning of André's execution many an American expressed the wish that Arnold could die in place of the gallant young Englishman who, after all, had not betrayed his own country.

There were tears in the eyes of American officers as André made his last speech on the gallows. "I have but one request, gentlemen," he said in a firm clear voice. "That is that you bear witness I die like a brave man."

But Arnold was not so quickly removed from misery and disgrace. Though he fought as fiercely for the enemy as he had formerly fought against them, he was despised by the British. Already he realized that he was condemned to spend the rest of his days as a wretched outcast. Meanwhile, Peggy fled to New York, to spend the remaining war years with Tory friends.

After the war, the Arnolds went to England, but there again he found only disillusionment. Peggy, however, was greeted as a heroine, given a bonus of 350 pounds and a pension of 500 pounds a year for life. Arnold himself received only about 6,000 pounds for the deed which blackened his name forever.

Even in later years, Peggy's sense of the theatrical did not desert her. She stayed with Arnold throughout his life, but with a great show of martyrdom. No doubt she had regrets for the lost dreams of her youth. And she must have thought often of a handsome young officer named John André, for she persuaded the King to erect a monument to him in Westminster Abbey.

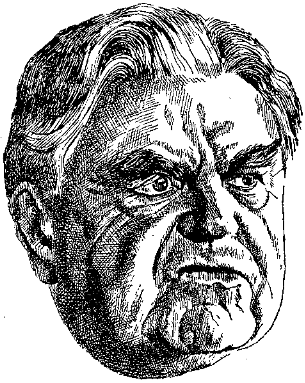
Today, in the mortuary chapel at West Point Military Academy, there is an imposing array of commemorative tablets, each dedicated to a general officer of the Continental Army. One tablet alone is different, for while it bears the title of major general and dates denoting birth and death, it is nameless.

Thus is Benedict Arnold remembered. Traitor he was; but he was also betrayed by a force to which many of the earth's great men have succumbed—the lure of a beautiful woman.

## Salesmanship

MARTIN RAGAWAY, the Hollywood gag writer, swears that at a night club the other evening he found he couldn't take his eyes off the cigarette girl's figure—it was that good. And when she brought her wares to his table he asked her for a pair of Chesterfields!

—IRVING HOFFMAN



by **JOHN SCHNEIDER**

# LABOR'S NEWEST WEAPON: CAN IT DESTROY INDUSTRY?

**This year's coal "strike" carries a grim warning to the wage earners of America**

After the coal strike of 1950, miners went back to the pits, factory chimneys blazed again, shivering consumers began getting fuel again. The U. S. had passed safely through another in its long series of Great Coal Crises.

*Safely?*

Before that is taken for granted, let's have a look at the revolutionary new labor weapon, fired for the first time, which proved so effective in bringing the operators to virtual unconditional surrender. Can the same lethal weapon be used in other disputes? If so, will it give to union bosses something that the workers themselves would emphatically reject—the power to rule or ruin privately owned industry?

Perhaps the best way to show how the coal dispute differed from ordinary collective bargaining will be to take the significant facts of the case and put them into a simple setting. So the homely little story which follows is pure fiction, intended only to separate the *tactics* used by John L. Lewis from the bombast and hocus-pocus legal talk which surrounded the affair.

• • •

Once upon a time a fellow named Jones, owner of the only grocery in town, employed two clerks who did the heavy work while he managed the store and kept the books. But every year, Jones would get into a squabble with his clerks about wages.

One clerk would shout: "It's mighty hard, clerking in your store, Jones. Nothing but long hours and heavy lifting, morning to night. You gotta pay us more money."

Then Jones would take his turn. "Absolutely can't afford to raise your wages this year. I'd have to boost the price of every thing we sell, and folks in town wouldn't stand for it. No, sir, I just can't raise your pay."

Well, the clerks would talk things over with their adviser, Mr. Unionboss, a smart man who many times had helped the clerks get what was coming to them. He would hear their story, then face Jones. They would all get out pencils and paper, each side trying to prove that it was dead right.

Sometimes, after much futile wrangling, Mr. Unionboss would announce, "All right, we quit!"

Then the grocer would snort, "Go ahead! I can hold out as long as you can!"

In such years, the clerks would loaf for a few weeks, until either they tired of loafing or Jones got desperate and reopened his store. Until such time, folks in town managed to find replacements for ordinary goods, but for others—such as milk—there was no substitute.

Finally, however, the grocer and his clerks got together. They would sign a contract, shake hands and go back to work for another year.

The townspeople were amused and maybe a little irritated, because during these annual troubles, the children went without milk for a few days. The local editor once opined in an editorial:

"Seems there ought to be a more scientific way to tell who's right and who's wrong at Jones' Grocery. And maybe some arrangement could be worked out to make sure the old folks get food and the children get milk. But after all, these negotiations do appear to work, after a fashion, and the community seems to be saved from starvation for another year."

Back in those days, collective bargaining, old-style, did seem to work "after a fashion"—in Jones' Grocery, in U. S. industry generally, and even in the coal business. But in 1950, Jones' employees pulled off a stunt that looked like a revolution in employer-employee relations.

This time the clerks didn't "strike." One morning they came to work as usual, but didn't take off their coats. Instead, one locked the door while the other put a sign in the window:

CLOSED TODAY
*Mr. Unionboss' Birthday*

The grocer almost had a fit. People had to eat, didn't they? What were the babies going to do for milk? He should have saved his breath because his clerks just walked out. By now they did everything Unionboss told them to do.

The clerks didn't show up again until next morning, when they opened the doors and started working, just as if nothing had happened.

That was the start of it. Several days later they locked the place again and put up another sign: "CLOSED TODAY — *Official Clerks' Holiday*."

Then one historic morning they really gave their employer something to think about. The sign that Unionboss had given them read:

OPEN TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS & THURSDAYS—*Closed All Other Days*

Poor Jones had had enough. He went looking for somebody who could make his clerks stay on the job. His lawyer told him he couldn't fire the men: there was that contract. The mayor shook his head sympathetically, but that was all. The town judge told Jones it would be different if the clerks were striking. That would be breaking the contract. But they just weren't coming to work.

Jones was slowly going broke;

the townspeople were getting burned up. So when the time came for the annual contract signing, Jones surrendered. The clerks got raises, pensions and just about everything they wanted. Their first day at work under the new contract was devoted to raising all the price tags. Why? Because both profits and wages ultimately came out of the same cash register, and the good old buyer is the one who puts the green stuff in the till.

End of fable.

• • •

Today, for perhaps the first time since the principle of collective bargaining was embedded in the law of the land, one side in a labor dispute has employed a weapon as conclusive as the atom bomb. If there is any defense against it, the coal operators failed to find it.

When the miners finally went into a real strike, the contract having expired, a court actually believed their story about work stoppages and "holidays" being the independent acts of several hundred thousand individual miners. We are to believe that there was no compulsion, not even a "suggestion," from the head of the United Mine Workers.

Unless the decision is overturned in the high courts, *any union can stop work at any time, for any reason or for no reason, regardless of contract.* This is true because contracts are written between companies and unions, never between companies and individuals. Apparently it is very hard to prove that a union broke a contract, even when it is perfectly clear that all the members did that very thing.

When a union boss has power to pull workers off the job *without calling a strike*, that boss has power to destroy any industry. While two or three days' work a week might keep the workers in bread, and thus help them prolong the struggle, the same haphazard operation will wreck almost any industry. Companies which are facing bankruptcy are hardly in a good bargaining position — as the coal operators proved when they gave Lewis not half a loaf but 99 percent of one.

The semi-strike—the stoppage that is called a "holiday," a "birthday celebration" or a "three-day week"—is a far more powerful weapon than the true strike ever was. And who is to say that labor dictators of the Lewis type, having conquered their own unions, are not now eager to rule the industries that employ their members?

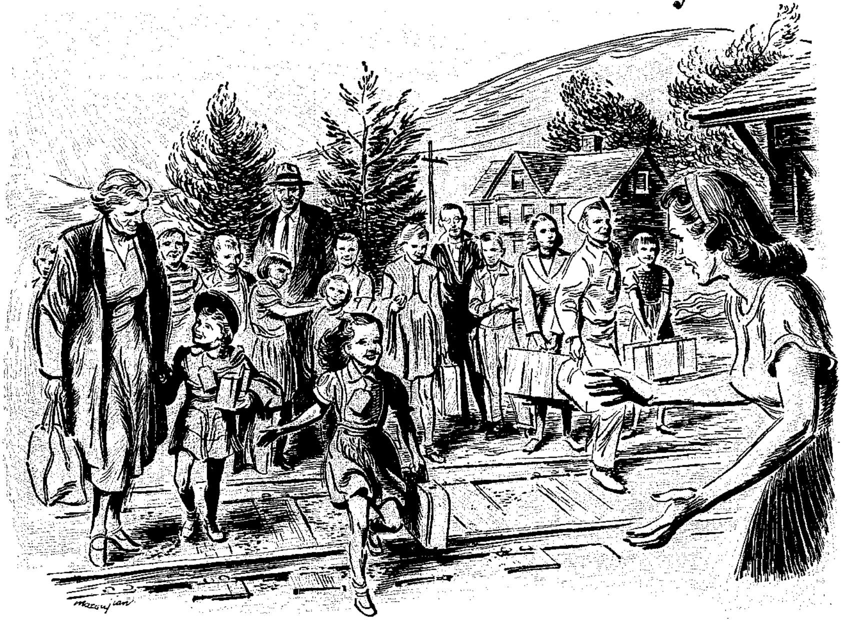
However, there is something *you* can do about it. If your union is not yet run by a labor dictator, use your vote to keep it a responsible working democracy.

Labor *has* the power to bargain collectively. Labor *has* the power to strike. None but the most reactionary would deny these rights. But labor would do well to bury this new weapon as too dangerous to industry, too dangerous to the public, and too dangerous to the House of Labor itself.

## Candidly Speaking

If the knocking at the door is prolonged and unusually loud, it isn't opportunity—it's relatives. —NORMA BOBLITT

# Fortune Smiles on "Friendly Town"



**Galeton, Pennsylvania, has found the key to happiness in making others happy**

*by* ANN FIELDS

AS THE LITTLE ONE-COACH train puffed along the lonesome wishbone of track skirting the Allegheny Mountains, a happy chorus of children sang: "Back to Galeton—we're going back to Galeton!"

The children were from the sweltering streets of New York City's lower East Side, which they were leaving behind to become the summer guests of strange mothers and fathers in the heroic little town of Galeton, Pennsylvania.

When the train came to a halt in the heart of Galeton, half the population was on hand to meet the children. There were hugs and gay shouts as each youngster hunted the mother whose name was written on the card pinned to shirt or blouse. And anxious Galeton mothers, taking a child for the first time, eagerly read tags to find the boy or girl assigned to them.

The children were representative of the great metropolitan melting pot—Protestant, Catholic, Jew—of French, Spanish, German and Italian descent—for the mothers of Galeton play no favorites. They simply say: "Send me a child." And now here were the children, happy, carefree—thinking only of the sunlight and the fishing, the green yards and miles of forests.

They could not know, nor would

they know, that their coming meant genuine sacrifice on the part of the little town. For the people of Galeton have been hit by almost every possible disaster. Destroyed three times by fire, washed out by floods, their giant lumber and tanning industries closed, they have watched their population shrink from 4,100 to a mere 1,800. And yet, they have refused to admit defeat.

Schooled by hardship and solitude, the people of the near ghost-town have learned a philosophy of living that is unique in our time. It has become a kind of folk-religion with them to think of others. No one can be a stranger in Galeton, and the atmosphere of friendly peace and happy living has made it a second spiritual home for the so-called "tenement kids."

The children are guests of the Fresh Air Fund, a program sponsored by the New York *Herald Tribune* to give vacations to city children who can't afford them. The Fund pays train fare, and the homes into which they go take care of their meals and recreation.

Speaking of the town and its people, one of the executives of the Fund summed it up: "You might say the people of Galeton are sharing what they have with a magnificent pride—God bless them."

To the children assigned to Galeton, it is a dream town. Tucked in a green valley of eastern Potter County, it is hemmed in by two chains of the Alleghenies. Fickle Pine Creek, sometimes rambling, sometimes boisterously rushing, divides the town in two. Deer roam in herds, fox and porcupine scurry through the brush, and streams are abundant with fish.

Into this paradise come the children from Manhattan, many of whom have never even seen a live cow or chicken. Wonderful things happen to them, and to their summer parents as well.

For example, little Ann, an Italian child, was taken into the home of Danny del Grasso. Danny, survivor of a wartime torpedoing, had had five years of military service when, with his wife and a pension, he came back to the quiet and peace of his mountain town.

The del Grassos fell in love with little Ann, kept her all summer, and visited her later in New York. Next year they brought her back, along with her brother, and had the mother and father and one other child as visitors for a week.

Little Marilyn, age 11, almost didn't make it to Galeton, which she now considers would have been high tragedy. Mr. and Mrs. Nick Hitzell live in the factory section where houses are old and many unpainted. Nick Hitzell works in a small factory that makes powdered milk. They have two children of their own, and their worry was that a city child might be disappointed with their simple way of living.

There was no need to worry. Little Marilyn took one look at the spreading lawn, the huge trees and the stream running by the door, and gave a delighted, "Whoops!"

The man who started Galeton on its happy career is the Rev. Robert S. Cocks, minister of the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Mr. Cocks had been active in the work of the Fresh Air Fund during a pastorate in New York, and when he came to Galeton he invited his congregation and other churches to participate. He was astounded at the wholehearted response. Eight churches (including three from nearby communities) came in, as well as all civic organizations.

The minister himself took four robust boys ranging in age from 8 to 11. He cooked for them, took them hunting, fishing and swimming, and trained them to help him with bachelor housekeeping.

"They ate me out of house and home," he says, "putting on weight even with my cooking. I don't know which of us loved it most."

Since one of the boys was a Catholic, the Rev. Mr. Cocks took him to Mass on Sunday morning. Then the lad looked after the house while the minister preached his own 11 o'clock sermon.

THE GALETON HOSTS are all plain working people, but there is no lack of entertainment for the children. Every day is full of magic for them. Everybody wants to entertain them—and does. And they give the children the time of their lives.

The favorite treat is what is called "putting the deer to bed." Each night, cars loaded with children drive out of town and, as the caravan creeps along, spotlights play on fields and hillsides where hundreds of deer graze unconcernedly, ignoring the procession.

Unintentionally, the youngsters have been a means of focusing attention on the plucky town and its hard-luck history. Back in 1885, the Galeton section was the largest hemlock and pine empire in the world. Into this timber bonanza moved the Goodyear brothers, Frank and Charles, buying an 80,000-acre tract. Then the combine ripped through the hills, cutting 50,000,000 feet of timber annually, tearing the bark from the great trees to feed the tanneries and leaving the trunks to rot on the ground.

More and more men were needed as faster and faster went the saws. Giant tanneries sprang up. A horde of itinerant workers moved in. The railroad yards alone had a crew of 700 men, with up to ten trains a day pulling out, loaded with Galeton's lumber gold.

More homes were needed and built. A raucous, rowdy, robust town replaced a placid village. Liquor flowed, guns barked, gambling houses ran round the clock.

Then, through the ghost of the once-green forest, swept a fire which blotted out almost the entire business section and hundreds of homes. Patiently, Galeton set about rebuilding. But fire came again in 1899, and still a third time in 1916, and destroyed all of Main Street.

Then, one day in 1920, the boom was over. The raped hills were barren areas, and the timber barons and the floating population moved on. In the years that followed, little Galeton really knew hard times. There were no jobs, no industries. But the faithful people stuck it out.

In 1942, nature struck the hapless town again. This time a raging flood tore through Pine Creek. Railroad tracks were ripped apart, homes were uprooted, farms destroyed, and the people fled to the hills for their lives.

A second flood came in 1946. When it was all over Galeton was shut off, isolated from the world. No railroad remained to take them out or bring the world in. The once-teeming carbarns and sheds were empty. No one cared whether a train ran to Galeton or not.

But the people cared. A meeting was called of local businessmen, for in the heart of the town were several large railroad buildings, now unused, which could be turned into a foundry. A committee was appointed to contact the Lennox Furnace Company, which needed additional foundry capacity, and persuade them to open a branch in Galeton. Finally, the manager agreed, provided the people of Galeton would put up $15,000 to help get the buildings back in order and show good faith in the new industry. The hard-pressed little town subscribed not $15,000, but $30,000, and the Lennox foundry has been a lifesaver, employing 150 men.

The people of Galeton now hope that U. S. Highway No. 6, which was once an impersonal "hurry road" through their town, will soon be clogged with vacationers from Washington, New York and Philadelphia, who seek peace in the woods and hills. Meanwhile, the local streets are filled with smeared jerseys and sun-tanned legs as 44 laughing, happy children mingle with Galeton's own.

The struggles of the people along the Creek and their wholehearted sharing among themselves and with others have become a part of everyday living. Their reward, they feel, came in the words of a little girl who had spent two summers with them. As she tearfully boarded the train for New York, she said:

"If I can't come back here, I don't ever want to go any place."

## Spare Time—Twenty-five cents . . .

### AND YOU'RE IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF!

EVERY DAY, thousands of people from all walks of life are turning their spare time into ready cash by becoming Coronet Community Representatives. They are discovering for the first time how easy and interesting it is to sell subscriptions.

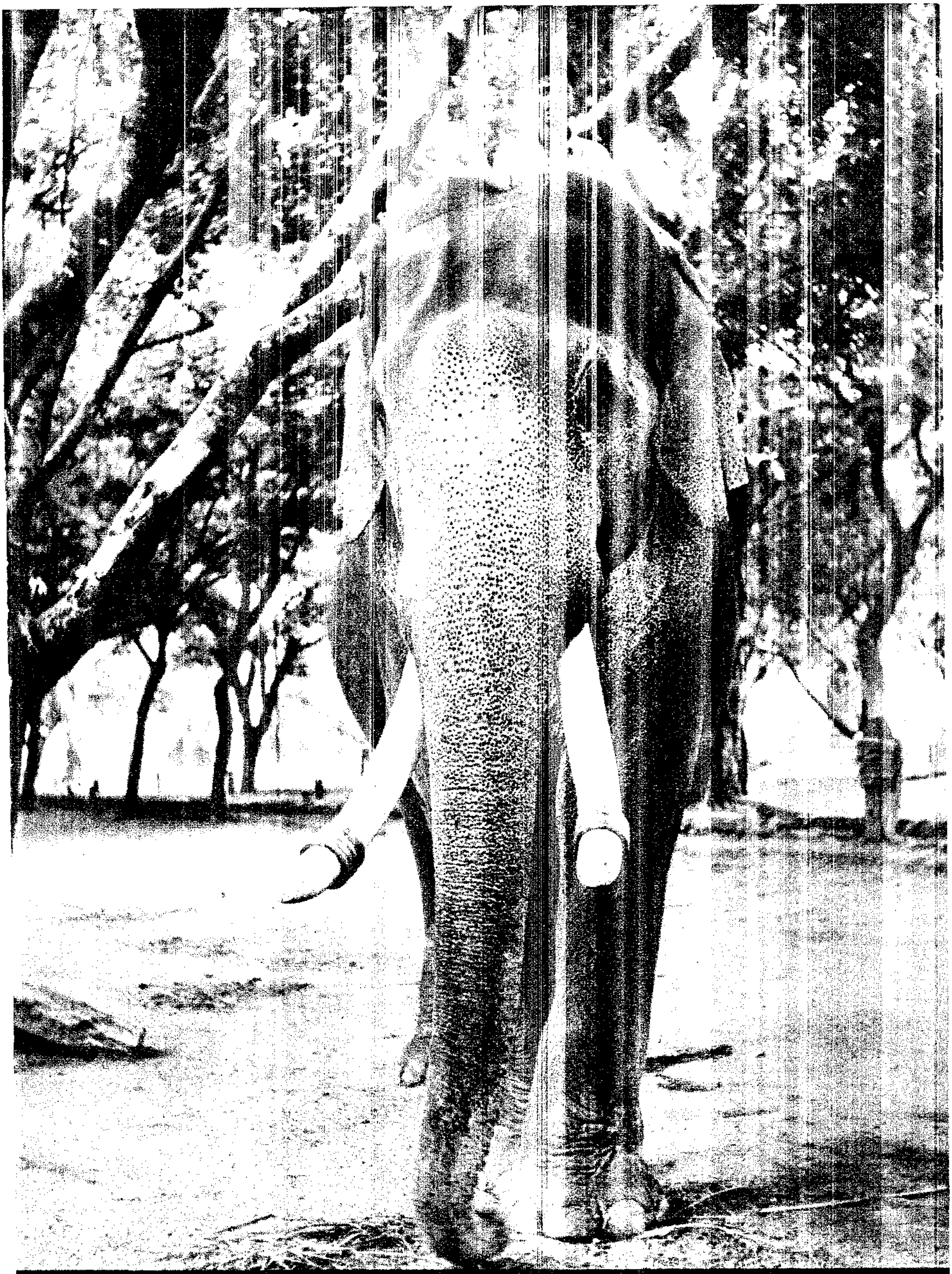
Coronet's Agency Division makes it easy for them to earn as much as $3 to $5 during an otherwise-idle hour. Simply by following the suggestions in CORONET'S interesting booklet, "In Business For Yourself," and calling on friends and neighbors, accepting new and renewal subscriptions to their favorite magazines, many of them have easily built up a substantial spare-time business that rewards them in extra income and extra pleasures year after year. They can devote as much or as little of their time to it as they wish.

The same fine opportunity is open to YOU. You need no experience . . . no capital investment is needed. To receive a free booklet, "In Business For Yourself," and a complete Sales Kit containing information and material to help start your spare-time business immediately—just send 25 cents in coin along with your request to the Coronet Agency Division, Department 237, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

By-passed by the sweep of industrialization that recast the Western World a century ago, India remained a backward, primitive colonial state. But now, her freedom won at last, this mysterious giant of the East has begun to stir. India has become a land of change.

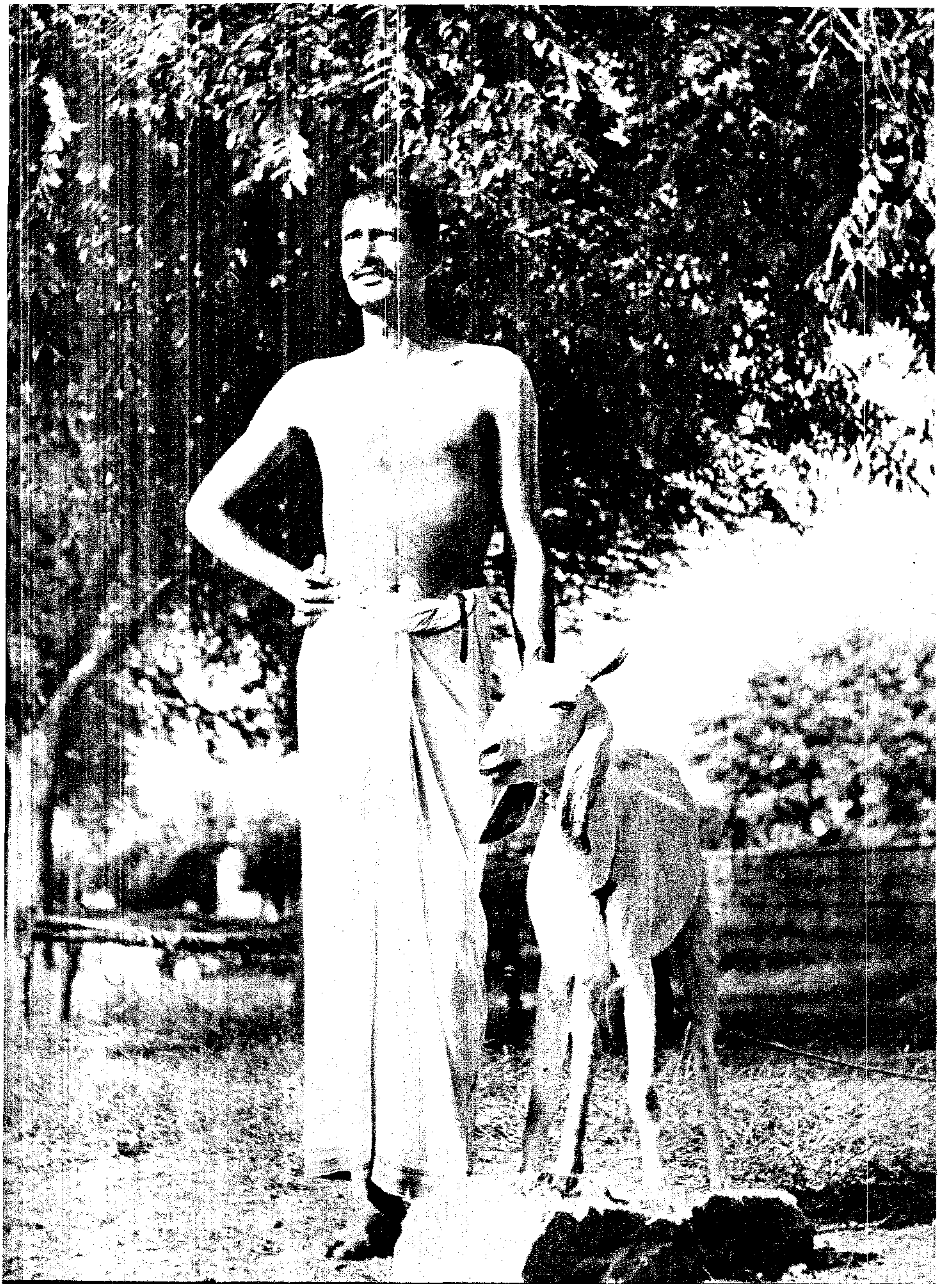
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY SMITH

Long before Western seamen found America, India's civilization lured explorers and merchants. Yet, in modernity, the Jewel of the East was shackled by the antiquity of her agriculture and industry.



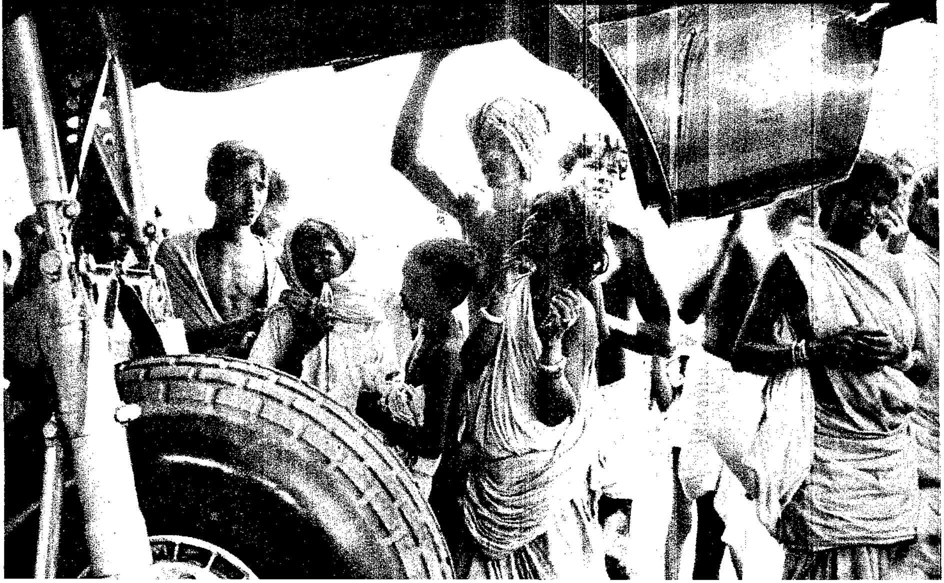
Traditions as old as recorded history are woven into the fabric of India. Pink-faced elephants on the Royal Elephant Grounds at Mysore

Poverty stalked the streets of Calcutta, reached across the teeming subcontinent and burned in the eyes of India's child laborers. Until

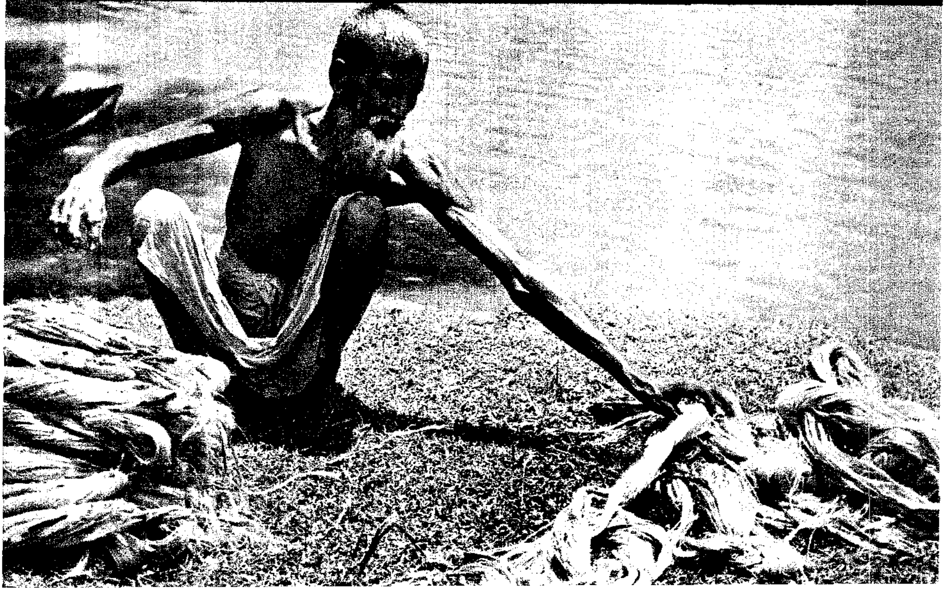


The blazing sun of countless centuries has willed to India an air of unhurried dignity. A man may tend a shop, return home at midday to milk his goats, and barely eke out a livelihood between the two.

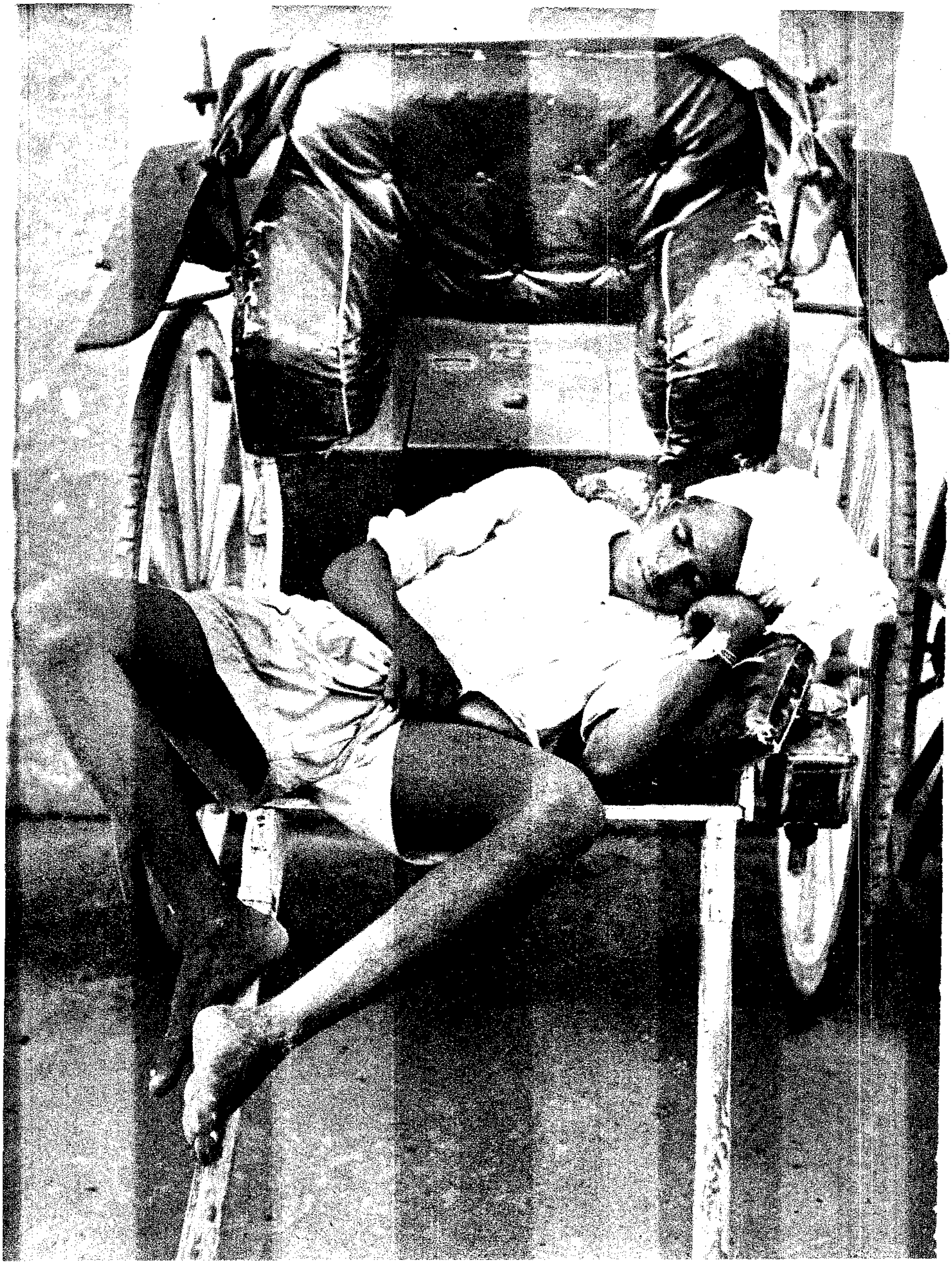
Yet the fight for independence put the welfare of the individual behind the life of the nation. Millions were engulfed in the struggle for survival—women bound to the kitchen, men to back-breaking toil.



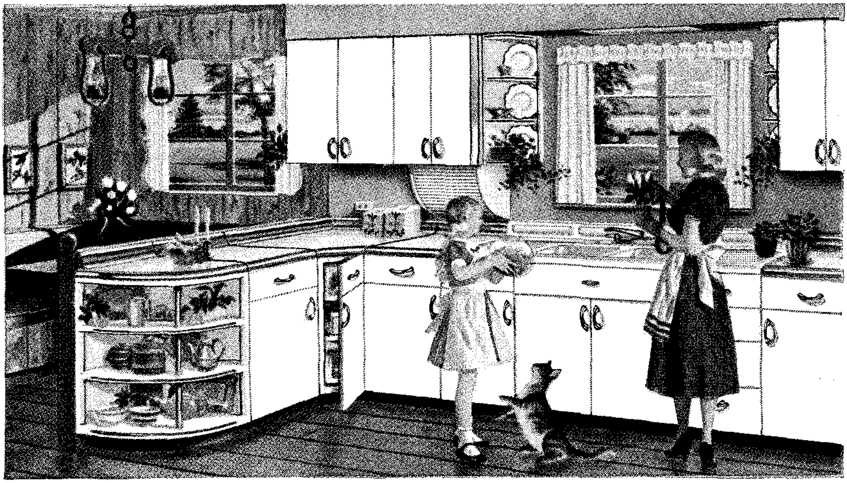
It has become a land where the best of East and West is molding a new India, for the twain have met at last. The religion of the East has taught this lad not to aim his slingshot at a living thing. . . .



TONS
FLOUR



When Gandhi died, Nehru said: "The light has gone from our lives."



# Exciting Advances In Kitchens

## BIGGEST VALUES EVER!

GREATEST kitchen developments in years! All-new beauty, efficiency, utility—at low prices to make your eyes shine!

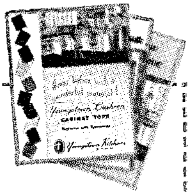
The new 1950 Youngstown Kitchens bring you marvelous new units—Cusheen, new miracle cabinet top in colors—more storage, handier counters than ever—to fit any floor plan, old house or new!

Let your factory-trained Youngstown dealer show you *your* dream kitchen in perfect miniature. Let him show you how to save on installation and how easy it is to finance. If building, specify Youngstown . . . you'll *save!*

**MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION**
**WARREN, OHIO**
**World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens**

Youngstown Kitchens®

**Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer, or send coupon today.**



YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. CR-650, Warren, Ohio

Get these idea-packed booklets! Send ten cents in cash to cover cost of mailing; no stamps, please.

NAME (Please Print)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

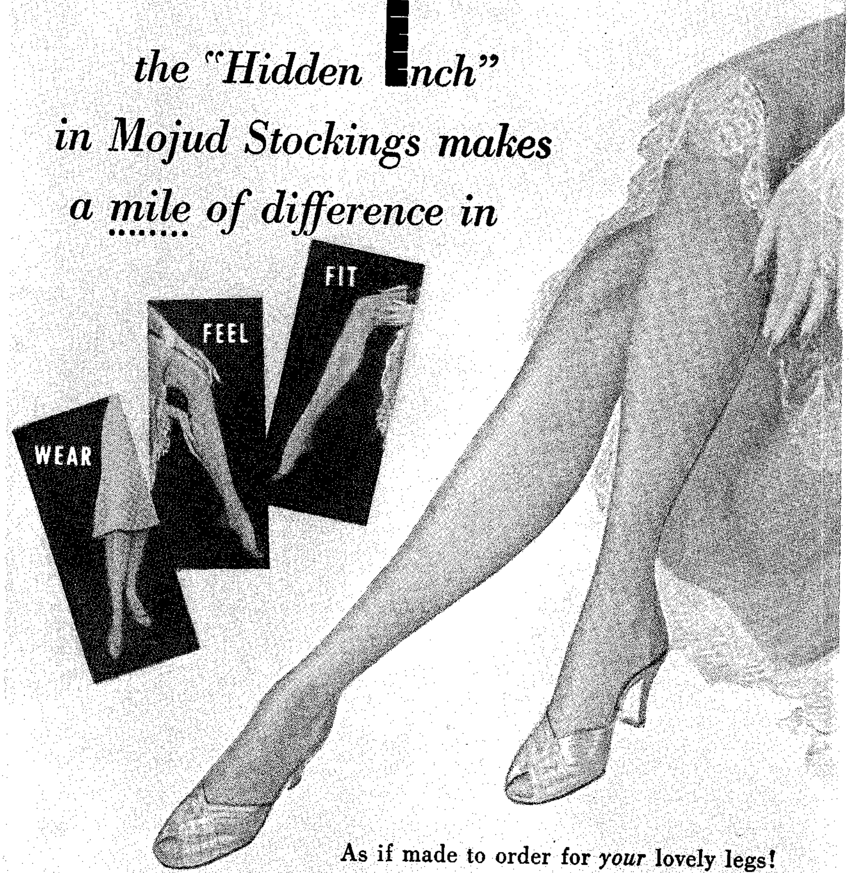
COUNTY STATE

I plan to build. ☐

I plan to remodel. ☐

© 1950 Mullins Manufacturing Corporation

the "Hidden Inch"
in Mojud Stockings makes
a mile of difference in

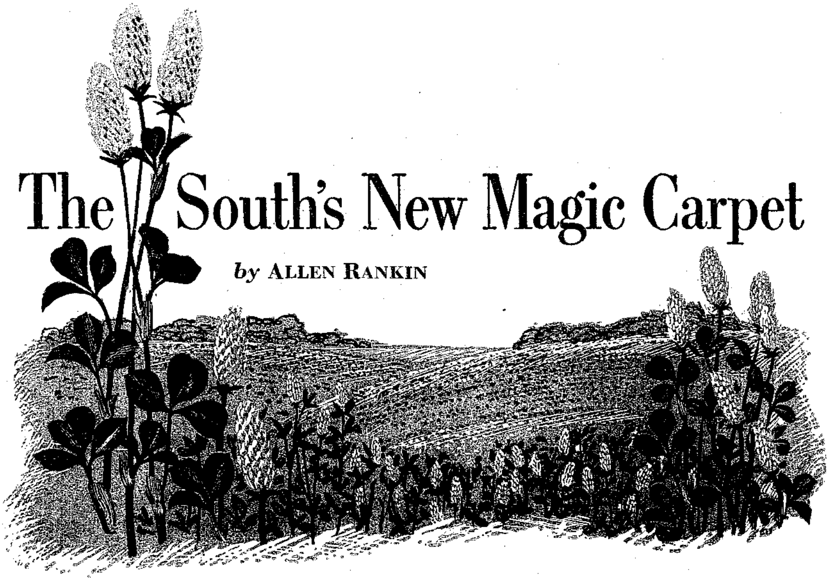


As if made to order for *your* lovely legs! Not only five proportioned leg sizes for short, tall, or average women, BUT, every Mojud stocking also has the *hidden inch*...extra give and resilience right in the knit. No wonder these famous sheers fit, feel, and wear better!

STOCKINGS BY MOJUD®

☆ *And for beauty above your hemline, there's LINGERIE by Mojud, too.*

**At your favorite store. Or for your nearest dealer, write: Mojud Hosiery Co., Inc., 385 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y. ©'50**



# The South's New Magic Carpet

### *by* ALLEN RANKIN

**An amazing "miracle crop" is creating a major revolution in American agriculture**

AN ALABAMA FARMER awakened to a major miracle last spring. Almost overnight, his worn-out land had turned into a garden spot—a green rug covered with crimson flowers worth their weight in gold.

"Wheeee!" he yelled, overcome with his new fortune. "I'm walkin' on God's million-dollar carpet!"

This is as good a name as any for a fantastic new crop that is changing the basic economy of the South and other sections of the country. It can whisk farmers, big and small, to undreamed-of incomes; and therefore to richer and fuller lives. It is called Reseeding Crimson Clover, and you can tell where it has been by stories of failure turning to success.

Discovered only recently on a few acres of land, the carpet has been unrolled over more than 300,000 acres scattered across 28 states. Its favorite trick is to stop erosion and restore exhausted soil to a fresh and profitable state. Thus, it will help to reclaim many of the nation's "lost" or unmanageable acres and return them to their owners.

"I never grossed more than $50,000 off this land in my life," a Southern plantation owner tells you. "This year, thanks to that little clover plant, I should gross $125,000!"

"With this stuff," says an up-and-coming Southern cattleman, "I can support six times as many cattle on my land as I used to. And that means six times the profit!"

But it is the South's little "two-horse" farmer to whom the touch of the new crimson is truly magic. His small plot of land is so worn-out that, even with part of his family working in the fields, he still ekes out only about $600 cash income a year. He is the man to whom extra dollars will mean better health and medical care; children in school instead of in the fields; good clothes and the leisure time to wear them.

"Last year, I cleared $590 all told," the overalled renter of one 45-acre plot says. "This year, crimson and me oughta clear $1,900!"

This sort of income-upping is pure magic. How can Reseeding Crimson do it? The main thing, say the experts, is that it is not just one good conservation crop—but seven: 1) it is the best winter-grazing crop ever discovered for the South and other regions with at least 40 inches of rainfall a year; 2) it is one of the best winter-cover crops; 3) it reseeds itself, thus saving the farmer the expense and bother of planting a new crop each fall; 4) it will rebuild some of the poorest soil; 5) it will grow in permanent pasture along with other crops; 6) it is excellent for stopping erosion; 7) it is in such great demand that the seed alone brings about $20 more profit per acre than cotton, the South's top income producer!

"It's a crop with a brain of its own!" one farmer explains. "A brain that automatically does the right thing at the right time. It will grow money for you while you sit on the porch and rock!"

This is almost literally true. Once planted by man, Reseeding Crimson behaves forever after as if it knew exactly what the owner would like it to do. It pops up in early fall as summer crops are dying. Just as considerately, it fades in the spring as the summer crops are coming up. It interlocks like a precision gear with many self-seeding or perennial crops, such as hay or small grain.

Once a farmer has started this "nature wheel" going, he can have year-round green pastures that automatically rotate. Better than that, the seed is so hardy that the clover may be plowed under to enrich the soil for cotton, corn or some other major summer crop. Yet the clover, conveniently lying dormant while the other crop is harvested, produces as thick a carpet in the fall as if nothing had happened.

Man could not have created such a bonanza for himself. Nature is the heroine of this drama.

SINCE TIME OUT OF MIND, the "old-style" conventional crimson clover had been one of the best winter crops in the South. But it had limitations: it had to be planted each season, and it would flourish only on fairly good land. These drawbacks made it of little value in meeting one of the nation's greatest challenges—reclaiming poor land nearly ruined by 150 years of erosion and misuse.

Nature fixed all that with one "simple" trick. Sometime in the last few decades, she began to harden the seeds of certain varieties of crimson. When they dropped to earth in the spring, they did not sprout in time to be killed by summer sun and rain. Safe in their new armor, they waited till fall for conditions ideal for their debut.

Accidentally, over widely scattered areas, Southern farmers stumbled onto the discovery. In 1933, an Alabaman, L. M. H. ("Peaches") Whetstone, planted what looked like "ordinary" crimson on his plantation in Autauga County. Shortly afterward, he fell ill and left his plantation. The crimson was expected to die out, after going to seed in the spring.

But next fall, on a ten-foot patch in the Whetstone pecan orchard, a remarkable "freak" was observed. On this one tiny spot, the clover had begun to reseed itself! Its will to live had, in a brief evolution, worked out a way to survive—and to help an entire region survive. From this handful of seed was developed the Autauga Strain of Reseeding Crimson, which last year was grown in 17 states commercially and 11 experimentally. This year the remaining 20 states are planting one of the several varieties of this wonder seed. But only in 1948 did the full significance of the dream crop make national headlines. One of its top supporters is Autauga County's H. Owen Murfee, Jr. The decline of his eroding plantation had made him grim and desperate. For three consecutive years he had lost from $10,000 to $12,000 a season. By 1947, he was $40,000 in debt. Then a neighbor suggested: "Why don't you try that new Reseeding Crimson?"

Murfee shrugged. "Why not?"

His indifference soon turned to elation. To his amazement, he found he was making more money from his new clover than from all other endeavors combined. In his first clover year, 1948, he made $8,000; in 1949—$12,000!

A neighbor, Charles Alexander, put crimson on some cotton land so rocky it was almost impossible to run machinery over it. Yet, the first year, the clover earned so much for him from seed sales alone that when someone asked, "What are you going to plant following your clover?" he replied: "This year I can afford just to harvest the rocks!"

Expert guesses as to how long this seed boom will last range from five to 25 years. Meanwhile, the little crimson plant is doing all it can to cooperate in quick fortune-making. It pours out about 800 pounds of golden seed per acre, some 350 of which can be harvested by present methods and sold for 48 to 58 cents a pound. This still leaves quite enough seed on the ground to "replant" itself and begin a round of favors next season! But in the permanent improvement of land is where the average farmer's betterment lies. The chief value of the "automatic" crimson is that it will allow him to make a profit on "lost" acres which, heretofore, would have been a waste of time and money.

At the end of his first crimson harvest, Murfee tacked a "For Sale" sign on 7½ tons of seed piled in his barn. He could have sold this golden pile for $15,000 cash, which he badly needed. But by the time customers arrived, he had visited the U.S. Experimental Station at Belle Mina, and discovered what crimson could *really* do.

"Sorry," he told buyers offering him a dollar a pound, "but I'm

**NEXT MONTH:**

**More Love, Less Sex**

**A woman doctor tells why so many modern marriages fail.**

**Innocents at Home**

**by Bob Considine**

***A condensation of the funniest book of the year.***

putting it all into my pasture land."

Hundreds of neighboring farmers, now avid crimson growers, have learned why he made the decision. Time was when nearly half the 2,000-acre plantation of Aubrey Dismukes, a few miles away, was scrubby hill land where a few skinny cows grazed.

Today, thanks to crimson, that land produces about as much cotton and corn as his "good" bottomland along the Alabama River. His crop income is doubled. In addition, where a few profitless "family" cows once browsed, there now fatten herds of beef cattle whose sale brings about $75,000 each spring!

Crimson is not doing anything for these big operators that it can't do—with even more stunning results—for the little man. Technical conservation talk often goes over the small farmer's head; and mechanization often seems beyond his reach. But a simple clover crop that will automatically triple his income—here's something the smallest dirt farmer can appreciate and afford.

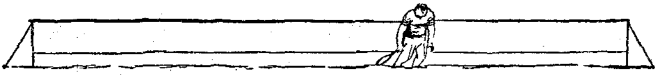
The green carpet spreads like wildfire, and a small area can become a major asset. Two years ago an Alabaman planted a 100-pound sack of seed that had accidentally fallen from a truck on the highway. He replanted some of the seed of his first crop and today has more than ten money-making acres.

Southerners are working fast to spread their new luck. In 1948, nine farmers organized the Autauga County Reseeding Crimson Clover Association as a market and distribution point for all seed grown in the immediate area. The little co-op threw open its doors to any producer, big or small, white or Negro, in the county. It also helped the little man arrange for machinery to gather his seed.

The club which began with nine members now has 504! In the first year of operation, it sold $240,000 worth of seed throughout the nation, and next season plans to do a million-dollar business.

Thanks to the new miracle crop, the South is beginning to grow its own winter prosperity. The crimson grower is not only knee-deep in clover, but also knee-deep in new prosperity, new leisure, and a new life—all due to a quiet miracle of nature.

## Sport—After Forty



Discussing his tennis game with a friend, a stout little dumpling of a man explained it this way: "When my opponent hits the ball to me my brain immediately barks out a command to my body: 'Race up to the net,' it says, 'slam a blistering drive to the far corner of the court, jump back into position to return the next volley.' "

"Then what?" asked his friend.

"Then," sighed the stout little man, "my body says, 'Who—me?' "

—*Ties*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

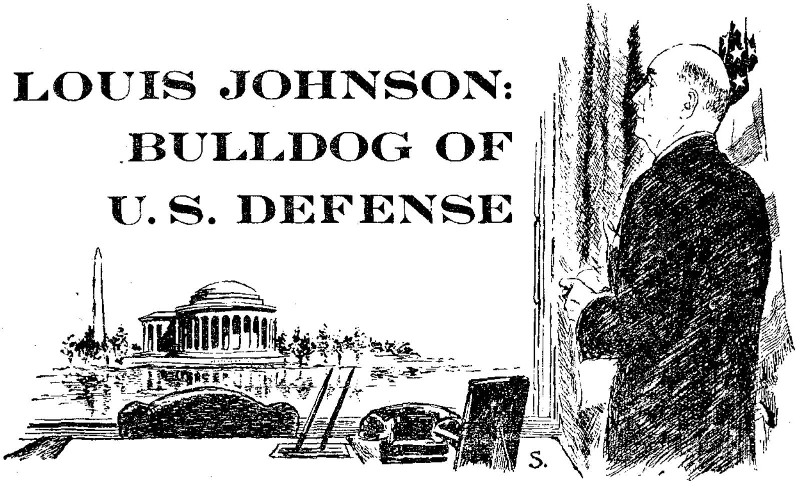
# Word M"ist"ifiers

The suffix, "ist," identifies one who does or adheres to something. Below are 15 pairs of words with identical or similar meanings. Can you match them? If you pair 10 correctly, your score is fair; 12 is good. If you get 14 right, you qualify as an expert verbalist and synonymist! Answers are on page 148.

1. polemicist
2. publicist
3. psychopathist
4. pedalist
5. naturalist
6. individualist
7. modist
8. destinist
9. polyphonist
10. cueist
11. distortionist
12. lampoonist
13. jurist
14. panegyrist
15. flutist

A. journalist
B. realist
C. fashionist
D. fatalist
E. legist
F. controversialist
G. egoist
H. caricaturist
I. flautist
J. alienist
K. eulogist
L. ventriloquist
M. cyclist
N. satirist
O. billiardist

# LOUIS JOHNSON: BULLDOG OF U. S. DEFENSE



by **Tris Coffin**

**His is the unenviable job of safeguarding America against a sudden enemy attack**

U. S. SECRETARY OF DEFENSE Louis Johnson, a big, restless American with enough vitality and endurance for a dozen men, has finally landed the job he sought for years. The job is to make sure you and I are not destroyed in a sudden attack by an enemy equipped with the hideous weapons that modern science has produced.

As a result, Johnson is the second most powerful man in Washington, a top architect of Allied policy, and an administrator described by Herbert Hoover as "the best" in the Truman Administration.

However, the Gridiron Club, famed group of newspapermen in Washington, recently described Johnson's work in a parody of the popular song, *A Wonderful Guy*: "All by myself I am the whole Army; I'm the Navy and Air Force, too. I nod my head and the Congress plays dead, and now I have the White House in view."

The Secretary, who is called "Louie" or "Colonel Johnson" by friends, is tall and well-built, has eyes that look out shrewdly and directly, and a voice which is surprisingly soft. Like an old-time Army top sergeant, he sums up men and events swiftly, and makes blunt decisions.

Such traits are not recently acquired: all his life, Johnson has led the fight himself, rather than give orders from the side lines. As corporation lawyer, American Legion politician, Assistant Secretary of War, and Democratic Party fund-raiser, the present chief of U. S. defenses has thrived on hard work and conflict.

Today in Washington, the world capital where sneak plays and hidden-ball tricks are accepted strategy, Johnson is the rare exception. He prefers the old-fashioned, head-down, line buck. An intimate summed it up good-naturedly when he said, "Louis would rather try to kick his way through a brick wall than climb over it."

Most of Washington's bureaucratic "generals" never enter a battle without elaborate feeling-out tactics. These might include a planted story in a Washington column, a remark dropped at a cocktail party, or an attempt to gain a rival's confidence by profuse friendship. But not Johnson. He has no cultivated friends among the press; he does not go to cocktail parties.

Another significant clue to his personality is a casual remark he made during the recent bitter attack on him by Navy admirals and their adherents. A friend asked: "How can you be so calm? Congress is after your hide. Newspapers and radio commentators are demanding your resignation."

The Secretary said quietly: "You forget. I was vaccinated in Washington before."

This is an understatement. Johnson went through a cruel ordeal as Assistant Secretary of War from 1937 until the summer of 1940. During that period, President Roosevelt felt he needed in the "Little Cabinet" a figure to represent the growing clamor among veterans' groups for rearmament and to balance the isolationist tenor of some leading New Dealers.

So Roosevelt selected Johnson, ex-national commander of the Legion and a minor figure in Democratic politics. Johnson was supposed to sit quietly, take orders and keep the Legion off the Administration's back. In this job Johnson failed gloriously, as witness this story, never told before:

Early in 1940, a memo was submitted to Assistant Secretary Johnson by Col. James H. Burns, today a major-general and Johnson's geopolitician. The report said war with Germany and Japan was inevitable, and that the U. S. would need a million-man army and some nine billion dollars for arms.

Johnson read the report carefully, turned to Burns, and said, "This is good. Take it down to the General Staff and tell them I want it approved in half an hour."

The program was initialed within half an hour and Johnson bore it triumphantly to the White House for an historic meeting. He outlined the plan while Roosevelt puffed thoughtfully on a cigarette. Harry Hopkins sat in a corner. Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, listened intently. William S. Knudsen, the automobile production wizard and later co-director of the Office of Production Management, nodded at each recommendation.

When Johnson finished speaking, the President said: "I think in big terms, but this is too big. The American people will say I am leading them to war!"

Knudsen, who had been primed by Johnson, spoke up in a voice heavy with the accent of his native Denmark: "Mr. President, do you want planes?"

"Yes, Bill, but not nine billion dollars' worth."

Knudsen kept on stubbornly: "You want planes. I need money."

Sighing, Roosevelt said, "All right. I'll accept the plan as far as planes are concerned."

The industrialist plunged on: "Mr. President, do you want tanks?"

Roosevelt looked quizzically at

## The Critics Like to Criticize Johnson

"Behind the false front of Johnson's defense 'economies,' there lurks something even more unpleasant than petty domestic politics. There lurks the specter of our eventual defeat in the world struggle with the Soviet Union.

"The reason why this is so can be very simply stated. The Soviet Union is in mid-phase of a rearmament considerably surpassing Hitler's.

"Meanwhile, because of Johnson's policies, the U. S., leader of the Western World, is patently failing to give solid strength to the Western confederation against Soviet aggression.

"The truth is, the strength of the U. S. must be the very backbone of the strength of the West. That backbone is being chipped away at, if not broken by Johnson."—

—Joseph and Stewart Alsop in the New York *Herald Tribune*

"The course that Johnson is following in scrapping the Navy's super-carrier deserves acclaim for decisiveness and moral courage. Whether or not it represents the tolerance, judgment and wisdom that are equally important attributes to the office of Secretary of Defense is open to very grave question."

—Hanson W. Baldwin in the New York *Times*

• • •

"Secretary Johnson enormously helped to confuse matters in the quarrel over unification of the armed services when, in furtherance of his own political ambitions, he promised to cut another billion off the figure through unification—and then discovered that cuts of this magnitude were simply not obtainable through operative efficiency but would have to come out of actual reduction of forces."

—Fletcher Pratt in the *Nation*

---

Johnson. Then he said: "I approve your program in toto. But let me start with a smaller figure. You make this less than five billion, and I can sell that to the public . . ."

All during the prewar era, Johnson was persuaded by Roosevelt to play an unhappy game of deception. The President feared the vigorous intervention policies of Johnson would injure him politically if he openly supported the Assistant Secretary. Also, Roosevelt was loath to fire Secretary of War Harry Woodring. So the President told Johnson to report directly to him, but to come in the side door. Meanwhile, key Administration officials concerned with preparedness were told to cooperate with Johnson.

A sample of Johnson's technique was the way he got American arms to the British, after the bitter defeat at Dunkirk. The Assistant Secretary insisted that a large quantity of American Army rifles be declared surplus and sold to Britain. Woodring refused to approve the deal.

The Assistant Secretary waited until Woodring was out of town. Then he declared the rifles surplus and ordered them sold to Britain. With this off his chest, he went to the White House, reported what he had done and said in jest, "Mr. President, if I have violated the law, I would like your promise of a pardon—in writing."

Roosevelt wrote a chit, "Louis, if you go to jail, I'll go with you."

The President, however, did not always back up his hard-driving Assistant Secretary of War so solidly. This was due to a curious combination of Johnson's own ambitions and the President's faculty for appearing to promise the moon with green cheese. The moon, to Johnson, was to get the title of Secretary of War. Roosevelt later added the green cheese by suggesting in an impulsive moment that Johnson would make an ideal Vice-President for the 1940 ticket.

Johnson took both these promises seriously. His first jolt was at the Democratic National Convention in July. Cheerful and expectant, he strode into the hotel room where Hopkins and the city bosses were picking a Vice-President. The men looked up with glazed, weary eyes, and one is reported to have said, "Oh, my God, another hopeful!"

The left wing of the New Deal feared Johnson, whom they glibly labeled an "American Legion conservative." They cut his throat politically, and Henry A. Wallace was nominated for Vice-President.

But this was only a warm-up for the big disillusionment, the one which so toughened Johnson that he can now say calmly, "I've been vaccinated in Washington before."

A few days after the convention, Johnson was called to the White House, presumably to be appointed Secretary of War. It was a tense gathering. Steve Early, the White House press secretary and Johnson's one steady friend in the inner circle, looked glum. Roosevelt was too friendly.

Felix Frankfurter, a New Deal idea man before he became a Supreme Court Justice, had sold a great thought to the President. If Roosevelt, he argued, appointed Republicans as Secretaries of War and Navy, the GOP would be seriously weakened in the campaign.

The news was broken to Johnson at this White House meeting. Anger flashed in his eyes; his fists knotted. Bernard Baruch went to him and said gently, "Son, don't do anything you will regret later. Keep your temper."

On July 25, Johnson handed in his resignation. Then, bitter and lonely, he left Washington on a train for the West. He was followed by his friend Early, who said soothingly that no one would blame Johnson if he rocked Washington by revealing the indignities he had suffered. But he would be a bigger man if he took his disappointment in silence.

Johnson accepted the wise counsel. But from that day, he worked to be, ultimately, boss of the American defense establishment.

ACTUALLY, THE TOUGH JOB of Secretary of Defense is almost tailor-made for Johnson. As a heavyweight boxer at the University of Virginia, he could outfight any man, and did. At 26 and a young lawyer, he was a hustling Democratic floor leader and committee chairman in the West Virginia Legislature. A year later, he was fighting through the Meuse-Argonne offensive of World War I.

Returning home as a colonel, he helped organize the Legion and rose to be commander in 1932. Off and on, Roosevelt brought him to Washington for public and political chores. His longest stretch was as Assistant Secretary of War from 1937 to 1940. His last mission for Roosevelt was to India as the President's personal representative. Johnson brought home the friendship of India's Gandhi and Nehru.

In the 1948 political campaign, Johnson pitched in and raised money for what many thought was a hopeless cause, the re-election of Harry Truman. He was rewarded by nomination for Secretary of Defense on March 3, 1949.

Johnson has done a remarkable job in two fields—military strategy and administration. He has also acquired more enemies than all the rest of the Cabinet combined.

When Johnson came to the Pentagon Building last year, the Joint Chiefs of Staff were deadlocked on strategy. The Air Force was preaching that an armada of B-36 bombers, capable of striking any target in the world, could win a war. The Navy retorted that giant aircraft carriers, surrounded by protective warships, were the secret to victory. Meanwhile, the Army insisted that foot troops were needed to win objectives and hold them.

Bluntly, Johnson told the Joint Chiefs: "We are not going to dissipate our strength by having two or three different strategies. That will eat up money we can't afford to waste." Then he laid down the law.

The B-36, or any later model of long-range bomber, would be the global striking force to retaliate against surprise Soviet blows. (The hydrogen bomb, which Johnson argued for in the recent wrangle within the Administration, could burn Moscow to the ground.)

Ground troops of our European Allies should be equipped and trained to hold against Russian tanks, infantry and bombers. We should be willing to accept as allies any nation without aggressive aims, regardless of its politics. This would include both Communist Yugoslavia and Fascist Spain.

The American Army should be kept alerted, so that it could be enlarged, equipped and sent to vital points in the shortest possible time. The role of the Navy was to convoy troops and supplies, and keep the seas free of enemy submarines.

To make sure there was no backsliding, Johnson halted construction of the Navy's super-aircraft carrier. He stood stonily and calmly while being excoriated by the Admirals and their friends. He defied the wily chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Carl Vinson. The only concession Johnson made was to allow the Marines to remain as a separate élite force.

The other side of his shield, the administrative side, has earned Johnson both applause and epithets. The Secretary cut $1,200,000,000 from the defense budget, and lopped 141,300 civilian employees from the payroll. The mere thought of such mayhem would make most politicians shudder, since each of the 141,300 has a Congressman or relatives who are loyal party workers.

Characteristically, the Secretary announced his reforms at an open meeting, to which he had invited all Senators and Congressmen whose districts would be affected by economies. They came with fire in their eyes. He outlined the cuts and said firmly, "I personally will tolerate no WPA in defense."

Johnson could not have carried

his economy program through without a well-knit team of assistants. His chief advisers include Under Secretary Early, the master diplomat who has saved the blunt Secretary from many a blunder, and Louis Renfrow, a jovial reserve officer and friend of President Truman for more than 30 years.

But even with Renfrow browsing around the White House, the palace guard slyly plants stories that Johnson is on the President's black list. The reason for these rumors is the suspicion, which Truman takes with a grain of salt, that the Secretary of Defense is running all out for the Presidency. To a friend who recently asked him point-blank whether he was a candidate, Johnson replied candidly: "When I am through with this job, I couldn't run for dog catcher!"

Johnson is a realist. He would like, of course, to sit in the White House. But in his heart the Secretary knows the chances are dim. He has enemies in every hotel lobby, every cocktail salon, every politicians' stag party in Washington. He is a conservative in an Administration that proudly invites the label of "Welfare State."

Although Johnson's name appears daily in the newspapers, the door is firmly closed on his private life. He does not drink with "The Boys," and he avoids Washington society. Every week end, weather permitting, he flies into a different life at his home in Clarksburg, West Virginia.

His first act at home is to walk alone beneath the trees. The gardens are full of wild flowers, and orchids flourish in the greenhouse.

An acquaintance, seeing the blooms for the first time, asked Johnson curiously, "How long have you gardened?"

The aloof mood left him, replaced by a boyish grin. "From childhood. The first money I ever made was from selling beans I'd grown."

A photograph in Johnson's office gives another glimpse beneath the surface. It is the sensitive face of a philosopher, Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India. The inscription is "To Louis, in friendship."

At the end of a day, in the early evening, Johnson will walk to his office window. There he will stand quietly, looking at the Jefferson Memorial across the Potomac River. Then, cheerfully, he will stride into the outer office where secretaries are locking up their desks and say heartily, "Can I give anyone a lift over the bridge to Washington?"

## Diagnosis Deferred

A DOCTOR WAS called in to see a very busy patient. "Well, sir, what's the matter?" he asked cheerfully.

"That's for you to find out," the patient snapped, glaring.

"I see," said the doctor. "Well, if you'll excuse me a minute I'll phone a friend of mine—a veterinarian. He's the only man I know who can make a diagnosis without asking questions." —*Grit*

# THAT PIRATE GOLD ON COCOS ISLAND

*by* **EDMUND ANTROBUS**

**Tales of fabulous buried riches still lure adventurers to an insect-ridden jungle**

RISING LIKE A dream paradise on the vast bosom of the Pacific, 300 miles southwest of Costa Rica, lies the most intriguing piece of real estate in the world. It is an island called Cocos. Vastly beautiful, but inhabited by land crabs, sharks and wild boar, it possesses no commercial resources. Yet, for the past 20 years, sober men have been pouring millions of dollars into its sandy soil.

Cocos Island contains the stuff of which dreams are made—$60,000,000 of pirates' loot. Somewhere in its insect-ridden jungle is said to be a tunnel leading to a huge cavern. In this cave, according to documents, a pirate named Benito in 1819 hid a fabulous treasure which he filched from the custodians of the Cathedral in Lima, Peru.

To date, 445 expeditions have explored Cocos. James Forbes IV, a Californian who led two of them last year, took a party of 70, including a former lieutenant governor of California, a landing craft, bulldozers, cameras, sound-recording equipment, drills, and machinery for building cofferdams. Nothing was found.

Although there is no letup in the frenzied search for hidden gold on Cocos, the island so far appears to be nothing more than a tight little "one-armed bandit." The profits go to its owner, the Government of Costa Rica, which in recent years has charged each expedition a fee of $1,000 for a 30-day gamble. Since most parties waste from two to five months before giving up, this levy has proved a great asset to the Costa Rican treasury.

Written into the treasure-hunting permit is a shrewd clause: if anything is found, half must be turned over to the mother country. To prevent welshing, the canny Costa Ricans post a group of soldiers to guard the diggers. This vigil puts

still another drain on the treasure-hunter's pocket. Soldiers' salaries and food must be paid for by the expedition, thus adding hundreds of dollars more a month to the budget.

As the sweating adventurers dig up the island—stung by bugs, entangled in undergrowth, and groaning from the heat—the Costa Rican soldiers look on with boredom. One explorer analyzed the situation sadly: "The Costa Rican Government took this opportunity to maintain a small fragment of its army at our expense. No Costa Rican I've met has the slightest belief in the treasure."

Should you ever land at Chatham Bay, one of the island's two navigable waterways, it is ten to one that the setting will convince you that the treasure lies within your grasp.

Pirates' shovels and rusty old ringbolts still litter the beach, authentic relics of the days when pirates used the island to replenish water and food supplies.

There is no "treasure island" in the world which can compete with Cocos. There are those who say they own the chart that can unlock its secret. Someone may actually hold the right clue. But should he arrive on Cocos, he will learn to his sorrow that previous expeditions have so altered the landmarks that his map is inoperative.

THE STORY OF COCOS possesses *elements of fact not shared by* many other so-called "treasure islands." In 1818, a British naval officer named Bennett Graham, after distinguishing himself at the battle of Trafalgar, was given a pleasant assignment to survey the Pacific Ocean between Cape Horn and the Isthmus of Panama. The hero, however, turned pirate.

Under the pseudonym of Benito, he plundered a British merchantman carrying treasure from the Lima Cathedral to Buenos Aires, for safekeeping during Peru's revolt against Spain. Among the trophies that Graham, or Benito, took were two life-sized, solid-gold images of the Virgin and Child.

When naval headquarters in Britain learned what was going on, they sent out a warship to capture Graham. But, instead, he captured the warship and gave its crew the alternative of joining him or walking the plank. They joined.

The British Admiralty promptly dispatched three more warships and defeated Graham. He was executed in London and his crew banished to Tasmania, at that time a penal settlement.

Twenty years later, a woman who had accompanied Graham on his maraudings was released from Tasmania and embarked for the U.S. She reported that Graham had hidden the "Loot of Lima" on Cocos, and had given her a chart which she hid before being banished to Tasmania. On this evidence, an expedition was organized.

Arriving at Cocos, its members found that trees and landmarks noted on the chart had vanished. But the woman's story was given credence because of her intimate knowledge of the island's plant and bird life.

In addition to Benito's loot, two other treasures supposedly exist on Cocos—the wealth of old Panama, which Sir Henry Morgan, the Welch buccaneer, hid in 1670, and treasure taken from a Spanish galleon by a British pirate in 1710. But Graham's "Loot of Lima" is the most authenticated trove.

Forbes had led three expeditions previous to the two last year, and seems to have come closest to pay dirt. He possesses charts and bits of evidence which he claims to have inherited from his great-grandfather, the first James Forbes, who was an educated pirate.

In February, 1949, Forbes reported finding a piece of sail and a sword thrust into the ground which said, in effect, "Dig Here." After applying mine detectors to the area and drilling 35 feet, he located a deposit of some metal, but was unable to follow up his lead.

Traditionally, bad luck, disaster and dissension among party members have dogged explorers on Cocos. Forbes' expedition was no exception. Nevertheless, he plans to return for more digging.

Treasure hunters are further balked by a variety of natural obstacles. Sharks six to nine feet long nuzzle the shore at high tide. The beach swarms with land crabs, some almost as large as a man's head. Sleep is harassed by centipedes, lizards, ants and beetles.

One question nags every visitor to Cocos: "If there really is treasure here, why haven't the Costa Ricans found it?"

Several years ago, when the Costa Rican Government maintained a penal settlement there, the prisoners could have been employed to dig up the island. But, as one explorer pointed out, the Costa Ricans have little faith in pirate legends. Easygoing, and a little scornful of their North American and European visitors, the Costa Ricans feel they have found the only treasure that exists—the $1,000 permit and the maintenance of an army unit—for which the eager beavers seem delighted to pay.

## Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

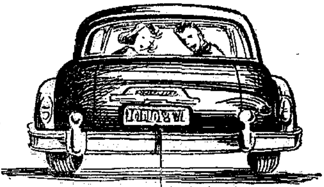
### *Three's a Crowd* (Quiz on page 97)

A.—Norman THOMAS, THOMAS CLARK, CLARK Gable; B.—Claude PEPPER, PEPPER MARTIN, MARTIN Dies; C.—Jean ARTHUR, ARTHUR GODFREY, GODFREY Tearle; D.—Babe RUTH, RUTH GORDON, GORDON Gray; E.—Lowell THOMAS, THOMAS JEFFERSON, JEFFERSON Davis; F.—Patrick HENRY, HENRY JAMES, JAMES Stewart; G.—Byron NELSON, NELSON EDDY, EDDY Duchin; H.—Anne SHIRLEY, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, TEMPLE Bailey; I.—Henry GEORGE, GEORGE R. ELLIOTT, ELLIOTT Nugent; J.—Dizzy DEAN, DEAN MARTIN, MARTIN Van Buren.

### *Word Mistifiers* (Quiz on page 139)

1.—F; 2.—A; 3.—J; 4.—M; 5.—B; 6.—G; 7.—C; 8.—D; 9.—L; 10.—O; 11.—H; 12.—N; 13.—E; 14.—K; 15.—I.

# Old Shoes and Spice



### Popping the Question

"Darling," said the sentimental young man, "wouldn't you like to sail away on a silvery moonbeam—just you and I together—towards those twinkling stars where all is infinite, even love. And we could dwell in eternal bliss far from . . . "

"Oh, I couldn't, Jimmy," interrupted the girl. "I've got an appointment with my hairdresser at four tomorrow."

—*Cape Argus*

### Frenzied Preparation

The morning of her wedding, a movie star arrived from the Coast and checked into a Park Avenue hotel. A few minutes later a man excitedly phoned the desk to report a fire in the room adjoining his. When firemen arrived, there was the prospective bride sitting on the floor playing stoker to a blazing wastepaper basket. She was burning her diary, page by page, an hour before the ceremony.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

### Here Comes the Bride

A jeweler's absent-minded assistant was being married. When it came time to present the bride with the ring, he hesitated. "With this ring—" prompted the minister.

"With this ring," said the bridegroom, "we give a written guarantee, reminding the customer that the price will be refunded if it is not as represented."

—*The Classmate*

### The Honeymoon

"Will you think of me always, darling?" cooed the bride.

"I can't lie to you, dear. I'll try," replied the groom, "but occasionally I might wonder if the Dodgers will win the World Series."

—OMAHA *World Herald*

### Happily Ever After

"What's your opinion of marriage after ten years on the sea of matrimony?" the husband was asked.

"Well, sometimes I wish," he answered thoughtfully, "that I had missed the boat."

—NEAL O'HARA—*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*

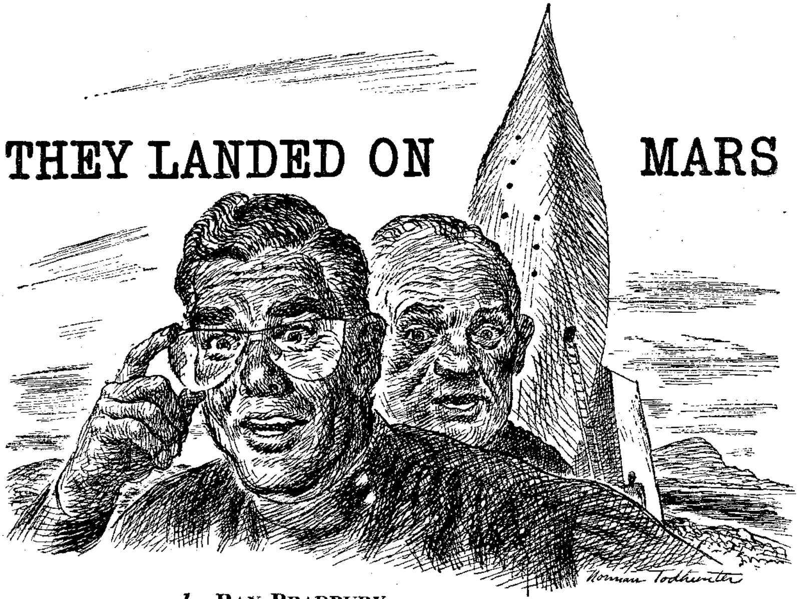
A young man called at the minister's office. "I just came to ask you," he said, "whether you think it's right for any person to profit by the mistake of others."

"Most certainly not," replied the minister.

Then the young man held out his hand and said, "Perhaps you'll return the $5 I gave you last June for marrying me."

—*B & O Magazine*

# THEY LANDED ON MARS



### *by* RAY BRADBURY

**Today we live in an Age of Science. Twenty years ago, who among us would have believed in phenomena which we take for granted in 1950—phenomena like atomic energy, stratosphere rockets, jet propulsion, and radar soundings from the moon? "They Landed on Mars" takes you on a trip to the fascinating realm of the Unknown. There, certain things will seem strangely familiar: for instance, Captain Black and his crew are recognizable human beings, projected into the World of Tomorrow. And whether or not you, like our modern scientists, can believe in this world-to-come, we invite you to enjoy an exciting and dramatic story. —THE EDITORS**

THE ROCKET SHIP came down for a landing. It came down from the stars and the black velocities, from the shining movements and the silent gulfs of space.

It was a new ship, the only one of its kind, and it moved with clean silence, fiery and hot. In it were 17 men, including a captain. A crowd had gathered at the New York airfield and waved their hands in the sunlight, and the rocket had jerked up, bloomed out great flowers of heat and color, and run away into space on the first voyage to Mars!

Now it was decelerating in the upper Martian atmosphere. It was still a thing of beauty and strength. It had shorn through meteor streams, it had moved in the majestic black waters of space like a pale leviathan, it had passed the pocked mass of the ancient moon, it had thrown itself onward into one nothingness after another. The men within had been battered, thrown about, sickened, made well again. Now, with faces pressed to the thick glass ports, they were watching Mars swing up under them.

"Mars, here we are!" cried Navigator Lustig.

From *Planet Stories*.

"Good old Mars!" said Samuel Hinkston, archaeologist.

"Well!" said Capt. John Black.

The ship landed softly on a lawn of green grass. Upon the lawn stood an iron deer. Further up the lawn, a brown Victorian house sat in the sunlight, covered with scrolls and rococo, its windows made of colored glass. Upon the porch were geraniums, and an old swing that moved back and forth in a breeze. At the top of the house was a cupola with leaded windows. Through the front door you could see an ancient piano with yellow keys, and a piece titled *Beautiful Ohio* on the music rest.

Around the rocket spread the little town, green and motionless in the Martian spring. There were white houses and red brick ones, and tall elm and maple trees. There were also tall church steeples, with golden bells silent inside them.

The rocket men looked out and saw this. Then they looked at one another and looked out again, seemingly unable to breathe.

"I'll be damned!" whispered Lustig, rubbing his face.

"It can't be, it just can't be!" said Hinkston.

"Lord!" said Captain Black.

There was a call from the chemist. "Sir, the atmosphere is fine for breathing."

"Then we'll go out," said Lustig.

"Hold on!" said Captain Black. "Nobody gave orders. How do we know what this is?"

"We know what it is, sir," said the chemist. "It's a small town with good air."

"And it's a small town like Earth towns," said Hinkston. "Incredible! It can't be, but it is."

Captain Black looked at him idly. "Do you think that the civilizations of two planets can progress at the same rate and evolve in the same way, Hinkston?"

"I wouldn't have thought so, sir."

Black stood by the port. "Look out there! The geraniums—a specialized plant. That variety has only been known on Earth for 50 years. Think of the thousands of years it takes to evolve plants. Then tell me if it is logical that the Martians should have leaded windows, cupolas, porch swings, a piano, and a piece of music titled, oddly enough, *Beautiful Ohio*."

"It is quite strange, sir."

"Strange? Why, it's absolutely impossible! Something's wrong here, and I'm not leaving the ship until I know what it is."

"Sir, I want to investigate at first hand," said Hinkston. "It may be that there are similar patterns of thought, movement and civilization on every planet in our system. We may be on the threshold of the greatest psychological and metaphysical discovery of our time. It may be we are looking upon a phenomenon that, for the first time, would absolutely prove the existence of God. It fills me with such terror and elation that I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"Do neither, then, until we know what we're up against."

"Up against, sir?" inquired Lustig. "I see a good, quiet town, much like the one I was born in."

"When were you born, Lustig?"

"In 1910, sir."

"That makes you 50 years old."

"This being 1960, yes, sir."

"And you, Hinkston?"

"In 1920, sir. In Illinois."

"This couldn't be Heaven," said

the Captain ironically. "Though I must admit it looks peaceful and cool, and pretty much like Green Bluff, where I was born in 1915." He glanced at the chemist. "The air's all right, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, Lustig, you and Hinkston and I will look this town over. The other men will stay aboard ship. If anything untoward happens, lift the ship and get out. Do you hear, Craner?"

"Yes, sir. . . . But leave you?"

"A loss of three men is better than a whole ship. If something bad happens, get back to Earth and warn the next rocket—that's Lingle's Rocket, which will be ready to take off around next Christmas—what he has to meet up with. If there's something hostile about Mars, we certainly want the next expedition to be well-armed."

"So are we, sir. We have a regular arsenal."

"Tell the men to stand by the guns, then, as Lustig and Hinkston and I go out."

THE THREE MEN walked together, down through the levels of the ship. It was a beautiful spring day. A robin sat on a blossoming apple tree and sang. Somewhere in town, somebody was playing the piano, and the music came and went, softly and drowsily. The song was *Beautiful Dreamer*. Somewhere else, a phonograph was playing *Roamin' in the Gloamin'*.

The three men stood outside the ship. The port closed behind them. At every window, a face pressed, looking out. The large metal guns pointed this way and that, ready.

Lustig began to tremble. Hinkston did likewise. The latter's voice was so uneven that the Captain had to ask him to repeat what he had said. "I said, sir, that I think I have solved all of this!"

"And what is the solution?"

The soft wind blew. The sky was serene and quiet, and somewhere a horse and wagon trotted by, bumping and creaking.

"It must be that rocket travel to Mars began before the first World War. How else explain it—the houses, the lawns, the flowers, the pianos, the music!"

"Oh, no, Hinkston," said the Captain shaking his head.

Hinkston looked up into the Captain's face, pleading. "Say that there were some people in 1905, perhaps, who hated wars and wanted to get away from Earth, and they got together, some scientists in secret, and built a rocket and came out here to Mars."

"But the work of building a complex thing like a rocket? Oh, no!"

"And they came up here," Hinkston continued, "and naturally the houses they built were similar to Earth houses because they brought the architecture with them!"

"And they've lived here all these years?" said the Captain.

"In peace and quiet, yes, sir. That's why the town seems so old-fashioned. I don't see a thing that is older than 1927, do you?"

"No, frankly, I don't. You make everything sound almost reasonable, Hinkston."

"It has to be, sir. All we have to do now is find some people and verify it!"

"You're right there. Did you bring your gun?"

"Yes, but we won't need it."

"We'll see about that. Come along, we'll ring that doorbell."

Their boots were deadened in the thick grass. In spite of himself, Captain Black felt a great peace come over him. It had been 30 years since he had been in a small town, and the buzzing of spring bees lulled him.

Hollow echoes sounded as they walked across the porch and stood before the screen door. Inside, they could see a bead curtain in the hall entry, a crystal chandelier, and a comfortable Morris chair. The house smelled old, and infinitely comfortable. Black rang the bell. Footsteps, dainty and thin, came along the hall, and a kind-faced lady of some 40 years, dressed in the sort of dress you might expect in 1909, peered out.

"Beg your pardon," said Black, "but we're looking for—that is, could you help us, I mean."

"If you're selling something," she said, "I'm too busy."

"No, wait!" he cried. "What town is this?"

She looked him up and down. "How could you be in a town and not know what town it is?"

The Captain frowned. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but we're from Earth, and we want to know—how old is this town?"

"It was built in 1868," she snapped. "Is this a game?"

"No, not a game," cried the Captain. "Oh, look here, we're from Earth!"

"Where's that?" she said. "Out of the ground?"

"No, from the planet Earth!" he almost shouted. Hinkston now spoke up. "Madame," he said, "we came in a flying ship across space, among the stars. We came from Earth to this planet, which is Mars. Now do you understand?"

"Mad from the sun," she said, taking hold of the door. "Go away now, before I call my husband."

"But—" said Hinkston, "this is Mars, is it not?"

"This," said the woman impatiently, "is Green Lake, Wisconsin, on the continent of America, surrounded by the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, on a place called the world, or sometimes the Earth."

She slammed the door. The three men looked at one another.

"Good God, Hinkston!" said the Captain. "Did it strike you that maybe we got fouled up and came back and landed on Earth?"

"Oh, no, sir! We checked every mile of the way, and we saw Mars, and we went past the moon and out into space and here we are."

Lustig said, "But just suppose that, by accident, we landed on a planet in space, in another time. Suppose this is Earth, 30 or 50 years ago? Maybe we got lost in the dimensions, do you think?"

"Oh, go away, Lustig!"

"Are the men in the ship keeping an eye on us, Hinkston?"

"At their guns, sir."

Lustig rang the doorbell again. When the door opened, he asked, "What year is this?"

"1926, of course!" cried the woman, and slammed the door.

"Did you hear that?" Lustig asked wildly. "We have gone back in time! This is Earth! . . ."

The three men let the wonder and terror of the thought afflict them. Their hands stirred fitfully. The wind ruffled their hair.

"Will anybody in the town believe us?" wondered Hinkston. "Are we playing around with something dangerous? Time, I mean. Shouldn't we just take off and go home?"

"No," Black said. "We'll try another house."

They walked to a white cottage under an oak tree. "I like to be logical," said the Captain. "How does this sound to you, Hinkston? Suppose, as you said, that rocket travel occurred years ago, and when the Earth people had lived here a number of years, they began to get homesick for Earth. First, a mild neurosis about it, then a full-fledged psychosis. Then, threatened insanity. What would you do, as a psychiatrist, if you were faced with such a problem?"

Hinkston thought. "Well, I think I'd rearrange the civilization so that it resembled Earth more and more each day. If there was any way of reproducing every plant, every road and every lake, I would do so. Then I would, by some vast crowd hypnosis, convince everyone that this was really Earth, not Mars at all."

"Good enough, Hinkston! That woman in that house back there just *thinks* she's living on Earth. She and all the others are patients of the greatest experiment in migration and hypnosis in history!"

"That's it, sir!" cried Lustig.

"Well," the Captain sighed, "now we're getting somewhere. This talk about going back and forth in time turns my stomach. But this way—" he smiled for the first time in a month—"well, it looks as if we'll be fairly welcome here."

"Or will we, sir?" said Lustig. "After all, these people came here to escape Earth. Maybe they'll try to kill us."

"We have superior weapons if that should happen. This next house, now. Up we go!"

But they had hardly crossed the lawn when Lustig stopped and looked down the quiet street.

"What is it, Lustig?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, sir, what I see, what I see, oh,—" said Lustig. His fingers came up, trembling, and his face was mixed joy and incredulity. Then he began to run awkwardly. "Oh, God, thank you, thank you!"

"Don't let him get away!" The Captain broke into a run.

Now Lustig was running at full speed, shouting. He turned into a yard and leaped to the porch of a large green house with an iron rooster on the roof. He was beating on the door as Hinkston and the Captain reached the yard.

The door opened. In a high wail of discovery and happiness, Lustig cried: "Grandma! Grandpa!"

Two old people stood in the doorway, their faces lighting up. "Albert!" They rushed out to embrace him. "Oh, Albert, it's been so many years! How you've grown, boy, how big you are!"

"Grandma, Grandpa!" sobbed Albert Lustig. He kissed them, hugged them, blinked at the little old people.

"Come in, lad, there's lemonade for you, lots of it!"

Lustig waved wildly at the Captain and Hinkston. "Come up! I want you to meet my grandfolks!"

"Howdy," said the old couple. "Any friend of Albert's is our friend, too. Come in!"

In the living room it was cool, and a grandfather clock ticked in one corner. There were soft pillows on couches, and walls filled with books, and antimacassars pinned to furniture.

"Here's to our health," said Grandma, raising her glass of lemonade.

"How long have you been here, Grandma?" said Lustig.

"A good many years," she said tartly. "Ever since we died."

"Ever since you what?" asked Captain Black.

"Oh, yes," said Lustig. "They've been dead 30 years."

"And you sit there calmly!" cried the Captain.

"Tush!" said the old woman. "Who are we to question what happens? All we know is here we are, alive again, and no questions asked. A second chance."

She held out her thin wrist to Captain Black. "Feel." He felt. "Solid, aren't I?" she asked. He nodded. "You hear my voice, don't you?" she inquired. Yes, he did. "Well, then," she said in triumph, "why go around questioning?"

"Is this Heaven?" asked Hinkston wonderingly.

"Nonsense! It's a world and we get a second chance. Nobody told us why. But then nobody told us why we were on Earth, either."

The Captain stood up. "We've got to be going. It's been nice. Thank you for the drinks."

Suddenly he turned and looked toward the door, startled. Far away in the sunlight was a sound of shouting voices, a crowd. Black ran from the front door and into the street of this Martian town.

He stood looking at his ship. The ports were open and his crew was streaming out, waving their hands. A crowd had gathered and among these people the crewmen were talking, laughing, shaking hands. The rocket lay empty and abandoned.

A brass band exploded in the sunlight, flinging off a gay tune. There was a bang of drums and a shrill of fifes. Little girls with golden hair jumped up and down. Little boys shouted "Hooray!"

The mayor of the town made a speech. Then, each member of the crew with a mother on one arm, a father or sister on the other, was spirited down the street, into little cottages or big mansions. The brass band banged off around a corner, leaving the rocket to shine alone in the sunlight.

"Abandoned!" cried the Captain. "They had orders not to leave the ship!"

"Sir," said Lustig, "don't be too hard on them. Those were all old relatives and friends."

"That's no excuse! I would have obeyed orders! I would—" The Captain's mouth remained open.

Striding along the sidewalk, tall, smiling, eyes blue, face tan, came a young man of some 25 years. "John!" the man cried, and broke into a run.

"What!" exclaimed Captain Black, swaying.

The man ran up and gripped his hand and slapped him on the back.

"Edward!" The Captain turned to Lustig and Hinkston. "This is my brother, Edward. Ed, meet my men, Lustig and Hinkston! My brother!"

They tugged at each other's hands and finally embraced. "You're looking fine, Ed," said the Captain, "but what is this? You died when you were 25 and I was

19. And yet here you are. Lord, what goes on?"

Edward Black gave him a brotherly slap. "Mom's waiting," he said. "And Dad, too."

The Captain almost fell. Then he walked stiffly and awkwardly, whispering only one or two words at a time. "Mom alive? Dad? Where are they?"

"At the old house on Oak Knoll Avenue."

"The old house?" The Captain stared in delighted amazement. "Did you hear that, Hinkston?"

But Hinkston was gone. He had seen his own house down the street and was running for it. Lustig was grinning. "Now you understand, sir, what happened to everybody on the ship."

"Yes, yes," said the Captain, eyes shut. He put out his hand. "When I open my eyes, you'll be gone." He opened his eyes. "You're still here. Edward, you look fine!"

"Come along, lunch is waiting."

Lustig said, "Sir, I'll be with my grandfolks if you want me."

"Oh, fine, Lustig. Later, then."

Edward grabbed his arm. "There's the house. Remember it?"

In the doorway stood Mom, pink and plump and bright. And behind her, pepper-gray, Dad, with his pipe in his hand.

"Mom, Dad!" Captain Black ran up the steps like a child, to meet them.

IT WAS A FINE, long afternoon. After lunch, they sat in the living room and he told them about his rocket, and they nodded and smiled, and Mother was just the same, and Dad lit his cigar in his old fashion. Mom brought in iced tea in the middle of the afternoon. Then there was a big turkey dinner.

After dinner, Dad poured small glasses of sherry. Night was in the trees and coloring the sky, and the lamps were halos of dim light in the gentle house.

Mom put a record on the Victrola and she and Captain Black had a dance. She was wearing the same perfume he remembered from the summer when she and Dad had been killed in the train accident.

"I'll wake in the morning," said the Captain, "and I'll be in my rocket, and all this will be gone."

"No, don't think that!" she said softly. "We're here. Don't question. God is good to us. Let's be happy."

The record ended. "You're tired, son," said Dad. "You and Ed go on upstairs. Your old bedroom is waiting for you."

"But I should report my men in."

"Why?" Mother was logical.

"Why? Well, I don't know. No reason, I guess. What's the difference?" He shook his head. "I'm not being very logical these days."

"Good night, son." She kissed his cheek lightly.

"Sleep tight, son." Dad shook his hand. "I'm glad you're home."

He ascended the stairs, talking with Edward. In the bedroom were the old brass bed and the old banners from college days. "It's too much," he said faintly. "I'm soaked to the skin with emotion."

"Night's sleep between cool sheets for you, my bucko!" Edward flounced the pillows. Then he put up a window and let the fragrant night float in.

"So this is Mars!" said the Captain, undressing.

"So this is Mars!" said Edward,

drawing his shirt over his head, revealing golden shoulders and the good muscular neck.

The lights were out, they were in bed, side by side, as in the days how many decades ago? The Captain lolled and was nourished by the night wind, pushing the curtains out upon the dark room air. Among the trees, someone had cranked up a portable phonograph and now it was playing Irving Berlin's lovely old song, *Always*.

The thought of Anna came to his mind. "Is Anna here?"

His brother said, "Yes. She's out of town. But she'll be back here in the morning."

The Captain shut his eyes. "I want to see Anna very much." The room was quiet except for their breathing. "Good night, Ed."

"Good night, John."

The Captain lay peacefully, letting his thoughts float. For the first time the stress of the day was moved aside. He could think logically now. It had all been emotion—the band playing, the sight of familiar faces, the pounding of your heart. But—now . . .

How? He thought. How was all this arranged? And why? And for what purpose?

He thought of the various theories advanced by Hinkston and Lustig. He let all kinds of new theories drop in lazy pebbles through his mind. Mars. Earth. Mom. Dad. Edward. Mars. Martians . . . Then he almost laughed out loud. He had the most ridiculous theory, all of a sudden. It gave him a kind of chilled feeling. Silly. Forget it. Ridiculous.

But, he thought, just suppose there were Martians living on Mars and they saw our ship coming and hated us. Suppose they wanted to destroy us, and they wanted to do it in a very clever way, so that we would be taken off guard. Well, what would be the best weapon that a Martian could use against Earthmen with atom weapons?

The answer was interesting. Telepathy, hypnosis, memory, and imagination.

Suppose all these houses weren't real at all, this bed not real, but only figments of my imagination, given substance by Martian telepathy and hypnosis? Suppose these Martians have made this seem like my old home town, my old house, to allay my suspicions? What better way to fool a man than by his own emotions?

And suppose those two people in the next room, asleep, are not my mother and father at all? But two Martians, incredibly brilliant, with the ability to keep me under this dreaming hypnosis all the time?

And that brass band? What a clever plan it would be! First, fool Lustig, then fool Hinkston, then gather a crowd around the rocket ship. And all the men in the ship, seeing mothers, aunts, uncles, sweethearts dead years ago, naturally would rush out and abandon ship. What more natural? A man does not ask questions when his mother is brought suddenly to life.

So here we all are, tonight, in various houses, with no weapons to protect us, and the rocket lies in the moonlight, empty. And wouldn't it be horrible to discover that all this was part of some great clever plan by the Martians to divide and kill us?

Some time during the night, perhaps, my brother here will change form and become a one-eyed, green-and-yellow-toothed Martian. It would be very simple for him to put a knife into my heart. And in all those other houses down the street, a dozen other brothers or fathers suddenly melting away, changing form and taking out knives and doing things to the unsuspecting, sleeping men of Earth.

His hands were shaking under the covers. His body was cold. Suddenly it was not a theory: suddenly he was frightened. He lifted himself and listened. The night was very quiet. The music had stopped. His brother lay sleeping beside him.

Very carefully he lifted the sheets, rolled them back. He was walking softly across the room when his brother's voice said, "Where are you going?"

"For a drink of water."

"But you're not thirsty." His brother's voice was quite cold.

Captain Black broke and ran across the room. He screamed. He screamed twice. But he never reached the door.

In the morning, the brass band played a mournful dirge. From every house came solemn little processions bearing long boxes, and along the sun-filled street, weeping and changing from one shape to another, came the grandmas and grandfathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, walking to the churchyard, where there were open holes freshly dug and new tombstones. Seventeen holes in all, and 17 tombstones. Three of the tombstones said, *Capt. John Black*, *Albert Lustig*, and *Samuel Hinkston*.

The mayor made a little speech, his face sometimes looking like the mayor, sometimes looking like something else. Mother and Father Black were there, with Brother Edward and the Lustigs, and they cried, their faces melting now from a familiar sight into something quite different and quite horrible.

Finally the coffins were lowered and earth was shoveled in on top. Then, after the funeral, the brass band slammed back into town and the crowd stood around and waved and shouted as the rocket ship was torn to pieces and blown up.

## Judicial Gems

HOWEVER MUCH the cow waters her own milk in her humble and honest way (letting nature take her course) the milkman has no right to designedly duplicate nature's gift by a furtive gift of his own from the barnyard pump.—JUDGE HENRY LAMM, Supreme Court of Mo.

THE PLAINTIFF should be tickled to death that he is still among the living for his unpardonable crime in the musical world of having furnished a score that was neither fit for the song of man nor the braying of an ass.

—WILLIAM B. RUBIN, ESQ.

# The Children of Time

*by* **Hendrik Willem Van Loon**

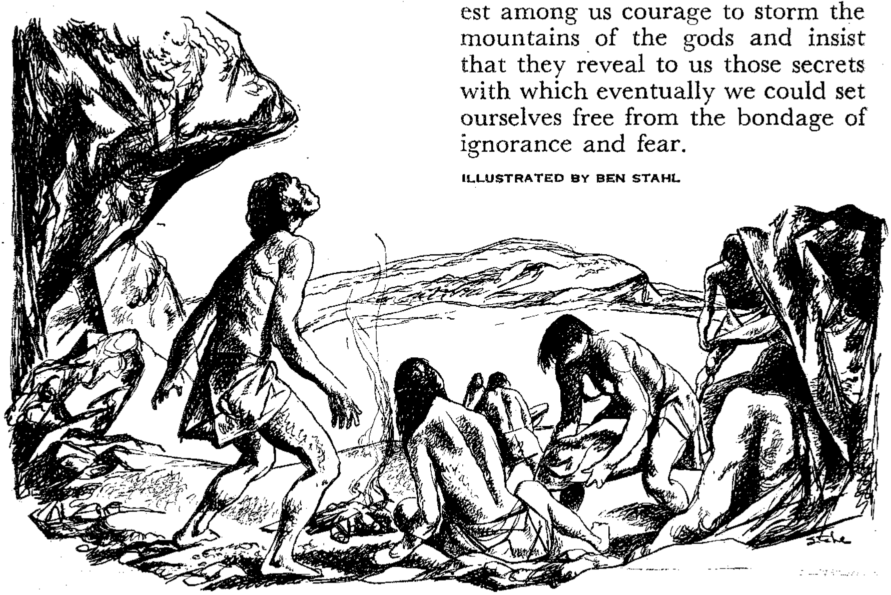
When all is said and done, we members of the human race are really only at the beginning of our career, compared to the age of this planet. We started only day before yesterday.

It took us some 200,000 years to learn to walk on our hind legs, and an equally long time to get rid of that protruding lower jaw which had to disappear before we could develop speech, while the invention of canning or preserving the human speech (for what else is the art of writing upon which our whole civilization is based?) was given us only 120 generations ago.

When you realize that there have been between 60,000 and 70,000 generations of men since our earliest ancestors reached the point at which we could faintly recognize them as relatives, you will realize how young we still are, and you will suddenly understand that, compared to the rest of creation, we are still mere children who have to learn everything from the bottom up.

But whatever we have achieved in these countless ages of bitter struggle, was born out of an intelligent doubt with a purpose—the doubt that made man wonder what lay beyond the distant mountain range, the doubt that gave the bravest among us courage to storm the mountains of the gods and insist that they reveal to us those secrets with which eventually we could set ourselves free from the bondage of ignorance and fear.

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN STAHL



From *Air-Storming*. Copyright, 1935, by the author and published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc.

# UNFURLED FROM THE SHOW WORLD

### Quiz Quotes

On the "Rath Talent Review" over WMT, Quizmaster Paul Clarke asked a youthful contestant: "For a shiny silver dollar, can you tell me in what game 'love' is used when scoring?" To which he received the following unexpected reply: "Post office." —Vern Hansen

Groucho Marx, on his quiz show, "You Bet Your Life," kiddingly asked a contestant, a native of Persia: "Tell me, do Persian kittens generally come from Persia?"

"No," shot back the contestant. "Generally they come from Persian cats." —Paul Steiner

### Concert Capers

A young lady violinist on an English concert tour entered a little music shop in the suburbs of London. "I want an E string, please," she told the clerk.

After considerable fumbling, he produced a box and offered it to her. "Lady," he said, blushing furiously, "I'm rather new here. Would you mind picking one hout for yourself? I 'ardly know the 'es from the shes." —Webb B. Garrison

### Columns Write

In Hollywood, the ten best years of a woman's life are between 20 and 23. —Herb Stein

Rex Harrison and Jack Merivale, of *Anne of the Thousand Days*, joined a group of actors near the bar at Sardi's. A series of people came up to them, were greeted warmly, and then departed without being introduced to the others. Merivale and Harrison then raised their glasses, and Merivale told the others: "That's an advantage we English have. We can address anyone, affectionately, 'Old Boy' and 'My Dear Fellow'—without having the faintest idea who he is."—Leonard Lyons

The child stars in a school on one of the Hollywood movie lots were required to write a composition on love. An 11-year-old moppet turned in the following:

"Love is something that makes two people think they are pretty when nobody else does. It also makes them sit closer together on a bench when there is plenty of room on both ends. Love is something that young people have but that old people don't have because it is all dimples and star-like eyes and curls that old people don't have. It is something that makes two people very quiet when you are around, also very quiet when you ain't, only in a different way. When they do talk, it's all about

# Women are difficult Creatures

We are told that women are uncertain, coy and hard to please, but also they are practical and save the family's money. Women are simple and natural, yet mysterious. . . . Changeable, yet set in their ways. ...If we only knew *what* to believe we might convert more millions of these difficult creatures to the use of Tampax for monthly sanitary protection.

As things stand now, billions (actually *billions*) of Tampax have been used by *millions* of women in more than 75 countries. In all sorts of climates, the advantages of this *internal* method have proved themselves. Doctor-invented Tampax is made of pure absorbent cotton, firmly stitched for safety and compressed in dainty applicators designed for easy insertion. No belts, pins, odor or chafing. Take baths without removing. No bulges to show. Easy disposal.

Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes. Average month's supply slips into purse. Improve your poise at such times with modern Tampax; you don't know you're wearing it! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted For Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association
TAMPAX
Regular TAMPAX

*Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*

dreams and roses and moonshine. When I grow up I'm not going to fall in love, but if I do, she's going to let me say what to do and let me run the whole show, and that's all I know about love until I do grow up." —IRVING HOFFMAN

## Airlines

A sight-seeing bus guide passing Orson Welles' house had this to say: "This house was built, designed, decorated and furnished by Orson Welles—the trees grew by themselves." —*Jack Benny Show*

You can always tell the out-of-towners in any city—they wait for the red light. —ARTHUR GODFREY

## Film Flam

Hollywood columnist Edith Gwynn had to phone her ex-husband, Hollywood publisher Billy Wilkerson, who had since remarried, about a story. A servant asked her name.

Miss Gwynn playfully answered: "Mrs. Wilkerson."

"Which Mrs. Wilkerson?" asked the servant suspiciously.

"The lucky one," replied Miss Gwynn.

—EARL WILSON, *Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake* (Doubleday)

While film-making on an island off the Italian coast, William Dieterle spied a shepherd who was just what he was looking for. He had a white beard a yard long, and wore a wonderful old homespun coat. He was hired there and then, and next day reported for work full of enthusiasm. Not so Dieterle! The shepherd had used the advance the film company paid him to have his beard shaved and get a store-bought suit! —*Variety*

Didn't Jimmy Durante think that his long service in the films had improved his diction and delivery, a press representative asked him not long ago. "Well, it's like this. I start speaking pretty well and then they toss me in a picture with Lauritz Melchior or Iturbi. Ya can't win." —NEW YORK *Times*

## Radio Repeats

"I began my music career when I was six. I had a soprano voice and long golden curls," Nelson Eddy told Dorothy Kirsten on the Kraft Music Hall.

"You must have looked like a little girl, Nelson," the famous operatic diva laughed.

"Yes, I did. And I'll never forget when Mother had my curls cut."

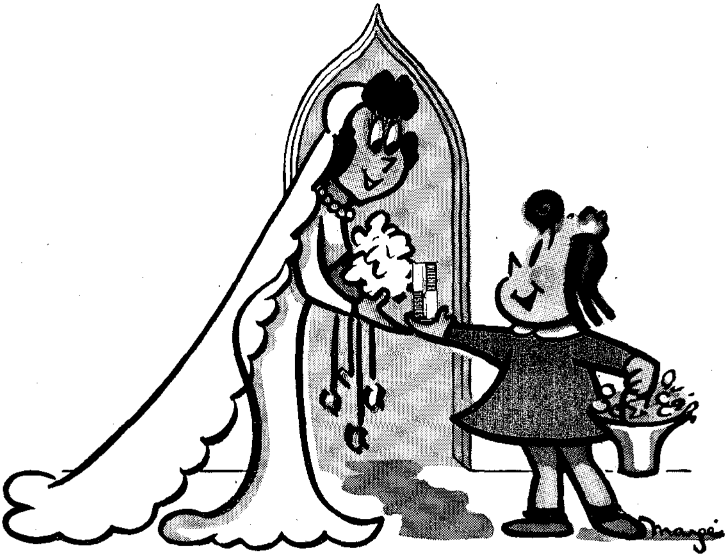
"I'll bet your teacher was surprised, Nelson."

"Not as surprised as the little boy who had been carrying my books home from music school," Eddy chuckled. —RIMA BREDEHOEFT

---

*Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage and screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*

LITTLE LULU



And something new - a Kleenex* Pocket-Pack!

Little Lulu says: TAKING A TRIP? STASH HANDY KLEENEX POCKET-PACK TISSUES IN YOUR SUITCASE! 24 SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX TISSUES (12 PULLS) IN A NEW TINY PACKAGE — SERVES YOU ONE AT A TIME. ONLY 5¢

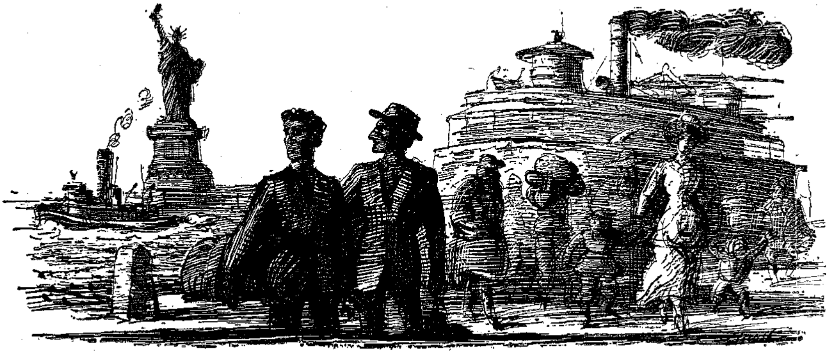
© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

*T.M.REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

# AN IMMIGRANT'S CREDO:

# Faith in America

by **EUGENE DAVIS**



ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH

AMERICA, TO MILLIONS, is still the place where the immigrant can seek that most elusive of goals—the street paved with gold. Out of the thousands of immigrants who arrive yearly, some find the gold, others die martyrs to the myth that just to reach these shores is the assurance of wealth beyond their dreams.

This is the story of Jack Danelian, one immigrant who paved his own street with gold. An Armenian, he arrived with one suit of clothes and $5. But he asked only the same opportunity that had been the lot of all newcomers.

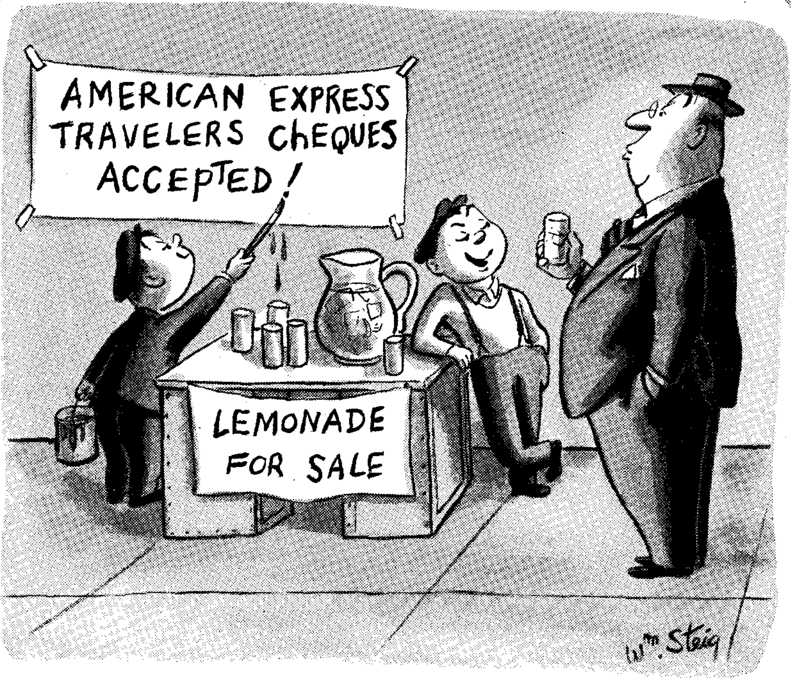
Today, Jack Danelian is a millionaire. He lives in a mansion in Hollywoodland, California. Last September, he opened the new $425,000 plant of the Zandt Carpet Company in Los Angeles. And Mayor Fletcher Bowron calls him "one of the best Americans I have ever known."

When Danelian arrived in New York in 1920, already he loved America with an almost-holy zeal. Locked in the memory of the 23-year-old boy was a past that held only sadness and terror.

Jack had been born in Turkey. His was a large, close-knit family trapped in the struggle between Christian and Moslem for survival. The Danelians were Christians.

Jack finished high school, and attended the Central Turkey College, run by American missionaries. When he finished he hoped to go to America and study engineering at Yale. But World War I intervened, and after the war came chaos.

It was then that Jack's mother


AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES ACCEPTED!
LEMONADE FOR SALE
Wm. Steig

"We're out for the tourist trade."

**At roadside stands and tourist homes,** gas stations and gift shops—wherever you travel—your American Express Travelers Cheques are spendable like cash. *These* cheques are the most widely known and accepted cheques in the world. And they are 100% safe! If they are lost, stolen or destroyed, you get a quick refund.

**Be safe**—and sure of ready spendability. Specify *American Express* Travelers Cheques. **Available at BANKS,** Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100 . . . 40¢ for $50 or less.

*CONVENIENT AS CASH—100% SAFE*

**AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES**

*MOST WIDELY ACCEPTED CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!*

told him: "Jack, I want you to take your brother Lewis and somehow get to America. I shall probably never see you again. But you must go." The mother was right. She was never to see Jack or the 15-year-old Lewis again.

With their few belongings in a carpetbag, Jack and his brother secreted themselves in a French convoy truck and made their way into Syria. There, at the American Consulate, they met their first disappointment when they learned that Lewis could not get a passport to enter America, since no one had assumed responsibility for him.

True, the boys had borrowed $800 for their passage from an uncle in California, but they had no assurance from America that Lewis would be taken care of.

Heartbroken, Jack pleaded with the Consul. Finally the impatient official said: "Go on to Marseilles, maybe they'll help you there." Full of hope—and ignorance—they set out, now with $5 between them.

In Marseilles, they learned that Lewis must be left behind. Jack had no choice. After finding his brother a room and promising to send for him, Jack set off on his own.

The trip was a three-week nightmare. Jack lay in his bunk with a raging fever. He begged his fellow passengers not to tell a doctor, for fear he would not be permitted to land. When immigration officers boarded the ship, Jack rallied all his strength and marched in behind the others. The doctor started to shake his head. But young Jack stood straight.

"She is nothing what I have," he said in his best English. "I no sick. I could lick ten men. My face you see, she is not sick, my razor she is blind." He did not know the word for dull.

The doctor smiled at the pathetic future American and said: "You win; welcome to your new country!"

THE STERN CODE of those who had arrived before him, Jack soon discovered, was "now you are here—that's all—nothing from us." To him it was a good code.

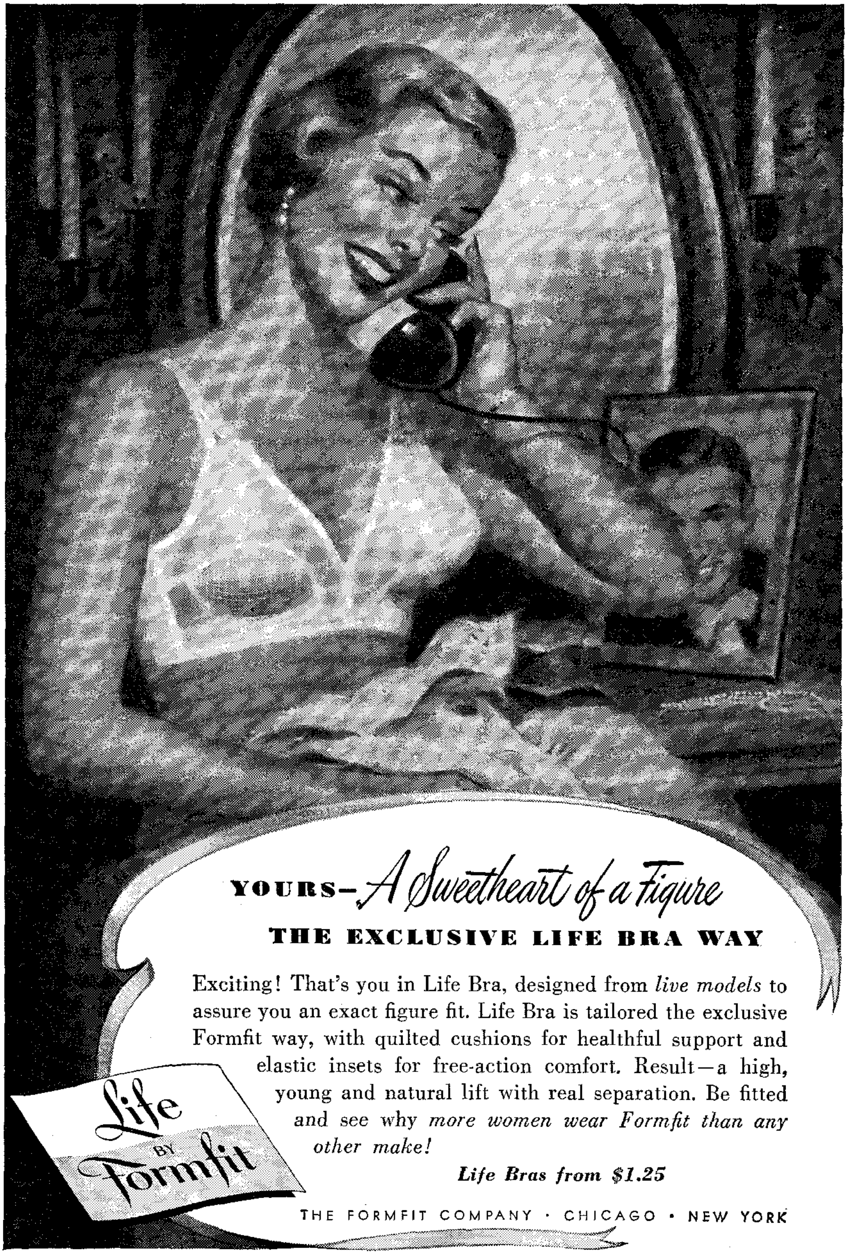
He found a job in a wire factory in New Haven, Connecticut, at $17 a week. Out of this he had to send $15 to his brother, so he took on odd jobs at night to earn extra money.

In 1921 the factory closed. Jack went to his boss. "Please," he said, "let me do anything, I must work."

They let him shovel coal. While he was loading the truck one day, three fingers were crushed. Jack went to the hospital.

When he came out, it was winter and bitter-cold. He was jobless and broke. He owed a hospital bill and had a gnawing terror about his brother in France. He went back to the same firm and begged again for work—anything. Put to work as an outside window-washer, he kept at it until bleeding frostbitten hands put him back in the hospital. This time he realized he must get help. His brother must be brought over. Once again he appealed to his uncle in California, who agreed to pay the boy's passage.

It was then that a change came into the lives of the brothers. Another uncle, Nejib Hekimiam, who ran an Oriental rug business in Washington, D.C., offered them jobs. He paid Jack $21 a week and Lewis $17. The boys started night school, having applied for citizen-

YOURS—*A Sweetheart of a Figure*

**THE EXCLUSIVE LIFE BRA WAY**

Exciting! That's you in Life Bra, designed from *live models* to assure you an exact figure fit. Life Bra is tailored the exclusive Formfit way, with quilted cushions for healthful support and elastic insets for free-action comfort. Result—a high, young and natural lift with real separation. Be fitted and see why *more women wear Formfit than any other make!*

***Life Bras from $1.25***

Life BY Formfit

THE FORMFIT COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK

ship papers. To save carfare, they walked 48 blocks each day to work and to school.

The chief influence in young Jack's life at that time was a tiny woman, Maude Aiton, who taught immigrants, in a few hours of night school, the meaning of American life, ideals, and tradition. Jack Danelian hung on her every word as she described how anything was possible in America, with hard work and honor and faith.

When they had managed to save $300, Jack told his brother: "Some day we will have our own business and be rich. Therefore you must be educated." So off Lewis went to school. Then Jack lost his job.

"It was the first time in America that I broke down," he says today. "I sat all night on a park bench and cried like a child."

Next day he went to his teacher, Maude Aiton, and told her his fears that he could not keep his brother in school. His conviction of responsibility that could give all and take nothing was a revelation to her.

"I'm glad you lost your job," she told him. "Now I am going to send you to the Honorable Walter McCoy, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He may be able to help you. And I have a friend who will pay for your brother's education."

SOON FATE INTERVENED again. Jack was offered a job in California. He went to the Coast and started to work as repairman in the rug department of a Los Angeles store. When business was good, he was allowed to sell on the floor. At night, he filled an old car with rugs and sold them door-to-door.

During his six years in America, Jack Danelian had known only poverty and hardship. But he had met and married a lovely Armenian girl, Siran Leonian, in 1926, and now a child was on the way. Meanwhile, Lewis had arrived in California and married Siran's sister.

Lewis was amazed to hear his brother say again: "You know, we are going to be rich some day. We must start our own business . . ."

They did. Moving into a shabby little house, they began a rug-cleaning business in the basement. They often worked all night. Eventually they began to get surplus jobs from more prosperous firms.

Then the Depression hit, and the firms had no more jobs for them. Even the largest of them, the mighty Zandt Carpet Company, had gone under. It was then that a real inspiration came. The great firm of Zandt was put on the block. Jack said to his brother, "I'm going to the auction!"

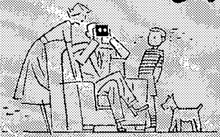
He went, and when all the rugs and equipment had been sold, Jack found his heart beating fast. Now they were selling the name of Zandt—the good will and prestige of a fine old firm. More than anything else he wanted that name.

When the gavel fell at $850, the immigrant found he had made the last bid on nothing more substantial than a name, a sign, some letterheads, and a phone number—if he could pay for his bid.

He walked home in a daze of glory. He was *Zandt*—the biggest rug firm in Los Angeles.

It was then that all the intelligence and faith and fortitude of Jack Danelian asserted itself. He instructed a real-estate agent to

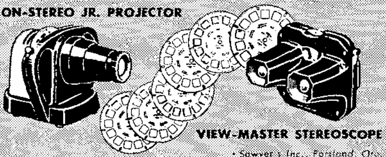
"Travel" with VIEW-MASTER



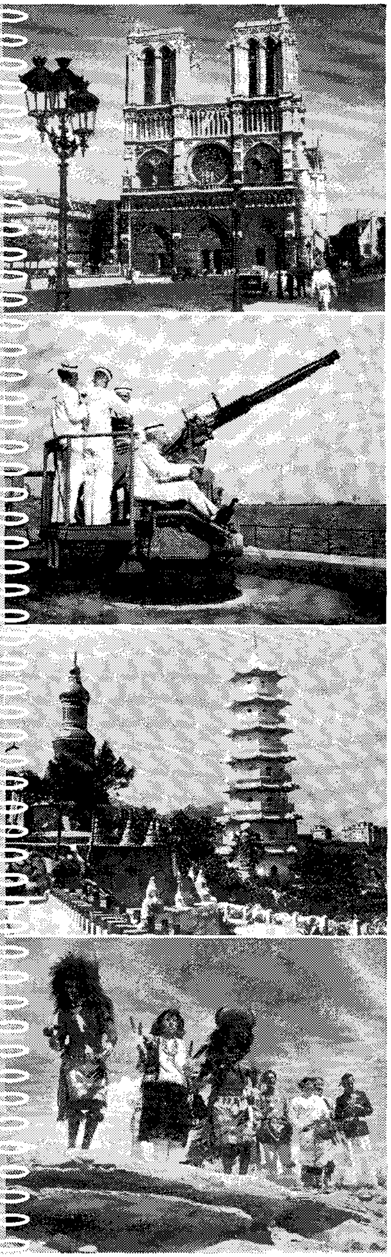
SEE WORLD FAMOUS SCENIC ATTRACTIONS IN THE "COME TO LIFE" REALISM OF VIEW-MASTER THREE DIMENSION PICTURES

If you'd like to see scenic and historic wonders *as they really are* . . . look through a View-Master Stereoscope! These amazing Kodachromes bring you scenes of the world in the startling realism of three dimensions. New stereo subjects include France, Egypt, Africa, Ireland, Italy, Vatican City, India, Australia, as well as American National Parks and Cities. Cowboy Stars, Tarzan, Wild Animal, Fairy Tale Reels for children. Pictures are mounted in seven-scene Reels for use in View-Master Stereoscopes and Projectors. Available at Photo, Gift and Department stores. View-Master Stereoscope $2.00. Reels 35c each, 3 for $1.00. Junior Projector $9.95.

ASK TO SEE SAWYER'S VIEW-MASTER® STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES



• Sawyer's Inc., Portland, Ore.



find him the most suitable spot in Los Angeles for the new Zandt's. The agent found it in a $20,000 building on Sunset Boulevard.

"Now, I don't have a dime and I'm in debt," Danelian said. "But you go find a legitimate purchaser. Tell him that we will contract to buy the building from him at the rate of $300 a month plus eight per cent interest, and that any month we fail on payments, we forfeit everything we have paid and the property reverts to the owner."

The startled agent called on a prominent Hollywood businessman, Walter Muller, and put to him the proposition made by the Danelian brothers. "Oh yes, I've heard of them—honest men, good citizens," said Muller. "I'll buy their proposition."

By the end of the first year the brothers had more than met their obligations.

Jack Danelian will never forget the night that he drove his wife to the top of Hollywood Hills and looked down on the lights below. Now he saw the future clearly before him—the streets were indeed paved with gold, and life was good. He said in wonderment: "It could only happen in America!"

Today, the Zandt Carpet Company occupies a new structure on famous Vine Street in Hollywood. The two brothers have been active supporters of the Y.M.C.A. Lewis is a loyal member of the Kiwanis, while Jack is on the board of directors of his Rotary Club in Hollywood. He is a large contributor to Father Flanagan's Boys Town. Each year since the war, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Danelian have supported and educated 20 children in Syria.

Mayor Bowron says: "We must never lose sight of the Jack Danelians of the world, and the fact that this country can still refute any campaign waged against it by alien minds who would seek to destroy its great potential."

Jack Danelian, with his innate sense of modesty, says today: "America can have anything I have earned. I brought nothing to it but myself. I wish I could stand on the dock and tell every immigrant: 'Have faith, and work, and all of this can be yours.' "

## Sorry, Right Number

THE HARASSED WOMAN on the telephone asked, "Are you the game warden?" and a gruff voice answered yes.

"Well, thank goodness, I have the right person at last. Will you please suggest some games suitable for a children's party?" —*Capper's Weekly*

**PHOTO CREDITS:** Page 6, Columbia Pictures, United Artists, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; 8, Netherlands Information Bureau, Swiss Information Bureau, Ewing Galloway, Keystone Pictures; 10, Fritz Henle; 12, Nickolas Muray; 77, Werner Bischof; 78, Earl Theisen from Cowles Syndicate; 79, 92, Fritz Henle; 80, Harold Rhodenbaugh from Free Lance Photographers Guild; 81, 82, 83 (top), Ylla from Rapho-Guillumette; 83 (bottom), 84 (top), 85, Tad Horton; 84 (bottom), Bert Clark Thayer; 86 (top), 88, Irving Haberman; 86 (bottom), Tony Sarno; 87, Freudy Photos; 89, Brassai from Rapho-Guillumette; 90 (top-bottom), Carl Klein; 91, Tony Linck.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

**Audio-Visual Directors • Administrators**

**Supervisors • Teachers**

*in Schools • Churches • Industry • Organizations*

Here's your

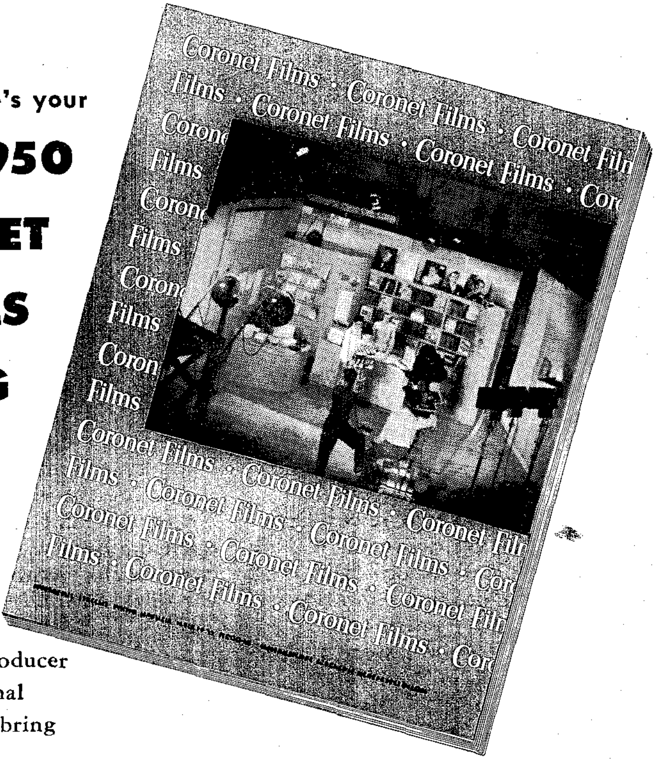
**1950**

**CORONET**

**FILMS**

**CATALOG**

Listing *more than 300 new* sound motion pictures by CORONET FILMS —nation's largest producer of 16mm instructional films. Plan NOW to bring these superlative teaching aids into your school—business —club or church. Simply fill out and mail this coupon. Supply of these free catalogs is limited, so please ACT TODAY!



**Coronet Films, Coronet Bldg., Chicago 1, Ill.**

Name____________________

Address____________________

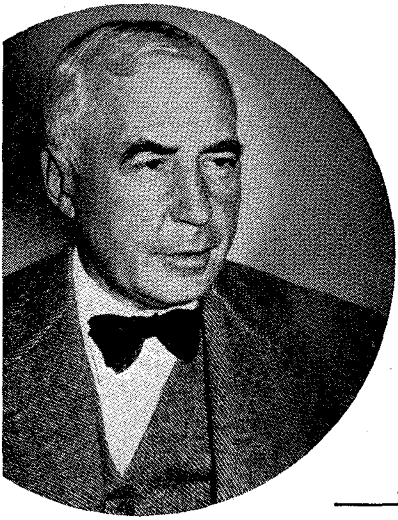
School or Organization____________________

Position____________________

Kind of 16mm Projector____________________

**HENRY J. TAYLOR** has been cited for his "distinguished, consistently excellent and accurate reporting." Hear his penetrating analysi of world events every Monday at 8:30 p.m.* on your local ABC station. (General Motors)

**SUPER CIRCUS**—a super-duper full hour under the Big Top! It's the biggest thing in television for little folks! Clowns, stunts, animals, acrobats, prizes, FUN . . . every Sunday at 5 p.m.* (Canada Dry, Peters Shoe Co., M & M Candy)



**ELMER DAVIS** is America's most distinguishe newsman. His "outstanding commentary" has wo him almost every major award in radio. Hear h authoritative analysis of the news on your loc ABC station. Mondays thru Fridays, 7:15 p.m.

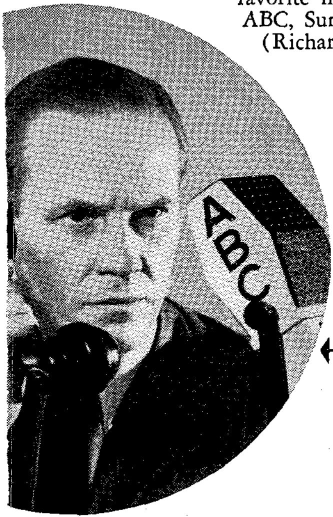
**STOP THE MUSIC**

. . . acclaimed the most hilarious, most exciting variety-quiz show on the air. Songs, suspense, sensational prizes . . . AND Bert Parks . . . on ABC radio Sundays, 8 p.m.* (Old Gold Cigarettes, Speidel Watch Bands, Clipper Craft Clothes) and ABC television Thursdays, 8 p.m.* (Admiral Corp., Old Gold Cigarettes)

**DON McNEILL** and all the Breakfast Club gang bring you a full-hour frolic every weekday morning at 9.* Music, inspiration, and wonderful, wonderful fun! (Swift, Philco, General Mills)

**WINCHELL**

. . now in his 18th year on ABC! His fearless,
apid-fire broadcasts are "must" listening for
illions of Americans. Don't miss "America's favorite newsboy" on ABC, Sundays at 9.* (Richard Hudnut)



**COUNTER-SPY**

is one of radio's most popular and most successful crime-does-not-pay thrillers. Don McLaughlin plays the leading role. Suspense, drama, action! Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 p.m.* (Pepsi Cola)

**All times listed are Eastern Daylight Saving Time. In other time zones, consult your newspaper.*

Keep Listening To

# ABC

AMERICAN
BROADCASTING
COMPANY

A NETWORK OF RADIO
STATIONS SERVING
AMERICA

## ze Programs

*ne of these ABC pro-*
*won a major radio*
*on award in recent*
*ns. In every field of enter-*
*ment — music, news, comedy,*
*ration, drama — you'll find top*
*lent, top shows on your local*
*nerican Broadcasting Company station!*

**Another IDEAL EXCLUSIVE . . . for the first time on 16mm sound film!**

## Starring LESLIE HOWARD and WENDY HILLER

Ideal Pictures Corporation, the world's largest 16mm film rental library, proudly announces release of George Bernard Shaw's screen classic, PYGMALION, to 16mm audiences . . . by *exclusive* arrangement between renowned producer, Gabriel Pascal, and Ideal Pictures Corporation. This delightful comedy is now readily available to your club, church, school or organization at Ideal's low rental rates through 24 national offices.

### *Also—Just Released* for 16mm audiences . . .

1. **THE FIGHTING GUARDSMAN — Willard Parker, Anita Louise, Janis Carter, Edgar Buchanan**
2. **KONGA THE WILD STALLION — Fred Stone, Rochelle Hudson, Richard Fiske**
3. **CALIFORNIA FRONTIER — Buck Jones**
4. **LAWLESS RIDER — Ken Maynard**
5. **OLD WYOMING TRAIL — Charl rett, Sons of the Pioneers**
6. **THE GREEN ARCHER (serial) - Jory, Iris Meredith, Robert Fi**

**Ideal Pictures**

**For complete rental information on PYGMALION, and any oth these exciting subjects, please write TODAY to:**

**CORPORATION, 65 E. South Water St., Dept. 106-C, Chicago 1, Ill.**